28th May 1862

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To the Honourable, Sir

J. Robinſon

Knight and Baronet, his Majeſties Lieutenant of the Tower of

LONDON.

Sir,

THe many great obligations, which you have from time to time laid on me, do merit a more ſerious acknowledgment then this rude and toyiſh addreſs can

A pretend

pretend to, whoſe deſign is only to beg pardon and protection, for that I being ſeduced to print theſe youthfull vanities, have thus audaciouſly ſhelter'd them under your name. I ſhould not have done it, but that I well know the Kindneſs you have for me, is a ſufficient ſcreen againſt any offence I can commit againſt you; and I have conſidered alſo that there are four great things committed to your cuſtody; the Souldiers, the Lyons, the Guns, and (which is more powerfull) the Mony. So that if any ſhould have an itch to ſnarle at me, they will not dare to open their mouths, leſt they ſhould be thought to bark

bark at you; In whoſe Regiment I deſire to liſt this Volunteer, being encouraged by this conſideration that together with thoſe great and ſerious Emblems and inſtruments of power, the Apes and Catamountains and other properties of diverſion, do there find Safety and ſubſiſtence; That thoſe priviledges may extend to this brat of mine, no leſs ridiculous, is the ambition of,

Sir,
Your gratefull Servant

A. Brome.

To the Reader.

TO *the Collection of these papers two accidents have concur'd*; *a* lazie disease, *and a* long vacation; *the one inclining me to do nothing else, and the other* affording *me nothing else to do.*

To their publication *I might alledge several reasons*; *namely*, gratification *of* Friends, *importunity, prevention of spurious impressions. But these are in print already in many grave Authors, with exact* formula's *to express the bashfulness of the Author, and the badness of the work, &c.*

There are another sort of reasons, not express'd but implied, as an ambition to be in print; *to have a* face *cut in copper, with*

with a lawrell *about my head; a motto and verſes underneath made by my ſelf in my own* commendation; *and to be accompted a* wit, *and call'd a* Poet.

But, to ſay the truth, none of all theſe prevailed with me; for I made few of my Friends acquainted with the deſign; and thoſe few told me I ſhould expoſe my ſelf to the cenſure of the new Generation of Judge-Wits, *who, like* Committee-Men *or* black-witches *in* Poetry, *are created only to do miſchief; nor did I fear any* illegitimate impreſſion *hereof, conceiving that no body would be at the charge of it. And to gratifie* friends *this way, were inſtead of quitting* old obligations, *to create* new.

Now as to the honour of being in print, with its priviledges, tis much like being a Parliament-man; *thoſe that deſerve it, need not court it, but will be ſo, whether they deſire it or not; thoſe that merit it not, will come in by purchaſe; ſuch* Authors, *like Men that be-*

get Daughters, muſt give portions to be rid of their iſſue.

Theſe reaſons *being laid aſide, as deficient, it will be expected that* I *ſhould preſent you with better; but indeed I have them not about me; and for that reaſon,* I *am bold to affirm that* I *am not bound in ſtrictneſs to give any man any* reaſon *for doing this. For why I made theſe* rambles, *I can give no other accompt then a poor man does why he gets* children; *that is his* pleaſure, *and this mine. And as with him in his caſe, 'tis with me in mine; having brought our* brats *into the World, 'tis our duty to provide for their preſervation.*

I dare not ſay theſe poems *are good, nor do I certainly know whether they be or not; for the* wits *are not yet agreed of a* ſtandard; *nor ſhall I declare them bad, leaſt others out of reſpect to me, ſhould be of the ſame opinion.*

But this I aſſure you, that I *have been told to my face, that they are good,*

and

and was such a fond fool to believe it; else you may be assured, they had ne're been exposed to view; for upon my credit, I have no ambition to be laught *at. And 'twere a great* disingenuity *to offer that to my Friends, which I my self dislike.*

All that is terrible in this case, is, that the Author *may be laught at, and the* Stationer *begger'd by the book, invendibility. It concerns him to looks to the* one, *I am provided against the other. For 'tis unkind and unmanly to abuse me for being a bad* poet, *when as I could not help it; it being my desire to be as good as any that can jeer me; and if I come short by the head, who can help it? yet I desire to be thus far ingenuous, to let the World know, though they may esteem or call me a* Poet, *by this they may see I am none, or at least so mean a one, that 'twere better I were none.*

To beg acceptance of this, upon the old promise of never writing more, were to make it a wilfull sin, which I shan't

commit. And though at preſent I *reſolve againſt incumbring my thoughts with ſuch unprofitable meditations; yet* I *will ne're* abjure *them; men being no more able to perform vowes never to write again, then* Widowes *never to* marry *again.*

And now, being taught by cuſtome, to beg ſomething of the Reader, *it ſhall be this; that in* reading *and* judging *theſe* poems *he will conſider his own frailty, and* fallibility; *and read with the ſame* temper *and* apprehenſion *as if himſelf had* written, *and* I *were to* judge? *And if he cannot find matter here to pleaſe himſelf and love me; let him pitty my diſaſtrous* fate, *that threw me into this ſad* diſtemper *of* rythming.

But as to the men of a ſeverer brow, *who may be ſcandaliz'd at this free way of writing,* I *deſire them to conceive thoſe Odes which may ſeem wild and* extravagant, *not to be* Ideas *of my own mind, but* characters *of divers humours*

ſet

ſet out in their own perſons. And what reflected *on the* Times, *to be but* expreſſions *of what was thought and* deſigned *by the perſons* repreſented; *there being no* ſafe *way to* reprove vices *then* raging *among us, but to laſh them ſmilingly.*

Perhaps it may be expected I *ſhould have interlarded this addreſs with ends of Latine; to declare my ſelf a Scholler well read. But the reaſon why* I *do not, is becauſe by this late happy change* I *ſhall have occaſion to employ that little Latine I have to a better uſe, and make it more advantageous to me.*

Farewell.

To the Ingenious Authour Mr. Alexand. Brome.

PRaiſe is the ſhade of Vertue, and ne're fell
Into contempt, till Men ceas'd to do well.
'Twas profit ſpoyld the world. Till then (we know (it,)
The Uſurer ſtrook ſayles unto the Poet.
Kings envyed them their bayes; for though the Crown
Had more of luſtre, it had leſs renown.
Then be thou Brome, *my* Subject; *Thou whoſe mind*
Large, as the bounds of Nature, hath calcin'd
Things high and low, and drawn conceptions thence,
Which Adam *ſcarcely knew in's innocence,*
T' adorne thy ſtile, and feed poetick fire,
And make thy high-flown Raptures to fly higher:
What can be thought or ſaid to ſet thee forth?
Or what Embelliſhment can guild thy worth?
Great Merits (like good Claret) need no ſign
(Who ere proclaimed that the Sun did ſhine?)
Tis eaſie to begin, but hard to end;
When but to ſpeak thy Name, is to commend.
But leave I thee the Fountain; for the ſtream,
Thy book, is now my more peculiar Theame,
The Sceane of Wine and Women. *Thy ſmart pen*
Refines our Loves, and liquors ore agen,
And teaches us new leſſons. Shall I whine
To a coy Miſtreſs, *ſwear, and lye, and pine,*
And dye, and live again, and change more ſhapes,
Then Proteus *did, or four and fourty Apes,*
To win my loſs of Liberty, when I,
Enthron'd by fancy in true Soveraignty,

Can

Can out of nothing, whenſoere I pleaſe,
Create a million of ſuch Miſtreſſes?
And write a Sonnet to my Airy ſhe,
*Or ſteal a better Sonnet (*Brome*) from Thee?*
No, No, for know my loves beſt bill of Dyet
Is firſt free thoughts, the next is to be quiet.
Hence too I'll quit the Tavernes, for I find
No Wine is like the Nectar of the Mind.
Conceit is a good Cellar; Here we may
Drink without ſin, and ſpend without Decay,
And frolike and be merry; Or elſe we
May read thy book, and tipple Poetry;
And ſing the prayſes of the nobler Vine,
And ſend a health to the great God of wine.
This, This, is pleaſure, and cheap too, thats better,
For know the Muſe is apt to be a debtor.
All this we learn from thee; go on, and be
A miracle in future Hiſtory.
Thou ſhewe'ſt us mirth, and nobler wayes to wo;
And Vindicate'ſt thy profeſſion too.
If Law and Buſineſs can produce ſuch ſtrains,
Wee'l owe no Wit to leaſure but to Brains.

W. Paulet E medio Templo.

To the Ingenious Author Mr. A. B.

HOw! how! what miracles in print?
A Poem with the Politicks *in't?*
Tis ſtrange, but I will not rehearſe
All the Probatums *of thy verſe.*

This

This only: when the noſe and Bum
Had frighted all our miſeries dumb,
When force hag-rid our Land and Seas,
Had made lawes truths Antipodes;
When treaſon, (like the blood) was found
To circulate all England *round;*
Thou Brome *to cure the Kingdoms wrong*
Didſt hatch new loyalty with a ſong.
Muſick (as once Sauls *eldeſt Devil)*
Fetter'd Rebellions rampant evil;
Time oftimes over-reaches reaſon;
A verſe will counter-charme a treaſon.
Had Cromwell *learn't the grace to ſing,*
He had fled to Heaven *for his* King.

Rob. Napeir E medio Templo.

To my ingenious Friend Mr. Brome, *on his various and excellent Poems: An humble Eglog.*

Daman *and* Dorus.

VVritten the 29. of *May*, 1660.

Daman.

Hail happy day! Dorus, *ſit down:*
Now let no ſigh, nor let a frown
Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow.
The King! the King's return'd! and now
Lets baniſh all ſad thoughts, and ſing
We have our lawes, and have our King.

Dorus.

Dorus.

Tis true and I wood ſing, but oh!
Theſe wars have ſhrunk my heart ſo low
Twill not be rais'd.

Daman.

What not this day?
VVhy tis the twenty ninth of May:
Let Rebels *ſpirits ſink: let thoſe*
That like the Goths *and* Vandals *roſe*
To ruine families, and bring
Contempt upon our Church, *our* King,
And all that's dear to us, be ſad;
But be not thou, let us be glad.
And *Dorus*, to invite thee, look,
Here's a Collection in this book
Of all thoſe chearfull ſongs, that we
Have ſung with mirth and merry-gle:
As we have march'd to fight the cauſe
Of *Gods anoynted*, and our *lawes*:
Such ſongs as make not the leaſt ods
Betwixt us *mortals* and the *Gods*:
Such ſongs as *Virgins* need not fear
To ſing, or a grave *Matron* hear.
Here's *love* dreſt *neat*, and *chaſt*, and *gay*
As *gardens* in the month of *May*;
Here's harmony, and *wit*, and *art*,
To raiſe thy *thoughts*, and chear thy *heart*.

Dorus.

Written by whom?

Daman.

A friend of mine,
And one that's worthy to be thine:

A Civil *ſwain*, that knowes his times
For buſineſſes, and that done, makes rimes;
But not till then: my Friends a man
Lov'd by the Muſes; dear to *Pan*;
He bleſt him with a chearfull heart:
And they with this ſharp wit and art,
Which he ſo tempers, as no *Swain*,
That's loyal, does or ſhou'd complain.

Dorus.

I woo'd fain ſee him:

Daman.

Go with me.

Dorus.

To yonder broad beech tree,
There we ſhall meet him and Phillis,
Perrigot, *and* Amaryllis,
Tyterus, *and his dear* Clora,
Tom *and* Will, *and their* Paſtora:
There we'l dance, ſhake hands and ſing,
We have our Lawes,

God bleſs the King.

Iz. Walton.

To

To my worthy Friend Mr. Alex. Brome.

Wine nere to run more clear through quill was (made,
Then through thine is the praiſe of it convey'd;
And as by Xeuxis *grapes ſo painted were,*
That even birds, to peck at them drew near;
So, wh, thy lively Poems ſee, will think
That as they read of the Grapes juice, they drink:
Thou doeſt not treat us with ſhort Epigrams,
Like Uſurers glaſſes, only holding *drams*
But in thy Songs thy wit is copious found,
As Wine in Conduits when a King is crown'd.
There ſtrength of fancy, to it ſweetneſs joynes,
Unmixt with water, nor ſtum'd with ſtrong lines.
The lover who in many a froſty night,
Did Serenade *his Miſtreſs out of ſight,*
And to his Gittar ſongs *moſt doleful howle*
In conſort with th' Bellman *and the* Ovvle,
Now takes his Brimmer *off, and to her flyes,*
Singing thy Rhimes, *and ſtraight ſhe is his prize.*
She doth no more her Red-nos'd *lover ſcorn,*
But fairer thinks then bluſhes of the morn;
And would have Hymens *torches lighted be*
By th' noſe, that's to linck-boy compared by thee.
He tells her no part of a woman ought
Unto Starrs, Sun, globes, roſes *like be thought;*
But that thoſe names which raiſe ſo high a pride,
Are but to Taverns fit to be applyed.

A Country Parſon ith' Rumps reign did woe
His auditory Honeſty to do,
And wear brave ſouls, which he enforc'd by thoſe
Thy ſongs only reform'd by him to proſe,
Which he had heard at market over night:
Thus do thy fancies profit and delight.
Carry the cauſe then for this man in black,
That he may have from Vintners tithes of Sack;
Wherein he will not crave ſo much, as did
The Levite who ſome of his Pariſh bid;
That ſaid to Greenland *that they ſhould not fail*
Thence of their prey to bring him the tenth Whale.
But to reward him higher, let him get
Tithes of thy muſe, and ſo be out of's debt.
And now me thinks, while thou abroad doſt ſhew
Thy ſelf in print to the Worlds *open view,*
From all that vvear brave ſouls *no voice doth ſtir,*
But vvelcome Sir, y'are kindly vvelcome Sir.
Yet if the envious *at thee do repine,*
They ſhall be but like flies drown'd in thy Wine.

C. VV.

SONG. I.

Plain Dealing.

1.

WELL *well*, 'tis true
I am now falne in Love,
And 'tis with You:
And now I plainly ſee,
While you're *enthron'd* by me above,
You all your *arts* and *pow'rs* improve
To *Tyrant* over me;
And make my *flames* th'incentives of your ſcorn,
While you rejoyce, and feaſt your eyes to ſee me
(thus forlorn.

2.

But yet be wiſe,
And don't beleeve that I
Did think your eyes
More bright than Stars can be;
Or that your face Angels outvyes
In their Cœleſtial Liveries;
'Twas all but Poetrie.
I could have ſaid as much by any ſhe,
You are not beauteous of your ſelf, but are made ſo
(by me.

3.

Though we, like Fools,
Fathome the Earth and Sky,
And drayne the Schools
For names t'expreſs you by:
Out-rant the lowd'ſt *Hyperbole's*
To dub you Saints and Deities,
By *Cupids* Heraldry.
We know you're Fleſh and Blood as well as men,
And when we will can mortalize, and make you ſo
(agen.

4.

Yet ſince my Fate
Has drawn me to this Sin
Which I did hate,
I'll not my labour loſe
But will love on, as I begin,
To the purpoſe now my hand is in,
Spite of thoſe Arts you uſe.
And let you know the World is not ſo bare,
There's things enough to love, beſides ſuch Toyes as
(Ladies are.

5.

I'll love good Wine,
I'll love my Book and Muſe,
Nay all the Nine,
I'll Love my real Friend,
I'll Love my horſe, and could I chuſe
One that would not my Love abuſe,
To her my heart ſhould bend.
I will love thoſe that laugh, and thoſe that ſing,
I'll love my Country, Prince and Laws, and thoſe
(that love the King.

SONG. II.

The Indifferent.

MIſtake me not, I am not of that mind
To hate all *woman kind*;
Nor can you ſo my *patience* vex;
To make my *Muſe* blaſpheme your ſex,
Nor with my *Satyrs* bite you;
Though there are ſome in your free-*State*.
Some things in you, who 're *Candidate*,
That he who *is*, or *loves* himſelf, muſt hate;
Yet I'll not therefore *ſlight* you.
For I'm a *Schiſmatick* in Love,
And what makes *moſt* abhorr it,
In me does more *affection* move,
And I *love* the better for it.

2.

I vow, I am ſo farr from loving *none*,
That I *love* every one;
If *fair* I muſt, if *brown* ſhe be,
She's *lovely*, and for *Sympathy*,
'Cauſe we're alike, I love her;
If *tall*, ſhe's *proper*; and if *ſhort*;
She's *humble* and I love her for't,
Small's pretty, *fat* is pleaſant, every ſort
Some graceful *good* diſcover;
If *young*, ſhe's plyant to the ſport;
And if her *viſage* carry
Gray hairs and *wrinkles*, yet I'll court,
And ſo turn *Antiquary*.

3.

Be her hair *red*, be her lips *gray* or *blew*,
Or any other *hue*,
Or has ſhe but the *ruins* of a *noſe*,
Or but *eye-ſockets*, I'le love thoſe;
Though *skales*, not *skin*, does *clothe* her,
Though from her *lungs*, the *ſent* that comes
Does *rowt* her *teeth* out of their *gums*;
I'll count all this for high *Encomiums*,
Nor will I therefore *loath* her.
There are no *rules* for beauty, but
'Tis as our fancies make it:
Be you but *kind*, I'll think you *fair*
And all for truth ſhall take it.

SONG. III.

The Reſolve.

TEll me not of a *face* that's fair,
Nor *lip* and *cheek* that's *red*,
Nor of the *treſſes* of her *hair*,
Nor *curles* in order laid;
Nor of a rare *ſeraphick* voice,
That like an *Angel* ſings;
Though if I were to take my *choice*,
I would have all theſe things.
But if that thou wilt have me *love*
And it muſt be a ſhe,
The only *argument* can move
Is, that ſhe will love me.

2. The

2.

The glories of your *Ladies* be
But *Metaphors* of things;
And but reſemble what we ſee
Each common *object* brings.
Roſes out-red their *lips* and *cheeks*,
Lillies their *whiteneſſe* ſtain:
What fool is he that *ſhadows* ſeeks
And may the *ſubſtance* gain?
Then if thou'lt have me love a *Laſs*
Let it be one that's kind,
Elſe I'm a *ſervant* to the *glaſs*
That's with *Canary* lin'd.

SONG. IV.

The Wary Woer.

1

FAith, you're miſtaken, I'le not *love*
That face that *frowns* on me,
Though it be handſom, 'tſhall not move
My *centered* ſoul that's farr above
The *magick* of a paint,
That on a *Devil* writes a *Saint*:
I hate your *pictures* and *imagery*.
I'm no love-*Sinon*, nor will tamely now
Lie *ſwadled* in the trenches of your *brow*.

2.

Though you are *witty* what care I?
My danger is the more;
Nay ſhould you boaſt of *honeſty*
Woman gives all thoſe names the *Lie:*
In all you hardly can
Write after that fair copy, *Man*;
And *dable* in the ſteps we've gone before.
We you *admire*, as we do *parots* all
Not ſpeaking well, but that they *ſpeak* at all.

3

That *Laſs* mine armes deſire t'enfold,
Born in the *golden* age,
Guarded with *Angels*, but of Gold,
She that's in ſuch a *ſhowre* enroll'd
May tempt a *Jove* to be
Guilty of Loves Idolatry,
And make a pleaſure of an *Hermitage*;
Though their teeth are not, if their *necks* wear *pearl*
A *Kichin wench* is conſort for an *Earl.*

4.

'*Tis money makes the man*, you ſay,
'Tſhall make the *Woman* too;
When both are clad in like aray
December rivals youthful *May*:
This rules the *World*, and this
Perfection of both ſexes is;
This *Flora* made a Goddeſs, ſo 'twill you:
This makes us *laugh*, this makes us *drink* and *ſing*;
This makes the *beggar* trample o're his King.

Song.

SONG. V.

The Counſel.

1.

WHy's my *friend* ſo *melancholy*?
Prethee why ſo *ſad*, why ſo *ſad*?
Beauty's vain, and *Love*'s a folly,
Wealth and *women* make men mad.
To him that has a heart that's jolly
Nothing's grievous, *Nothing*'s ſad.
Come cheer up my *Lad*.

2.

Does thy *miſtreſſe* ſeem to fly thee?
Prethee don't *repine*, don't *repine*:
If at firſt ſhe does deny thee
Of her love, deny her thine;
She ſhews her *coyneſſe* but to try thee,
And will *triumph* if thou *pine*.
Drown thy thoughts in *wine*.

3.

Try again, and don't give over,
Ply her, ſhe's thine *own*, ſhe's thine *own*;
Cowardiſe undoes a *Lover*.
They are *Tyrants* if you moan;
If nor thy *ſelf*, nor *love* can move her,
But ſhe'l *ſlight* thee and be gone:
Let her then alone.

4.

If thy courtſhip can't invite her,
Nor to condeſcend, nor to bend;
Thy only wiſdom is to *ſlight* her,
And her *beauty diſcommend*.
Such a *niceneſſe* will requite her;
Yet if thy *Love* will not end,
Love thy *ſelf* and *friend*.

SONG. VI.

To his Miſtreſs.

1.

LAdy you'l wonder when you ſee
With thoſe bright *twins* of eyes,
The *ragged* lines that *crawle* from me,
And note the contrarietie
That both in them and in their *Authour* lyes.

2.

I that came hither with a breaſt
Coated with *Male* about;
Proof 'gainſt your beauty, and the reſt,
And had no room for *Love* to neſt,
Where reaſon lodgd within, and love kept out.

3.

My thoughts turn'd, like the needle, about,
Touched by *Magnetick* love:
And fain would find ſome *North-pole* out,
But waver'd 'twixt *deſire* and *doubt*;
Till now they're fixt, and point to you above.

4. Lend

4.

Lend me one *ray*, and do but *ſhine*
Upon my verſe, and me;
Your *beauty* can *enrich* a line,
And ſo you'l make 'um yours, not mine;
Since ther's no *Helicon* like love and thee.

SONG. VII.

To his Miſtreſs.

1.

WHy doſt thou frown, my dear, on me?
Come *change* that angry face.
What though I kiſt that *Prodigie*,
And did her ugly limbs embrace?
'Twas only cauſe *thou* wert in place.

2.

Had I ſuckd poyſon from her breath,
One kiſs could ſet me free:
Thy lip's an *Antidote* 'gainſt Death;
Nor would I ever wiſh to be
Cur'd of a *ſickneſs* but by thee.

3.

The little birds for dirt repair
Down from the purer skie,
And ſhall not I kiſs foul and fair?
Wilt thou give *Birds* more pow'r than I?
Fye, 'tis a *ſcrupulous nicety*.

4. When

4

When all the *World* I've ranged about,
All *beauties* elſe to ſpy,
And, at the laſt, can find none out,
Equal to thee in beauty; I
Will make thee my ſole *Deity*.

SONG. VIII.

The hard Heart

1.

STill ſo *hard-hearted*? what may be
The ſin thou haſt committed?
That now the angry *Deity*
Has to a *Rock* congealed thee,
And thus thy *hardneſſe* fitted?
To make one act both *ſin* and *curſe*,
And plague thy *hardneſs* with a *worſe*.

2

Till thee there never was but one
Was to a *Rock* tranſlated,
Poor *Niobe* that weeping ſtone:
She ever did, thou ne're doſt, moan,
Nor is thy ſcorn abated.
The *tears* I ſend to thee are grown
Of that ſame nature, and turn *ſtone*.

3. Yet

3.

Yet I, dear *Rock*, muſt worſhip thee,
Love works this *ſuperſtition*,
And juſtifies th' *Idolatry*
That's ſhown to ſuch a *ſtone* as thee,
Where it foreruns *fruition*.
Thou'rt ſo *magnetick*, that I can
No more leave thee than to be *Man*.

4.

But thou, I warrant thee, do'ſt ſuppoſe
This new *deſign* will *ſlay* me,
And *ravel* out my life with *woes*
Till death, at laſt, mine eyes ſhall cloſe;
That all may read, *lo here I ly*
Tomb'd in thy heart, ſlain by thine eye.

5.

But I, I vow, will be more wiſe,
And love with ſuch diſcretion;
When I read coyneſſe in thy eyes,
I'll *roab* mine with like cruelties,
And kill with *prepoſſeſſion*.
Then I'll turn *ſtone*, and ſo will be
An endleſs *monument* to thee.

Song.

SONG IX.

Loves Anarchy.

1.

Love, I muſt tell thee, I'l no longer be
A *Victime* to thy beardleſs *Deity*:
Nor ſhall this heart of mine,
Now 'tis return'd,
Be offered at thy *ſhrine*,
Or at thine *Altar* burn'd.
Love, like *Religion's* made an *aiery* name,
To awe thoſe ſouls whom want of wit makes *tame*.

2.

There's no ſuch thing as *Quiver*, *Shafts* or *Bow*,
Nor does *Love* wound, but men imagine ſo.
Or if it does perplex
And grieve the mind,
'Tis the poor *maſculine* ſex:
Women no *ſorrows* find.
'Tis not our perſons, nor our parts, can move 'um,
Nor is't men's *worth*, but *wealth*, makes Ladies love ('um.

3.

Reaſon henceforth, not *love*, ſhall be my guide,
My fellow-creatures ſhan be *Deified*;
I'le now a rebel be,
And ſo pull down
That *Diſtaff-Monarchy*,
And *Femals* fancy'd *crown*.
In theſe *unbridled* times who would not ſtrive
To free his *neck* from all *prerogative*?

Song.

SONG. X

The Libertine.

1.

PEerſwade me not, I vow I'le *love* no more,
My *heart* has now ta'ne *quarter*;
My *fetters* I'll no more adore,
Nor madly run, as heretofore,
To break my freedoms *Charter*:
He, that once fails, may try again;
But who ſo often fool'd has been,
And ſtill attempts, commits a *triple* ſin:
He's his own humours *Martyr*.
I'll uſe my *liberty* to run
Abroad, and ſtill be *chooſing*:
Who would *confine* himſelf to one
That has power of refuſing?

2.

The unconfined *Bee*, we ſee, has power,
To *kiſs* and *feel* each flower;
Nor is his *pleaſures* limited
To the ruines of one *maidenhead*,
Nor tyed to ones *embraces*:
But having's will of one, he'l fly
'Tanother, and there load his thigh.
Why ſhould he have more priviledg than I?
Since both our amorous caſes
Differ in this alone; his *thighs*,
When he abroad doth rome,
Loaden with ſpoyls return. But mine
Come *weak* and *empty* home.

3. The

3.

The ſelf ſame *beauty* that I've often ſworn
Dwelt only in my deareſt,
I ſee by other *Ladies* worn,
Whom the ſame *Graces* do adorn:
I like that *face* that's neareſt.
This I *ſalute*, and *walk* with that;
With this I *ſing*, with t'other *chat*,
I've none to *Catechize* me *where*? or *what*?
Nor will be ty'd t' a Queriſt.
Thus out of all, *Pigmalion* like,
My fancy limns a woman;
To her *I* freely ſacrifice,
And *rivald* am by no man.

SONG. XI.

The Contrary.

NAy prithee do, be *coy* and ſlight me,
I muſt love, though thou abhor it;
This pretty *niceneſs* does invite me:
Scorne me, and I'll love thee for it.
That *World of beauty* that is in you,
I'll overcome like *Alexander*.
In amorous flames I can continue
Unſing'd, and prove a *Salamander*.

2

Do not be won too ſoon I prethee,
But let me *woe*, whilſt thou doſt fly me.
'Tis my delight to dally with thee,
I'll court thee ſtill if thou'lt deny me;
For there's no happineſs but *loving*,
Enjoyment makes our pleaſures flat.
Give me the heart that's alwayes moving,
And's not confind t'one *you know what*.

3.

I've freſh *ſupplies* on all occaſions,
Of thoughts, as *Various* as your face is,
No *Directory* for evaſions,
Nor will I court by *common-places*.
My heart's with Antidotes provided,
Nor will I dye 'cauſe you frown on me;
I'm merry when I am derided,
VVhen you laugh at me or upon me.

4.

'Tis *fancy* that creates thoſe pleaſures
That have no being but conceited;
And when we come to dig thoſe treaſures,
We ſee our ſelves our ſelves have cheated:
But if th'art minded to deſtroy me,
Then love me much, and love me ever,
I'll love thee *more*, and that may ſlay me,
So I thy Martyr am, or never.

SONG XI.

The Young Lover.

TUsh! never tell me, I'm too *young*
For loving, or too *Green*,
She ſtayes at leaſt ſeven years too long
That's wedded at *fourteen*.
Age and *Diſcretion* fit
Grave *Matrons*, whoſe deſires and *youths* are paſt.
Love needs not, nor has *wit*. (troſt
They in whoſe youthful breaſt dwells nought but
Can only mourn the *dayes*, and *joyes*, they've loſt.

2.

Lambs bring forth *Lambs*, and *Doves* bring *Doves*
As ſoon as they'r begotten:
Then why ſhould *Ladies* finger *loves*,
As if not ripe till rotten.
'Tis envious age perſwades
This tedious hereſy for men to *woe*
Stale *Nimphs* and *Veſtal* maids,
While they in modeſty muſt anſwer *No*.
Late *Love*, like late *Repentance*, ſeldom's true.

3.

Gray hairs are fitter for the *Grave*
Than for the *bridal* bed;
VVhat pleaſure can a lover have
In whither'd *Maidenhead?*
Dry bones and rotten limbs
Make *Hymens* Temple turn an Hoſpital:
Age all our beauty dimms.
Though *Lands* muſt not till one and twenty fall,
The laws to *love* preſcribe no time at all.

4. Nature

4.

Nature's exalted in one time;
And what our *Grandames* then
At *four* and *twenty* ſcarce could climbe,
VVe can arrive at *ten*.
Youth of it ſelf doth bring us
Provocatives within, and we do ſcorn
Love-powders and *Eringoes*.
Cupid himſelf 's a *child*, and 'twill be ſworn,
Lovers like *poets*, are not *made*, but *born*.

SONG. XII.

To his Miſtreſs.

1

MY *Theodora*, can thoſe eyes
From whence ſuch glories ſhine
Give light to every ſoul that pryes,
And only be obſcur'd to mine,
VVho willingly my heart reſigne,
Enflam'd by you, to be your *ſacrifice*?

2.

Send out one beam t'enrich my ſoul,
And chaſe this gloomy ſhade,
That does in *clouds* about me roul,
And in my breaſt a *hell* has made;
VVhere *fire* ſtill burns, ſtill *flames* invade.
And yet lights *pow'r* and *comfort* both controul.

3.

Then, out of *gratitude*, I'll ſend
Some of my flames to thee,
Thus lovingly our gifts we'll blend;
And both in *joyes* ſhall wealthy be:
And love, though *blind*, ſhall learn to ſee,
Since you an eye to him and me can lend.

SONG XIII.

To a Widow.

1.

NAy, dry (for ſhame) thoſe *blubber'd* eyes,
And ceaſe to *ſigh* that breath away,
Fates are not mov'd with tears and cryes,
Nor formal ſighs as vain as they.
Joyes are not *joyes*, that alwaies ſtay,
And conſtant *pleaſures* do'nt delight but *cloy*.

2.

Though he be gone, that was your dear,
You muſt not ever *mourne* and *pine*?
The Sun that's buried the laſt Year,
Does now in *newer* glory ſhine.
Your Nuptial joyes and pleaſures be
Not dead, but only inherited by me,

3.

Hymen's an Artiſt, and can do
The next time better then before,
Giants great heights can reach unto,
But on their ſhoulders *dwarfs* reach more.
Men more *refin'd* do dayly grow,
The nearer to Divinity they go.

4. Then

4.

Then don't (my dear) thy heart confine,
To one whose *being's* past away,
And make me with desires to pine,
Whilst he must glut, that can't injoy.
Love's stifled, when it is confind,
To this or that; its object is mankind.

SONG. XIV.

To his Friend that had vow'd Small-Bear.

1.

LEave off fond *Hermite*, leave thy vow,
And fall again to *drinking*
That *beautie* that wont *sack* allow,
Is hardly worth thy thinking,
Dry love or *small* can never hold,
And without *Bacchus Venus* soon grows cold.

2.

Doest think by turning *Anchorite*;
Or a dull *small-Bear* sinner.
Thy cold embraces can invite,
Or sprightless *Courtship* win her?
No, 'tis *Canary* that inspires,
'Tis *Sack*, like *Oyle*, gives *Flames* to am'rous Fiers.

3.

This makes thee *chant* thy Miſtreſſe name,
And to the heavens to raiſe her;
And range this univerſal frame
For *Epithets* to praiſe her.
Low liquours render brains unwitty,
And ne're provoke to *love*, but move to pity.

4.

Then be thy ſelf, and take thy *Glaſſe*,
Leave off this dry *Devotion*,
Thou muſt like *Neptune* court thy laſs,
Wallowing in *Nectars* Ocean,
Let's offer at each Ladies ſhrine,
A full crown'd bowl, firſt here's a health to thine.

SONG. XV.

On Claret.

WHithin this *bottle*'s to be ſeen,
A ſcarlet liquor that has been
Born of the royal vine;
We but nick name it when we call
It *Gods* drink, who drink none at all,
No higher name then *Wine*

2.

'Tis Ladies liquor: here one might
Feaſt both his eye and appetite,
With *beauty* and with *taſt*,
Cherries and *Roſes* which you ſeek.
Upon your *Miſtreſs lip* and *cheek*
Are here together plac't.

3. Phy-

3.

Phyſitians may preſcribe their whey
To purge our *Reins* and *Brains* away,
And clarify the *Blood*;
That cures one ſickneſſe with another,
This *routs* by *wholeſale* altogether,
And drowns them in a flood.

4.

This *Poets* makes, elſe how could I,
Thus ramble into *Poetrie*,
Nay and write Sonnets too;
If there's ſuch pow'r in *junior* wines,
To make one venture upon lines
What could *Canary* do?

5.

Then *ſqueze* the veſſels *bowels out*
And deal it faithfully about,
Crown each hand with a brimmer;
Since we're to paſs through this red ſea,
Our noſes ſhall our Pilots be
And every ſoul a ſwimmer.

SONG. XVI.

A Mock Song.

'Tis true, I never was in love:
But now I mean to be,
For there's no art
Can ſhield a heart
From loves *Supremacie*.

2.

Though in my *nonage* I have ſeen
A world of taking faces;
I had not *age* nor *wit* to *ken*
There ſeveral hidden graces.

3.

Thoſe vertues which though thinly ſet,
In others are admired,
In thee are altogether met,
Which make thee ſo deſired.

4.

That though I never was in *Love*
Nor never meant to be
Thy ſelf and parts
Above my arts
Have drawn my heart to thee.

SONG. XVII.

Reaſons of Love.

PRethee, why doſt thou *love* me ſo?
Or is it but in *ſhow*?
What is there that your thoughts can *pick* about (me?
If beauty in my face you view,
'Twas ne're writ there unleſſe by you,
I little find within, nor you without me.

2. I

2.

I han't the *Rhetorick* of the *foot:*
Nor leane long *leg* to boot,
Nor can I *court* with *congees*, *trips*, and *dances*;
I ſeldom *ſing*, or if *I* do,
You'll ſcarce tell where I *ſing* or no,
I can't endure *Love-ſtories* and *Romances*.

3.

I neither know, nor love to play
And fool my time away;
Nor talk in *Dialects* to pleaſe your *fancy*:
Nor *carve* the *Capon* or the *Quaile*
But *hew* it through from *head* to *tail*,
A *complement* to me is *Negromancy*.

4.

I boaſt not of a pedigree,
That *Lords* or *Lordlings* be,
Nor do I lace my name with *Grandſires* ſtory,
Nor will I take the pains to look
For a fools-coat i'th *Heralds* book,
My fame's mine own, no monumental glory.

5.

I am not faſhion'd of the mode,
Nor rant ith' *Gallants* rode,
Nor in my habit do obſerve *decorum*,
Perfumes ſhall not my breath bely,
Nor clothes my body *glorifie*,
They ſhall derive their honour, 'cauſe I were 'um.

6.

No *frizling* nor ſcarce *locks*, and yet
Perhaps *more hair then wit*:
Nor ſhall *Sweet-powders* vanity delight you;
Though my hair's little, I'le not carry
A *wig* for an *Auxiliary*.
If my *locks* can't, anothers ſhant invite you.

7.

And which is worſe, I cannot woe
With *Gold* as others do,
Nor *bait* your love, with *Lordſhips*, *Lands*, & *Towers*;
Juſt ſo much money I have by,
As ſerves to ſpoil my *poetry*
Not to expoſe me to the higher powers.

8.

Nay you ſhan't make a fool of me,
Though I no *Statiſt* be,
Nor ſhall I be ſo valliant to fight for ye,
I han't the *patience* to court,
Nor did I e're do't, but in ſport
I wont run mad for love, nor yet go marry.

9.

And yet I know ſome cauſe does move,
Though it be not pure love
'Tis for you honours ſake that you affect me,
For well you know, ſhe that's my *Laſs*,
Is canoniz'd in every *glaſs*,
And her health's drunk, by all that do reſpect me.

10. Then

10.

Then love thou on, I'le tipple till
Both of us have our *fill*,
And ſo thy name ſhall never be forgotten
I'll make thee *Hellens* fame ſurvive,
Though ſhe be dead and thou alive,
For though thou'rt not ſo old, thy heart's as rotten

SONG. XVIII.

Epithalamy.

NAy fie, *Platonicks*, ſtill adoring,
The fond *Chymæra's* of your brain?
Still on that empty nothing poring?
And only follow what you faigne?
Live in your humour, 'tis a curſe
So bad, 'twere pity wiſh a worſe.
We'l baniſh ſuch conceits as thoſe,
Since he that has *enjoyment* knows,
More bliſs then *Plato* could ſuppoſe.

2

Caſhiered woers, whoſe low merit
Could ne're arrive at nuptial bliſs,
Turn *ſchiſmaticks* in love, whoſe ſpirit
Would have none *bit* 'cauſe they do *miſs*.

But

But thoſe reproaches that they vent
Do only blaze their diſcontent
Condemn'd mens words no truth can ſhow,
And *Hunters when* they prove to ſlow
Cry *Hares are dry meat*, let 'um go.

3.

Th' inamour'd youth, whoſe flaming breſt
Makes *Goddeſſes* and *Angels* all
In's contemplation finds no reſt,
For all his joyes are *ſceptical*,
At his fruition flings away
His *Cloris* and his *Welladay*
And gladly joynes to fill our Quire.
Who to ſuch happineſſe aſpire
As all muſt *envy* or *admire*.

SONG. XIX.

An *Ode* of *Anacreon* paraphraſed.

Beauties force.

I Wonder why dame *Nature* thus
Her various *gifts* diſpences;
She every *creature* elſe but us
With *arms*, or *armour* fences.
The *Bull* with bended horns ſhe arms;
With hoofs ſhe guards the *horſe*
The *hare* can nimbly run from harms,
All know the *Lyons* force.

2. The

2.

The *Bird* can danger fly on's wing,
She *Fiſh* with fins adornes,
The *Cuckold* too, that harmleſſe thing,
His *patience* guards, and's *horns*.
And *Men* ſhe *valiant* makes and *wiſe*,
To ſhun or baffle harmes;
But to poor *Women* ſhe denies
Armour to give, or arms.

3.

Inſtead of all, this ſhe does do;
Our *Beauty* ſhe beſtows,
Which ſerves for *arms* and *armour* too,
'Gainſt all our pow'rful Foes
And 'tis no matter, ſo ſhe doth
Still beautious faces yield
Wee'l conquer *ſword* and *fire*, for both
To beauty leave the field.

Song.

SONG XX.

Love's without Reaſon.

'TIs not my Ladies face that makes me love her,
Though *beauty* there doth reſt,
Enough t' inflame the breaſt
Of one, that never did diſcover
The *glories* of a face before;
But I that have ſeen *thouſands* more
See nought in hers, but what in others are,
Only becauſe I think ſhe's *fair*, ſhe's *fair*.

2.

'Tis not her *vertues*, nor thoſe vaſt *perfections*,
That crowd together in her,
Ingage my ſoul to win her,
For thoſe are only brief *Collections*,
Of what's in man in *folio* writ;
Which by their imitative wit
Women like *Apes* and *Children* ſtrive to do;
But we that have the *ſubſtance* ſlight the *ſhow*.

3.

'Tis not her *birth*, her *friends*, nor yet her *treaſure*,
My freeborn ſoul can hold;
For *chains* are *chains* though gold;
Nor do I *court* her for my pleaſure,
Nor for that old *Moralitie*
Do I *love her*, *'cauſe ſhe loves me?*
For that's no *love*, but *gratitude*, and all
Loves, that from *fortunes* riſe, with *fortunes* fall.

4. If

4.

If *friends*, or *birth*, created love within me,
Then *Princes* I'le adore,
And only ſcorn the *poor*,
If vertue or good parts could win me,
I'ld turne *Platonick* and ne're vex
My ſoul with difference of *ſex*
And he, that loves his *Lady* 'cauſe ſhe's fair,
Delights his *eye*, ſo loves himſelf, not *her*.

5.

Reaſon and *Wiſdom* are to love high *treaſon*,
Nor can he truly love,
Whoſe *flame's* not farr above,
And far beyond his *wit* or *reaſon*,
Then ask no reaſon for my fires,
For *infinite* are my deſires.
Something there is moves me to love, and I
Do know I love, but *know* not *how*, nor *why*.

SONG. XXI.

The Damoiſel.

SInce *Women* are ſtill,
By pretenders to skill,
Suppos'd to be ſway'd by their will,
And not by their judgment nor reaſon,
Then it ſhall be mine,
To uphold the deſign,
In ſpite of the *hits*
Of the fellows call'd *Wits*
That jeere every thing that's in ſeaſon.

2. Though

2.

Though youthful I be,
And buxome to ſee,
And ſuppos'd to be frolick and free,
And *ripe* for the thing you wot on
I'le not ſacrific'd be
To the *Gingerbread* he
Whoſe *cloathes* are in print
And his hair has butter in't
And his *fancies* and *whimſeys* has got on.

3.

For the *Youth* in their bud,
That do ſail in the flood,
Of their active and flaming blood,
Like furious undertakers;
Are fiery at firſt,
But have ſoon done their worſt,
Then they ſhrink their heads in
And care not a pin
For the *ſport*, nor yet the *ſportmakers*.

4.

But give me that he
That is *threeſcore* and *three*
And can neither *hear*, *ſmell* or *ſee*,
He will ſerve well enough for a *covr*;
He will *tickle*, and *touch*,
Though his ſtrength be not much,
He can't *do*, but deſire,
And that kindles his fire,
While he *fathers* the ſports of a *lover*.

5. O,

5.

O the *tooth* without peers!
And the silver hairs!
And the *gouts*, & the *coughs* of old *years*!
I would have such a one for the nones;
I can *Chronicles* find,
In his limbs, and his mind,
While his *face* tells the story
Of *memento mori*
With an *Almanack* in his bones.

SONG. XXII.

A Dialogue.

Amoris.

O For the balmy curral of a lip!
Where I with *kissing Chimistry* may sip.
Castalian quaffs of *Nectar* to delight me,
And every kiss may to a new invite me.

Oenophil.

Give me a bowl wherein I'll tumble *Bacchus*, (us
To bath our souls, we'l drink 'till sack doth crack

Midas.

But let my chests groan with the *gilded oar*,
Where having much is *prologue* unto more.

Oenophil.

Who doats on beautie, fancies but a toy.

Midas.

Who *Wine* adores does overwhelme his joy.

Oeno-

Oenophil.

And he that gapes for gaudy dirt or treaſure,
Sill feels deſires, but no content nor pleaſure.

Chorus.

Then let's unite our *deſires*, but let *reaſon* be our guide
What in each is not *found* in all *ſwels* like a *tide*.

2.

Amoret.

A beautious *face* can a young fancy raiſe,
And *mirtle* glorifies, as well as *Bayes*.
Love, like the ſoul, informes the fleſh that's ſtupid,
Nor can *Apollo* more inſpire then *Cupid*.

Oenophil.

Where full-fraught *cups*, with ſprightly liquors flow, it
Unwraps your brain, and ma es each wight a *Poet*.

Midas.

Where boundleſs treaſure raigns 'twil raiſe the ſoul,
And wit and love both conquer and controul.

Amoret.

Still give me love, give me my lovely laſſe.

Oenophil.

I'll count no other miſtreſſe, but the glaſs.

Midas.

But give me *chink*, nor love, nor wit ſhall plague us.
For *Poe* and *Hippocrene* both vail to *Tagus*.

Chorus.

Then let's unite our *deſires*, but let *reaſon* be our guide
What in each is not *found* in all *ſwels* like a *tide*.

Song

To his Miſtres affrighted in the wars.

COme ſigh no more, but kiſs again,
Theſe troubles ſhall never trouble me;
Your ſighs are but wind, & your ſorrows vain;
They'l never the ſooner for us agree.
Let *Canons* keep roaring
And bullets ſtill flying;
While *I* am adoring
Thee, my deity.
Hang this wealth! let money flee,
They cannot undo me, while I have thee.

2.

I'll be thy *Champion* to defend
Thy perſon from all theſe dangers and harms;
No Army's ſo ſure as a real friend,
Nor Caſtle defends like a lovers arms.
But if I can't daunt 'um,
By valour and might
Your face ſhall enchant 'um,
For beauty can fight.
There's no armour can men free
From the naked pow'r of ſuch beauties as thee.

3.

I *Venus* ſerve, a fig for *Mars*,
Loves arrows may wound, but never kill me;
Me thinks there's no pleaſure in bloody wars,
But I long to be wounded and taken by thee?

When our bullets are kiſſes,
And our field is a bed,
And the top of our bliſs is
A pure maidenhead.
Both will ſtrive to loſe the day,
And both ſhall be conquer'd & yet not run away.

Upon the Cavaleers departing out of London.

NOw fare thee well *London*,
Thou next muſt be undone,
'Cauſe thou haſt undone us before;
This *cauſe* and this *tyrant*,
Had never plaid this high rant
Were't not for thy *argent* and *Or*.

2.

Now we muſt deſert thee,
With the lines that begirt thee,
And the red-coated Saints domineer,
Who with liberty fool thee,
While a Monſter doth rule thee,
And thou feelſt what before thou didſt fear.

3.

Now *juſtice* and *freedom*
With the *laws* that did breed'um,
Are ſent to *Jamaca* for gold,
And thoſe that upheld 'um,
Have power but ſeldom,
For juſtice is barter'd and ſold.

4. Now

4.

Now the Chriſtian Religion
Muſt ſeek a new *Region*,
And the old Saints give way to the new;
And we that are loyal
Vail to thoſe that deſtroy all,
VVhen the Chriſtian gives place to the Jew.

5.

But this is our glory
In this wretched ſtory,
Calamities fall on the beſt;
And thoſe that deſtroy us
Do better employ us,
To ſing till they are ſuppreſt.

On the fall of the prices of wine.

1.

NOw our thanks to our powers above us,
And to him that above them doth ſit,
Who to ſhew how intirely they love us,
Have found out the way
To repair the decay
Of the famiſhed and foundered Wit,
And new drench the Poetical Tit.

Chorus.

Welcome deſired *Auguſt* to us
Thou Comfort and delight do'ſt give us,
'Twas *November* did undo us,
But 'tis *Auguſt* does relieve us.

2. Give's

2.

Give's a rowſing bear glaſs of Canary,
The half pint and thimble's our foe;
VVe will be no more tributary
To the *Spaniards* pride,
Nor make Vintners ride,
When we are not able to go,
Or dare not our faces to ſhow.

Chorus, &c.

3.

VVe defie now the Malter and Hopper,
Whoſe Pride would have made us ſurmiſe,
Our Helicon lay in his Copper;
And He'l ſell wit and art,
At three half pence a quart;
And with that he would make us ſo wiſe,
To be able to cheat the exciſe.

Chorus, &c.

4.

Let us venture to take the Canaries,
And then wee'll make ſack of our own;
For he that thoſe Iſlands carries,
VVins the Judges to boot,
And all *Spain* added to't;
The Turk and the Pope wee'l not own,
But rule the whole VVorld alone.

Chorus &c.

5. 'T

5.

'Tis the means and the end of our ſtudy,
It does make our invention oreflow
VVhile the channel of ale makes it muddy.
A Mayor or a Knight
By bunches may write,
If his theame be the grape, and by it
Be eſteem'd a Divine and a wit.

Chorus, &c.

The Old Mans delight.
By R. B.

HO boy, hay boy,
Come come away boy,
And bring me my longing deſire,
A Laſs that is neat and can well do the feat,
VVhen luſty, young, blood, is one fire.

Let her body be tall,
And her waſt be ſmall,
And her age not above eighteen,
Let her care for no bed, but here let her ſpread
Her mantle upon the green.

Let her face be fare,
And her breſts be bare.
And a voice let her have that can warble,
Let her belly be ſoft, but to mount me aloft,
Let her bounding butocks be marble.

The

The Addition by A.B.

Let her have a cherry lip
Where I *Nectar* may ſip;
Let her eyes be as black as a ſloe;
Dangling locks I do love, ſo that thoſe hang above
Are the ſame with what growes below.

Oh ſuch a bonny laſs
May bring wonders to paſs,
And make me grow younger and younger;
And when ere we do part, ſhe'l be mad at the heart
That *I* am able to tarry no longer.

LEGES CONVIVALES.

Quod fælix fauſtumque convivis in Apolline *ſit.*

NEmo aſymbolus, niſi umbra huc venito,
Idiota, inſulſus, triſtis, turpis abeſto.
Eruditi Urbani, Hilares, modeſti adſciſcuntor,
Nec lectæ fæminæ repudiantor.
In apparatu, quod convivis corruget nares nil eſto,
Epulæ delectu potius, quam ſumptu parantor;
Obſonator, & coquus convivarum gulæ periti ſunto;
De diſcubitu non contenditor
Miniſtri a dapibus oculati, & muti,
A poculis auriti, & celeres ſunto.
Vina puris fontibus miniſtrantor, aut vapulet hoſpes,
Moderatis poculis provocare ſodales fas eſto,
At fabulis magis quàm vino velitatio fiat,
Convivæ nec multi, nec loquaces ſunto.

De

Deseriis, aut sacris, poti, & Saturi ne diserunto;
Fidicen nisi accersitus non venito.
Admisso risu, tripudiis, choreis, cantu, salibus,
Omni gratiarum festivitate sacra celebrantor;
Joci sine felle sunto,
Insipida poemata nulla recitantor;
Versus scribere nullus cogitor;
Argumentationis totius strepitus abesto;
Amatoriis querelis, ac suspiriis liber angulus esto.
Lapitharum more, Scyphis pugnare, vitrea collidere,
Fenestras excutere, supellectilem dilacerare ne fas esto
Qui foras dicta vel facta climinet, eliminator,
Neminem reum pocula faciunto.

Focus perennis esto.

BEN. JOHNSONS

Sociable rules for the Apollo.

Let none but *Guests* or *Clubbers* hither come,
Let Dunces, Fools, sad, sordid men keep home,
Let learned, civil, merry men b'invited,
And modest too; Nor the choise *Ladies* slighted.
Let nothing in the *treate* offend the Guests,
More for delight then cost prepare the feasts.
The *Cook* and *Purvey'r* must our pallats know,
And none contend who shall sit high or low.
Our waiters must quick-sighted be and dumb,
And let the *drawers* hear and come.
Let not our wine be mixt, but brisk and neat,
Or else the drinkers may the *Vintners* beat.

And

And let our only emulation be,
Not drinking much, but *talking* wittily.
Let it be voted lawful to ſtir up
Each other with a moderate *chirping* cup,
Let not our *Company* be, or talk too much,
On ſerious things or ſacred let's not touch
With ſated heads and bellies. Neither may
Fidlers unask'd obtrude themſelves to play.
With laughing, leaping, dancing, jeſts and ſongs,
And what ere elſe to gratful mirth belongs,
Let's celebrate our *feaſts*; And let us ſee
That all our jeſts without reflection be.
Inſipid *Poems* let no man rehearſe
Nor any be compell'd to write a verſe.
All noiſe of vain *diſputes* muſt be forborne,
And let no lover in a *corner* mourne.
To fight and brawl (like *Hectors*) let none dare,
Glaſſes or windowes break, or hangings tare.
Who ere ſhall publiſh what's here done or ſaid,
From our Society muſt be baniſhed.
Let none by drinking do or ſuffer harme,
And while we ſtay, let us be alwayes warm.

SONG. XXIII.

Courtſhip.

1.

MY *Lesbia*, let us live and love,
Let crabbed *Age* talk what it will,
The *Sun* though down returns above,
But we, once dead, muſt be ſo ſtill.

2.

Kiſs me a thouſand times, and then
Give me a hundred *kiſſes* more,
Now *kiſs* a thouſand times agen,
Then tother hundred as before.

3.

Come a third thouſand, and to thoſe
Another hundred *kiſſes* fix;
That done, to make the ſweeter cloſe,
Wee'l millions of *kiſſes* mix.

4.

And huddle them together ſo,
That we our ſelves ſhan't know how many,
And others can't their number know,
If we ſhould envy'd be by any.

5.

And then, when we have done all this,
That our pleaſures may remain,
We'l continue on our bliſs,
By *unkiſſing* all again.

6.

Thus we'l love and thus we'l live,
While our poſting minutes fly,
We'l have no time to vex or grieve,
But *kiſs* and *unkiſs* till we die.

SONG. XXIV.

The Attempt.

WHy ſhould I bluſh or be *diſmai'd*,
To tell you I adore you?
Since *Love's* a pow'r, that can't be ſtaid,
But muſt by all be once obey'd,
And you as well as thoſe before you.
Your beauty hath enchain'd my mind,
O let me not then cruel find. (kind.
You which are *fair*, and therefore ſhould be

2

Fair as the light, *pure* as the Ray,
That in the gray-ey'd morning
Leaps forth, and prop agates a day,
Thoſe glories which in others ſtray
Meet all in you for your adorning.
Since *nature* built that goodly frame,
And *Virtue* has inſpir'd the ſame,
Let *love* draw *yours* to meet my *raging flame*.

3. *Joy*

3.

Joy of my ſoul, the only thing,
That's my *delight* and *glory*,
From you alone my love does ſpring,
If one love may another bring,
'Twill *crown* our happy ſtory.
Thoſe fires I burne withall are pure
And Noble, yet too ſtrong t'endure;
'Twas you did *wound*, 'twas you that ought to *cure*.

SONG XXV.

To a Lady that turned her Cheek.

AND why this *coyneſs*, Lady mine?
What needs all this ado?
'Tis but a *ſwap*, my lips for thine,
A gentle touch and goe.
Nay let ſuch *kiſſes* ſtill be kept,
Let him that is deny'd
Your *lip*, and will your *cheek accept*,
Lye only by your *ſide*.

2.

I hate to kiſs your *druggs* and *foiles*,
'Tis fleſh that I affect,
And you whoſe art your *nature* ſpoils,
I like not, but ſuſpect.

Pray why's your *mouth* more *ſhy* then *mine* ?
Am't I as *ſound* as you're ?
My *lips* let in as much good *wine*,
And ſend out *words* as pure.

3

Expect no *courtſhip* more from me,
Nor words, that you, and I
May in our judgments plainly ſee,
Make but a ranting lie :
Leave theſe coy humours and be plain :
Deny, or elſe be free,
Look not for *love*, w'thout *love* again,
I'le *kiſs*, if you'l *kiſs* me.

SONG. XXVI.

Practick Love.

Prithee *Cælia* tell me, why
Thou *fool'ſt* away thy precious howers,
Beauty fades, and *youth* doth fly,
There's no truſt to *futurity*.
Time preſent's only in our powers.
She that her preſent joys doth defer,
Would love at the laſt, when none will love her,
And ſo proves her own *Idolater*.

2. Either

2.

Either *love* or ſay you will not,
For *love* or *ſcorn's* all one to me,
Diverſion's pleaſant, though it fill not;
Denialls vex us, but they kill not,
We're *murder'd* by *credulity*,
O 'tis a *Tyranny* ſtill to invite,
The mind, and inrage it with faigned delight,
To raiſe and then baffle the *appetite*.

3.

If you'ld let me be but quiet,
Not ſee your *face*, nor hear your *name*?
Though I can't conquer love, I'ld fly it,
For *abſcence*, *buſineſſe*, *friends* or *dyet*
Would *quench* or elſe divert my flame.
But you're ſo *imperious* grown, and ſo cruel,
'Cauſe you ſee that my heart is *cumbuſtible* you will
Not put out the *fire*, but ſtill put in *fuell*.

4.

'Twas not your face, nor yet my eye,
That this devouring flame begot,
If either did alone, pray why
Did you not kill, and I not die
Then when we knew each other not?
'Twas their *conſtellation* was my undoing,
You by being beautious, and I by viewing
Paid in contribution to my own ruine.

5.

Come then let's love now while we may,
And let me know what I may truſt too,
Deſires are murdred by *delay*,
Our *youth* and *marrow* will decay,
And Love, for *want* of uſe, will ruſt too.
This *kiſſing* and *courting* not any thing ſpels,
In ſpite of the ſtorie the *Platoniſt* tells,
If it were not in order to ſomething elſe.

SONG. XXVII.

Tranſlated out of French.

NOw I'm *reſolv'd* to love no more,
But *ſleep* by Night, and *drink* by day:
Your *coyneſſe*, *Cloris*, pray give o're,
And turn your *tempting* eyes away.
From *Ladies* I'le withdraw my heart
And fix it only on the *Quart*.

2.

I'll place no *happineſs* of mine
A puling *beauty ſtill* to *court*
And ſay ſhe's *glorious* and *divine*,
The *Vintner* makes the better ſport.
And when I ſay my *Dear*, my *Heart*.
I only mean it to the *Quart*.

3.
Love has no more prerogative,
To make me deſperate courſes take,
Nor me t'an *Hermitage* ſhall drive,
I'le all my vowe to th' *gobblet* make
And if I wear a *Capuchoone*
It ſhall a *Tankard* be or none.

Added. 4.
'Tis *Wine* alone that cheers the ſoul,
But *love* and *Ladies* make us ſad;
I'm merry when I court the bowl,
While he that courts the *Madam's* mad,
Then Ladies wonder not at me,
For you are *coy*, but wine is free.

SONG. XXVIII.

Tranſlated out of French.

CLymena ſtill complains of me
And I of her complain to;
But would you know the cauſe, why we
This quarrel did attain to.
Tis 'cauſe I am not true ſaies ſhe,
And I ſay that again to.

2.

I cannot chooſe but wonder why
This lovely toy doth blame me,
If my heart wears inconſtancy;
It is but what became me.
Since ſhe was fickle why not I?
I'm but as ſhe did frame me.

3.

Time was I thought our flames of love,
Would burn for ever brighter;
But when ſhe did ſo faithleſs prove,
I vow'd I would requite her,
I quickly did my flames remove,
And now for ever ſlight her.

SONG. XXIX.

To a painted Lady.

LEave theſe deluding tricks and ſhowes,
Be honeſt and down-right;
VVhat Nature did to view expoſe,
Don't you keep out of ſight.
The novice youth may chance admire,
Your dreſſings, paints and ſpells:
But we that are expert deſire
Your ſex for ſomewhat elſe.

2. I

2.

In your adored *face* and *hair*,
What vertue could you find,
If *Women* were, like *Angels* fair
And every man were blind.
You need no *time* or *pains* to *waſh*
To ſet your *beauties* forth,
With *oyles*, and *paint* and *druggs*, that coſt
More then the *face* is worth.

3.

Nature her ſelf, her own work does
And hates all needleſs arts,
And all your *artificial* ſhowes
Diſgrace your *Nat'ral* parts.
You're fleſh and blood and ſo are we,
Let fleſh and blood alone,
To Love all *compounds* hateful be,
Give me the *pure* or none.

SONG. XXX.

To a coy Lady.

I Prithee leave this peeviſh faſhion,
Don't deſire to be high-priz'd,
Love's a *Princely* noble paſſion,
And doth ſcorne to be deſpis'd.
Though we ſay you're fair, you know,
We your *beauty* do beſtow,
For our *fancy* makes you ſo.

2. Don't

2

Don't be proud 'cauſe we adore you,
We do't only for our pleaſure,
And thoſe parts in which you glory,
We by *fancy* weigh and meaſure.
When for *Deities* you go,
For *Angels*, or for *Queens*, pray know,
'Tis our *fancy* makes you ſo.

3.

Don't ſuppoſe your Majeſty
By *Tyrannie's* beſt ſignified,
And your *Angellick* natures be
Diſtinguiſh'd only by your *pride*.
Tyrants make *Subjects* rebells grow,
And *pride* makes *Angels* Dev'ls below,
And your *pride* may make you ſo.

SONG. XXXI.

The Recovery.

HOw *unconcerned* I can now
Behold that face of thine!
The *Graces* and the *dreſſes* to
Which both *conſpire* to make thee ſhine,
And make me think thou art *divine*.

2.

And yet me thinks thou'rt wondrous fair,
But I have no *desires*,
Those *Glories* in thy face that are,
Kindled not in my heart those *fires*,
For that *remains*, though this *expires*.

3.

Nor was't my *eyes* that had such pow'r
To burn my self and you,
For then they'ld every thing devoure,
But I do several others view,
Unsing'd, and so don't think it true.

4.

Nay both together could not do't,
Else we had dy'd e're this,
Whithout some higher po'wr to boot,
Which must rule both, if either miss,
All t'other to no purpose is.

5.

It puzles my *Phylosophy*,
To find wherein consists
This *pow'r of love*, and tyranny,
Or in a *Lovers* eye, or brest
Be't where it will, there let it rest.

Song

SONG XXXII.

Advice to Cælia.

MY lovely *Cælia*, while thou doſt enjoy.
Beauty and *youth*, be ſure to uſe 'um,
And be not fickle, be not coy,
Thy ſelf or *Lovers* to deſtroy.
Since all thoſe *Lillies* and thoſe *Roſes*,
Which *Lovers* find, or *love* ſuppoſes,
To flouriſh in thy face,
Will tarry but a little ſpace.
And *youth* and *beauty* are but only lent
To you by *nature*, with this good intent
You ſhould enjoy, but not abuſe 'um,
And when *enjoyments* may be had, not fondly to re
(fuſe 'um

2.

Let lovers *flatt'ry* ne're prevail with thee;
Nor their old complements deceive thee,
Their *vows* and *proteſtations* be
Too often meer *Hypocriſie*.
And thoſe high praiſes of the witty
May all be coſtly, but not fit ye,
Or if it true ſhould be
Now what thy *lovers* ſay of thee,
Sickneſſe or age will quickly ſtrip away
Thoſe fading glories of thy youthful *May*.
And of thy graces all bereave thee,
Then thoſe that thee *ador'd* before will ſlight the
(and ſo leave the

3. The

3.

Then while thou'rt fair & young, be kind but wiſe,
Doat not, nor proudly uſe denying;
That tempting toy thy beauty lies
Not in thy face, but lovers eyes.
And he that doats on thee may ſmother
His love, 'ith *beautie* of another,
Or flying at all game
May quench, or elſe divert his flame.
His *reaſon* too may chance to interpoſe,
And *love* declines as faſt as *reaſon* grows.
There is a knack to find loves treaſures
Too young, too old, too nice, too free, too ſlow,
Deſtroys your pleaſures.

SONG. I

The Royaliſt.

Written in 1646.

COme, paſs about the *bowl* to me,
A health to our diſtreſſed *King*;
Though we're in hold, let cups go free,
Birds in a cage may freely ſing.
The ground does tipple healths apace,
When *ſtormes* do fall, and ſhall not we,
Sorrow dares not ſhew its face,
When we are *ſhips* and ſack's the *ſea*.

2. Pox

2.

Pox on this grief, hang *wealth*, let's *ſing*,
Shall's kill our ſelves for fear of death?
We'l live by th' *aire* which ſongs do bring,
Our *ſighing* does but waſt our breath.
Then let us not be diſcontent,
Nor drink a glaſs the leſſe of *Wine*;
In vain they'l think their plagues are ſpent,
When once they ſee we don't *repine*.

3.

We do not ſuffer here alone,
Though we are beggar'd, ſo's the *King*,
'Tis ſin t' have wealth, when he has none,
Tuſh! poverty's a *Royal* thing!
When we are *larded* well with drink,
Our *heads* ſhall turn as *round* as theirs,
Our *feet* ſhall riſe, our *bodies* ſink
Clean down the wind, like *Caveliers*.

4.

Fill this unnatural *quart* with *ſack*,
Nature all vacuums doth decline,
Our ſelves will be a *Zodiack*,
And every mouth ſhall be a ſign.
Me thinks the *Travels* of the glaſſe,
Are circl ar like *Plato's* year;
Where every thing is as it was,
Let's tipple round; and ſo 'tis here.

So

SONG. II.

The Commoners.

Written in 1645.

COme your wayes
Bonny Boyes,
Of the *Town*,
For now is your time or never,
Shall your fears
Or your cares
Caſt you down?
Hang your wealth
And your health
Get renown,
We all are undone for ever.
Now the *King* and the *crown*
Are tumbling down,
And the *realm* doth groan with *diſaſters*,
And the ſcum of the land,
Are the men that commaud,
And our *ſlaves* are become our *maſters*.

2.

Now our lives
Children, wives
And Eſtate,
Are a prey to the luſt and plunder,
To the rage
Of our age.
And the fate
Of our land
Is at hand,
Tis too late
To tread theſe *Uſurpers* under. Firſt

First down goes the *crown*,
Then follows the *gown*
Thus levell'd are we by the *Roundhead*,
While *Church* and *State* muſt
Feed their *pride* and their *luſt*,
And the *Kingdom* and *King* confounded.

3.

Shall we ſtill
Suffer ill
And be dumb?
And let every *Varlet* undo us?
Shall we doubt
Of each Lowt,
That doth come,
With a voice
Like the noiſe
Of a Drum,
And a *ſword* or a *Buffe-coate* to us?
Shall we loſe our eſtates
By *plunder* and *rates*
To bedeck thoſe proud upſtarts that *ſwagger*,
Rather fight for your meat,
Which theſe *Locuſts* do eat,
Now every man's a beggar.

SONG. III.

The Paſtorall.

On the Kings death. Written in 1643.

WHere *England's Damon* us'd to keep,
In peace and awe, his *flocks*
Who fed, not fed upon, his ſheep,
There *Wolves* and *Tygres* now do prey,
There *Sheep* are ſlain, and *Goats* do ſway,
There raigns the ſubtle *Fox*
While the poor *Lamkins* weep.

2.

The Laurell'd *garland* which before
Circled his brows about,
The *ſpotleſſe coat* which once he wore,
The *ſheep-hook* which he us'd to ſway,
And *pipe* whereon he lov'd to play,
Are ſeized on by the *rout*,
And muſt be us'd no more.

3.

Poor *Swain* how thou lament'ſt to ſee
Thy flocks o're-rul'd by thoſe
That ſerve thy Cattle all like thee,
Where hateſull vice uſurps the Crown,
And Loyalty is trodden down;
Down skrip and ſheephook goes,
When Foxes Shepheards be.

SONG IV.

A Mock-ſong.

Hang up *Mars*
And his wars
Give us drink,
We'l tiple my *Lads* together,
Thoſe are ſlaves,
Fools and knaves,
That have *chink*,
And muſt pay,
For what they ſay,
Do, or think,
Good fellows accompt for neither,
Be we *round*, be we *ſquare*,
We are happier then they're
Whoſe *dignity* works their ruine,
He that well the *bowl* rears,
Can *baffle* his cares,
And a fig for *death*, or *undoing*.

SONG. V.

The Trouper.

COme, come, let us drink,
'Tis in vain to think,
Like fools on grief or ſadneſs;
Let our *money* fly
And our *ſorrows* die,
All worldly care is madneſs;
But ſack and good cheer
Will in ſpite of our fear,
Inſpire our ſouls with gladneſs.

2.

Let the greedy clowns
That do live, like hounds,
That know neither *bound* nor *meaſure*
Lament each loſs,
For their wealth is their croſs,
Whoſe delight is in their *treaſure*,
But we that have none,
Will uſe theirs as our own,
And ſpend it at our pleaſure.

3.

Troul about the *bowl*,
The delight of my ſoul,
And to my hand commend it.
A fig for *chink*,
'Twas made to buy drink,
Before that we go we'l end it,
When we've ſpent our ſtore,
The land will yield us more,
And jovially we will ſpend it.

SONG. VI.

The Good-fellow.

STay, ſtay, ſhut the gates,
T'other quart, faith, it is not ſo late,
As you're thinking,
Thoſe *Stars* which you ſee,
In this *hemiſphere* be
But the *ſtuds* in your cheeks by your *drinking*.

The ſun is gone to tipple all night in the ſea boyes,
Tomorrow he'l bluſh that he's paler then we boyes,
Drink *wine* give him *water*, 'tis *ſack* makes us the
(boyes.

2.

Fill, fill up the glaſs
To the next merry *Lad* let it paſſe
Come away w'it;
Come ſet foot to foot,
And but give your mindes to't,
'Tis *heretical ſix*, that doth ſlay wit.
No *helicon* like to the juce of the Vine is,
For *Phœbus* had never had wit, or divineſs,
Had his face not bin *bow-dy'd* as thine, his, & mine is.

4.

Drink, drink off your bowls,
We'l enrich both our heads and our ſoules
With *Canary*,
A *carbuncled* face
Saves a tedious race,
For the *Indias* about us we carry.
Then hang up good faces, we'l drink till our *noſes*,
Give freedom to ſpeak what our *fancy* diſpoſes;
Beneath whoſe protection is *under the Roſes*.

4.

This, this muſt go round,
Off your *hats*, till that the *pavement* be
With yoor *beavers* (crown'd,
A red-coated face
Frights a *Sergeant* at mace,
And the *Conſtable* trembles to ſhivers.
In ſtate much our *faces* like thoſe of the *Quorum*,
When the *wenches* fall down & the *vulgar* adore 'um
And our *noſes*, like *inkboyes*, run *ſhining* before 'um

Song

SONG. VII.

The Mock Song by T. J.

HOld, hold, quaffe no more,
But reſtore
If *you* can, what you've *loſt* by *your drinking*,
Three Kingdoms and Crownes,
With their Citties and Townes,
While the King and his progenies ſinking.
The ſtuds in your cheeks have obſcur'd his *ſtar boyes*
Your drinking miſcarriages in the late war boyes,
Have brought his prerogative now to the bar boyes.

2.

Throw, throw down the glaſſe,
He's an Aſſe
That *extracts* all his worth from *Canary*,
That valour will ſhrink
Thats only good in drink
Twas the *cup* made the *camp* to miſcarry.
You thought in the world, there's no power could tame ye
You tippled and whor'd till the foe overcame ye,
Gods nigs and ne're ſtir, *Sir*, has vanquiſh'd God damm me.

3.

Fly, fly from the Coaſt,
Or you're loſt, (went,
And the *water* will *run where* the *drink*
From hence you muſt ſlink
If you have no chink
'Tis the courſe of the *royal delinquent*.
You love to ſee *beerbowls* turn'd over the *thumb well* (well
You like three fair Gamſters four Dice and a Drum
But you'd as liefe ſee the devil as *Fairfax* or *Crom-* (*wel*.

4.

Drink, drink not the round
You'l be drownd
In the *ſource* of your *ſack* and your *ſonnets*,
Try once more your fate
For the King againſt the State,
And go barter your *beavers* for *bonnets*.
You ſee how they're *charm'd* by the *Kingdoms in-* (*chanters*,
And therefore pack hence to *Virgini* for planters,
For an act & two Redcoats will rout all the *ranters*.

Song

SONG. VIII.

The Anſwer.

STay, ſtay, prate no more,
Leaſt thy *brain*, like thy *purſe* run 'th ſcore
Though thou ſtrain'ſt it,
Thoſe are *Traytors* in grain
That of ſack do complain,
And rail by 'ts own power againſt it.
Thoſe *Kingdoms* & *Crowns* which your *poetry* pities,
Are ſain by the pride and hypocriſy of Cities,
And not by thoſe *brains* that love *ſack* & good *dities*.
The K and his progeny had kept 'um from *ſinking*,
Had they had no worſe foes, then the Lads that love drinking,
We that tipple ha'no *leiſure* for *plotting* or *thinking*.

2.

He, he is an Aſſe
That doth throw down *himſelf* with a *glaſs*
Of Canary
He that's quiet will think
Much the better of drink,
'Cauſe the *cups* made the *camp* to miſcarry
You whore though we tipple, and there my *friend* you lie,
Your ſports did *determine* in the *month* before *July*,
There's leſs fraud in plain *dam me*, then your ſly *by my truly*,
'Tis ſack makes our *bloods* both the *purer* & *warmer*
We need not your *prieſt* or the *feminine* charmer,
For a bowl of *Canary's* a whole ſuite of armour.

3.

Hold, hold, not ſo faſt,
Tipple on, for there is no ſuch haſt
To be going
We *drowning* may fear,
But your end will be there (*ing?*
Where there is neither *ſwiming* nor *row-*
(down boyes,
We were *Gamſters* alike, and our ſtakes were both
But *Fortune* did favour you being her own boyes,
And who would not venture a caſt for a *crown* boyes
foes is,
Since we wear the right *colours* he the worſt of our
That goes to traduce us and fondly ſuppoſes
That *Cromwel* is an enemy to ſack and red noſes

4.

Then, then quaff it round,
No deceit in a brimmer is found,
Here's no ſwearing,
Beer and Ale makes you prate
Of the *Kirk* and the *State* (ing
Wanting other diſcourſe worth the hear-
This ſtrumpets your Muſes, to ballad or flatter
Or rail, and your betters with froth to beſpatter,
(matter:
And your talk's all *diurnals* and Gunpowder
But we while old *ſack* does divinely inſpire us
Are active to do what our *Rulers* acquire us,
And attempt ſuch exploits as the world ſhall ad-
(mire us.

Song

SONG. IX.

The Levellers rant.

Written in 1648.

TO the *Hall*, to the *hall*,
For juſtice we call,
On the *King* and his pow'rful *adherents* & *friends*,
Who ſtill have endeavoured, but we work their ends.
'Tis we will pull *down* what e're is above us,
And make them to fear us, that never did love us,
We'l *level* the proud and make every degree,
To our *Royalty* bow the knee,
'Tis no leſſe then treaſon,
'Gainſt freedom and Reaſon
For our brethren to be higher then we.

2

Firſt the thing, call'd a King,
To judgment we bring, then he,
And the *ſpawn* of the *court*, that were prouder
And next the two Houſes united ſhall be,
It does to the *Romiſh* religion enveagle,
For the State to be two headed like the *ſpread-eagle*
We'l purge the ſuperfluous members away,
They are too many Kings to ſway,
And as we all teach,
'Tis our Liberties breach,
For the Freeborn *Saints* to obey.

3. Not

3.

Not a Claw, in the Law,
Shall keep us in aw;
We'l have no *cuſhon-cuffers* to tell us of hell,
For we are all *gifted* to do it as well,
'Tis freedom that we do hold forth to the Nations
To enjoy our *fellow-creatures* as at the creation
The *Carnal* mens wives are for men of the *ſpirit*
Their *wealth* is our own by merit,
For we that have right,
By the Law called *Might*
Are the *Saints* that muſt *judge* and *inherit*.

SONG. X.

The New-Courtier.

Written in 1648.

Since it muſt be ſo,
Then ſo let it go,
Let the *Giddy-brain'd* times turn round,
Since we have no *King* let the *goblet* be crown'd,
Our *Monarchy* thus we'l recover (ſouls
While the *pottles* are weeping, we'l drench our ſad
In *big-bellyed* bowles,
Our ſorrows in ſack ſhall ly ſteeping,
And we'l drink till our eyes do run over.
And prove it by reaſon
That it can be no *Treaſon*
To drink and to ſing
A *mournival* of healths to our new-crown'd *King*.

2. Let

2.

Let us all ſtand bare,
In the *preſence* we are,
Let our *noſes* like *bonfires* ſhine,
Inſtead of the *Conduits*, let the *pottles* run wine,
To perfect this new *Coronation*,
And we that are loyal,
In drink, ſhall be *peers*.
While that face, that wears
Pure *Claret*, lookes like the *blood-royal*
And out-ſtares the *Bores* of the Nation,
In ſign of obedience,
Our *oathes of allegiance*
Beer-glaſſes ſhall be,
And he that tipples *ten's* of the *Nobility*.

3.

But if in this raign,
The Halberted train
Or the *Conſtable* ſhould rebel,
And ſhould make their twybill'd *militia* to ſwell,
And againſt the Kings party raiſe armes,
Then the *Drawers* like *Yeomen*
Of the Guard, with quart-pots,
Shall fuddle the ſotts,
While we make'um both *cukcolds* and *freemen*,
And on their wives beat up alarums.
Thus as each *health* paſſes,
We'l tripple the glaſſes.
And hold it no ſin,
To be loyal and drink in defence of our King.

Song

SONG. XI.

The Safety.

Writiten in 1648.

SInce it has been lately enacted *high Treaſon*,
For a man to ſpeak *truth* of the *heads* of the *ſtate*
Let every wiſe man make uſe of his reaſon
See and hear what he can, but take heed what he prate.
For the proverbs do learn us,
He that ſtayes from the battail ſleeps in a whole skin,
And our words are our own, if we can keep 'um in,
What fools are we then, that to *prattle* begin
Of things that do not concern us?

2.

Let the three kingdoms fall to one of the *prime ones*
My mind is a Kingdom and ſhall be to me,
I could make it appear, if I had but the time once,
I'm as happy with one, as he can be with three.
If I could but injoy it,
He that's mounted on high, is a mark for the *hate*
And the *envy* of every *pragmatical* pate,
While he that *creeps* low, lives ſafe in is ſtate,
And *greatneſs* do ſcorne to anoy it.

3.

I am never the better which ſide gets the battel,
The *Tubs* or the *Croſſes* what is it to me?
They'l never increaſe my goods or my cattle,
But a *beggar's* a *beggar* and ſo he ſhall be,
Unleſs he turn *Traytor*,

Let

Let *Misers* take courses to heap up their treasure,
Whose *lust* has no limits, whose *mind* has no *measure*
Let me be but quiet and take a little pleasure,
A little contents my nature.

4.

My petition shall be that *Canary* be cheaper,
W'thout patent or custom or curs'd excise; (deeper
That the *Wits* may have leave to drink deeper and
And not be undone, while their heads they *baptise*
And in liquor do drench 'um,
If this were but granted, who would not desire,
To *dub* himself one of *Appollo*'s own quire?
We'l ring out the bells, when our noses are on fire
And the quarts shall be the buckets to drench (um.

5.

I account him no wit, that is gifted at rayling,
And *flirting* at those that above him do sit,
While they do out wit him, with *whipping* & *goaling*
Then his *purse* & his *person* both pay for his *wit*;
'Tis better to be drinking,
If sack were reform'd into Twelvepence a quart,
I'd study for money to merchandize for't,
And a friend that is true, we together will sport.
Not a word, but we'l pay them with thinking.

Song

SONG. XII.

The Companion.

WHat need we take care for *Platonical* rules?
Or the precepts of *Ariſtotle*? (fools,
They that think to find *learning* in books are but
True Philoſophy lies in the bottle.
And a mind
That's confind
To the mode of the ſchooles.
Nere arrives at the height of a pottle
Let the ſages
Of our ages
Keep a talking
Of our walking,
Demurely, while we that are wiſer,
Doe abhor all
That's moral
In *Plato*
And *Cato*
And *Seneca* talks like a *Sizer*.

Chorus.

Then let full bowles on bowles be hurl'd
That our *jollity* may be completer,
For *Man* though he be but a very little world,
Muſt be drown'd, as well as the greater.

2.

We'l drink till our cheeks are as ſtarred as the *skies*
Let the pale-coulour'd *ſtudents* flowt us,
And our noſes, like Comets, ſet fire on our eyes,
Till we bear the whole heavens about us.
And if all
Make us fall,
Then our heels ſhall deviſe
VVhat the ſtars are a doing without us.
Let *Lilly*
Go tell you
Of thunders
And wonders,
Let Aſtrologers all divine,
And let *Booker*
Be a looker
Of our natures
In our features
He'l find nothing but Claret in mine.

Chorus.

Then let full bowles, &c.

SONG. XIII.

Copernicus.

LEt the bowl paſs free
From him to thee
As it firſt came to me,

'Tis

Tis pity that we ſhould confine it,
Having all either credit or coyn yet,
Let it e'ne take it courſe,
There's no ſtopping its force
He that ſhuffles muſt inter-line it.

2.

Lay aſide your cares,
Of Shops and Wares,
And irrational fears,
Let each breaſt be as thoughtleſs as his'n is,
That from his bed newly ris'n is,
We'l baniſh each ſoul,
That comes here to condole,
Or is troubled with *love* or *buſineſſe*.

3.

The King we'l not name,
Nor a Lady t' enflame,
With deſire to the game,
And into a dumpiſhneſſe drive all,
Or make us run mad, and go wive all,
We'l have this whole night
Set a part for delight
And our mirth ſhall have no corrival.

3.

Then ſee that the Glaſs
Through its circuit do paſs;
Till it come where it was,
And every noſe has been within it,
Till he end it that firſt did begin it,
As *Copernicus* found,
That the Earth did turn round,
We will prove ſo does every thing in it.

Song

SONG. XIV.

The Painters entertainment.

THis is the time, and this is the day
Deſign'd for mirth and ſporting,
We'l turn *October* into *May*,
And make St. *Lukes* feaſt
As pleaſant and long as the reſt,
We'l in our own faces our *colours* diſplay,
And hallow our yearly reſorting.

Then let the bowles turn round round,
While in them our *colours* we mingle
To raiſe our dull ſouls from the ground,
Our arts and our pains are thus crown'd,
And happy are we
That in unity be
'Tis a hell upon earth to be ſingle.
Chorus.
'Twas *love* at firſt that brought us hither,
And love ſhall keep us here together.

2.

Firſt to the Maſter of the feaſt,
This health is conſecrated,
Thence to each *ſublimary* gueſt,
Whoſe ſoul doth deſire,
This *Nectar* to raiſe and inſpire,
Till he with *Apelles* himſelf doth *conteſt*,
And his fancy is elevated,
Then let, &c.
Chorus
Twas love &c.

3.

Lo how the *air* the *earth* and the *ſeas*,
Have all brought in their treaſure,
To feaſt each ſence with rarities,
Plump *Bacchus* brings wine,
And *Ceres* her dainties doth joyne,
The *air* with rare muſick doth *eccho* and theſe
All club to create us pleaſure.

Then let the bowles &c.

Chorus

Twas love, &c.

4.

Now in our fancies we will ſuppoſe
The world in all its glory
Imagine all delight that growes,
And pleaſures that can
Fill up the vaſt ſoul of a man,
And glut the *coy* pallat the *eyes*, *ears* & *noſe*,
By the fancy preſented before you.

Then let the bowles, &c

Chorus,

'Twas love &c.

5.

We'l uſe no pencil now but the bowl,
Let every artiſt know it
In ſack we will pourtray each ſoul,
Each health that is took
Will give us the livelyer look,
And who's he that dares our fancy *controule*,
When each *Painter* is turned a poet?

Then let the bowles, &c.

Chorus,

'Twas love &c.

6. An

6.

And though we cannot the day extend
Beyond its proper meaſure;
The *night* and it themſelves ſhall *blend*,
We care not for night,
When our hearts and our *heads* are all light,
Nor the time, nor the company ſhall have an end,
Honeſt mirth of it ſelf is a treaſure.

Then, &c. *Chorus*,
'Twas love &c.

SONG XV.

The Cure of Care.

WHy ſhould we not laugh and be jolly?
Since now all the world is mad?
All lul'd in a dull *melancholly*
He that wallows in ſtore,
Is ſtill gaping for more;
And that makes him as poor,
As that wretch that never any thing had.
How mad is the dam'nd *money-monger*,
That to purchaſe to him and his heirs,
Growes *ſhrivled* with *thirſt* and *hunger*?
While we that are bonny,
Buy ſack for ready money,
And ne're trouble *Scriviners* nor *Lawyers*.

2.

Thoſe *Gulls* that by ſcraping and toyling,
Have ſwell'd the *Revenues* ſo vaſt,
Get nothing by all their turmoyling,
But are *marks* for each tax,
While they *load* their own *backs*,
With the heavier *packs*,
And lie down *gall'd* and *weary* at laſt,
While we that do trafick in *Tipple*,
Can baffle, the *gown* and the *ſword*,
Whoſe jawes are ſo hungry and *gripple*,
We ne're trouble our heads,
With indentures or deeds,
But our *Wills* are compris'd in a word.

3.

Our *money* ſhall never *endite* us,
Nor drag us to *Goldſmiths-hall*,
Nor *Pyrates* nor *ſtorms* can affright us,
We that have no eſtates,
Pay no taxes or rates,
But can *ſleep* with open gates,
He that lies on the ground cannot fall,
We *laugh* at thoſe fools whoſe *endeavours*
Do but fit 'um for *priſons* or *fines*,
While we that ſpend all are the ſavers,
For if *thieves* do ſteal in,
They go out empty agin,
Nay the *Plunderers* loſe their deſignes.

4. Then

4.

Then let's not take care for to morrow,
But *tipple* and *laugh* while we may,
To waſh from our hearts all ſorrow;
Thoſe *Cormorants* which
Are troubled with an itch,
To be mighty and rich
Do but *toyle* for the wealth which they borrow.
The *Mayor of the Town* with his *ruff* on,
What a pox is he better then we?
He muſt vail to the men with the *buff* on
He *Cuſtard* may eat,
And ſuch luberly meat,
But we *drink* and are *merrier* then he.

SONG. XVI.

Content.

Out of *Anacrean.*

IF *wealth* could keep a man alive,
I'lld only ſtudy how to thrive,
That having got a mighty maſs,
I might bribe the *fates* to let me paſſe.
But ſince we can't prolong our years,
Why *ſpend* we time in needleſs *ſighs* and *tears.*
For ſince *Deſtiny*
Has decreed us to die,
And all muſt paſſe o're the old *ferry*
Hang riches and cares,
Since we ha'nt many years,
We'l have a *ſhort life and a merry,*

3.

Times keep their round, and deſtiny,
Obſerves not where we laugh or cry,
And Fortune never does beſtow,
A look on what we do below:
But men with equal ſwiftneſs run
To prey on others, or be prey'd upon,
Since we can take no courſe,
To be better or worſe,
Let none be a melancholly thinker;
Let the Times the round go,
So the cups do ſo too
Ne're bluſh at the name of a Drinker.

SONG. XVII.

Mirth.

Out of *Anacreon.*

WHen our brains well liquor'd are,
Then we charm aſleep our care,
Then we accompt *Machivile* a fool with his plots,
And *cry* there's no *depth*, but the bottom 'och' pots,
Then *Hector* compar'd with us will be
But a coward, and *Craſus* beggarly.
Then with ſongs our voice we raiſe,
And circle our Temples with bayes,
Then Honour we account but a blaſt of Wind,
And trample all things in our mind.
The valiant at arms,
That are led by fond charms
Get their honour with *harms*

While

While he that takes up
A plentiful cup,
To no danger is brought
But of paying his groat.
Then quickly come Lad and fill our cups full,
For ſince down we muſt all be laid,
'Tis held a good rule
In *Bacchus* free ſchole
'Tis better lie drunk then dead.

SONG. XVIII.

The Independants reſolve.

Written in 1648.

COme drawer and fill us about ſome wine,
Let's merrily tipple the day's our own,
We'l have our delights, let the country go pine,
Let the King and his Kingdom groan.
The Crown is our own and ſo ſhall continue,
We'l Monarchy baffle quite,
We'l drink off the Kingdomes revenue,
And ſacrifice all to delight.
'Tis power that brings
Us all to be Kings
And we'l be all crown'd by our might.

2.

A fig for divinity lectures and law,
And all that to Loyalty do pretend,
While we by the ſword keep the Kingdom in awe,
Our power ſhall never have end.

The *Church* and the *State* we'l turn into liquor,
And ſpend a whole Town in a day,
We'l melt all their *bodkins* the quicker
Into ſack, and drink them away.
We'l keep the *demeans*
And turn *Biſhops* and *Deans*,
And over the Presbyter ſway.

3.

The nimble St. *Patrick* is ſunk in his boggs,
And his Country men, ſadly *cry O hone, O hone!*
St. *Andrew* and's *Kirk-men* are loſt in the foggs,
Now we are the *Saints* alone.
Thus on our *Superiours* and *Equalls* we trample,
And *Jocky* our ſtirrup ſhall hold,
The *Cittie's* our *Mule* for example,
That we may in plenty be roul'd.
Each delicate diſh,
Shall but *Eccho* our wiſh
And our *drink* ſhall be cordial gold.

SONG. XIX.

On Canary.

OF all the rare juces,
That *Bacchus* or *Ceres* produces,
There's none that I can, nor dare I
Compare with the princely *Canary.*
For this is the thing
That a fancy infuſes,
This firſt got a King,
And next the nine *Muſes*,

Twas

Twas this made old *Poets* ſo ſprightly to ſing,
And fill all the *world* with the glory & fame on't,
They *Helicon* call'd it and the *Theſpian* ſpring,
But this was the *drink*, though they knew not
the name on't.

2.

Our *Sider* and *Perry*,
May make a man mad but not merry;
It makes people windmill-pated,
And with *crackers ſophiſticated*,
And your *hopps*, *yeſt*, and *malt*,
When they're mingled together,
Makes our fancies to halt,
Or reel any whether.
It *ſtuffs* up our brains with *froth* & with *yeſt*,
That if one would write but a verſe for a *Belman*,
He muſt ſtudy till *Chriſtmas* for an *eight ſhilling* jeſt,
Theſe liquors won't raiſe, but drown, and o're-
whelme man.

3.

Our drouſy *Matheglin*
Was only ordain'd to enveigle in,
The Novice that knowes not to drink yet,
But is fudled before he can think it?
And your *Claret* and *White*,
Have a *Gunpowder* fury,
They're of the *French* ſpright,
But they *wont* long endure you.

And

And your holiday *Muscadine*, *Allegant* and *Tent*,
Have only this property and vertue that's fit in't.
They'l make a man sleep till a preachment be spent
But we neither can warm our blood nor our wit
(in't

4.

The *Bagrag* and *Rhenish*
You must with *ingredients replenish*;
'Tis a *wine* to please *Ladies* and *toyes* with;
But not for a man to rejoyce with.
But 'tis *Sack* makes the sport,
And who gains but that *flavour*,
Though an *Abbesse* he court,
In his highsshoes he'l have her
'Tis this that advances the drinker and drawer,
(and *leather*
Though the *father* came to *Town* in his *hobnails*
He turns it to *velvet*, and brings up an Heir,
In the Town in his *chain*, in the *field* with his *feather*

SONG. XX.

The Leveller.

Nay prethee don't fly me,
But sit thee down by me,
I cannot endure
A man that's demure
Go hang up your *worships* and *Sirs*,
Your *congies* and *trips*,
With your legs, and your lips,
Your *Madams* and *Lords*,
And such finikin words,

With

With the complements you bring
That do ſpell *NO-THING*,
You may keep for the *chains* & the *furs*
For at the beginning was no Peaſant or Prince,
And 'twas policy made the diſtinction ſince.

2.

Thoſe Titles of honours
Do remain in the *Donours*.
And not in that thing,
To which they do cling.
If hi ſoul be too narrow to wear 'um,
No delight can I ſee
In that word call'd degree,
Honeſt *Dick* ſounds as well
As a name of an *ell*,
That with titles doth ſwell
And ſounds like a *ſpell*,
To affright mortal ears that hear 'um.
He that wears a brave ſoul, and dares gallantly do,
May be his own herald and Godfather too.

3.

Why then ſhould we doat on,
One with a fools coat on?
Whoſe *Coffers* are cram'd,
But yet he'l be dam'd.
Ere he'l do a good act or a wiſe one?
What *Reaſon* has he
To be ruler o're me?
That's a Lord in his cheſt,
But in's *head* and his *breaſt*
Is empty and bare,
Or but puff'd up with air,
And can neither *aſſiſt* nor *adviſe* one.

Honours

Honour's but *air*, and *proud flesh* but *dust* is,
'Tis we *Commons* make *Lords*, and the *Clerk* makes (the *Justice*.

4.

But since men must be
Of a different degree,
Because most do aspire,
To be greater and higher,
Then the rest of their fellows & brothers,
He that has such a spirit,
Let him gain it by's merit,
Spend his *brain*, *wealth*, or *blood*
For his *Countries* good,
And make himself fit
By his *valour* or *wit*,
For *things* 'bove the *reach* of *all* others.
For *honour's* a *prize*, and who wins it may wear it,
If not 'tis a *badge* and a *burthen* to bear it.

5.

For my part let me
Be but quiet and free,
I'le drink sack and obey,
And let great ones sway,
And spend their whole time in thinking,
I'le ne're busy my pate
With secrets of State,
The *news books* I'le burn all,
And with the *Diurnal*
Light *Tobacco*, and admit
That they're so far fit,
As they serve *good company* & *drinking*
All the *name* I desire is an honest *Good-fellow*,
And that *man* has no worth that wont sometimes be (*mellow*.

Song

SONG. XXI.

The Royaliſts Anſwer.

I Have reaſon to fly thee,
And not ſit down by thee;
For I hate to behold,
One ſo ſawcy and bold,
To *deride* and contemn his ſuperiors,
Our *Madams* and *Lords*
And ſuch mannerly words,
With the *geſtures* that be
Fit for every degreee,
Are things that we and you
Both claim as our due
From all thoſe that are our inferiours.
For from the beginning there were *Princes* we know,
Twas yon *Levellers* hate 'um 'cauſe you can't be ſo.

2

All titles of honours
Were at firſt in the *donours*;
But being granted away
With the grantees ſtay
Where he wear a ſmall ſoul or a bigger.
There's a neceſſitie
That there ſhould be degree.
VVhere 'tis due we'l afford
A *Sir John*, and my *Lord*,
Though *Dick*, *Tom* and *Jack*,
VVill ſerve you and your pack,
Honeſt *Dick*'s name enough for a Digger.

He

He that has a ſtrong *purſe* can all things be or do,
He is *valiant* and *wiſe* and *religious* too.

3.

We have cauſe to adore,
That man that has ſtore,
Though a *Bore* or a ſot,
There's ſomething to be got;
Though he be neither *honeſt* nor *witty*;
Make him high, let him rule,
He'l be playing the fool,
And *tranſgreſſe*, then we'l *ſqueze*
Him for *fines* and for *fees*.
And ſo we ſhall gain,
By the wants of his brain,
'Tis the *fools-cap* that maintains the *Citty*.
If honour be *air*, 'tis in common, and as fit, (wit
For the *fool* and the *clown*, as for the *champion* or th

4.

Then why may'nt we be
Of different degree?
And each man aſpire
To be greater and higher
Then his *wiſer* or *honeſter* brother,
Since *Fortune* and *Nature*
Their *favours* do ſcatter;
This hath *valour*, that *wit*,
T'other *wealth*, nor i'ſt fit
That one ſhould have all,
For then what would befall
Him, that's *born* nor to *one* nor to t'other?
Though *honour* were a *prize* at firſt, now 'tis a *chat*
And as *merchantable* grown as your wares or you
(cat
5.

5.

Yet in this we agree,
To live quiet and free,
To drink *ſack* and *ſubmit*,
And not ſhew our wit
By our *prating*, but *ſilence*, and *thinking*,
Let the politick *Jews*
Read *Diurnalls* and *Newes*,
And lard their diſcourſe,
With a Comment that's worſe,
That which pleaſeth me beſt
Is a ſong or a Jeſt,
And my obedience I'll ſhew by my *drinking*.

He that drinks well, does ſleep well, he that ſleeps well doth think well,
He that thinks well, does do well, he that does well, muſt drink well.

SONG. XXII.

The ſafe Eſtate.

HOw happy a man is he,
Whoſe ſoul is quiet and free,
And liveth content with his own!
That does not deſire
To ſwell nor aſpire,
To the *coronet* nor to the *crown*
He doth ſit and deviſe.
Thoſe *Muſhromes* that riſe,

But

But disturbs not his sleep,
At the quoil that they keep,
Both in *Country* and *Town*,
In the *plain* he sits safe,
And doth privately laugh,
At *high thoughts* that are *tumbling down*.

2.

His heart and his head are at rest,
And he sleeps with a *sorrowlesse* brest,
That aspires not to sit at the helme,
The desires of his mind.
To's estate are confin'd,
And he lets not his *brains* to ore'whelme.
He's for innocent sport,
And keeps off from the *court*,
And if sad thoughts arise,
He does only devise
With sack to repel 'um.
Though the times do turn round,
He doth stil keep his ground,
Both in a *Republique* and *Realme*.

3.

He wears his own head and ears,
And he *tipples* in safety with's peers,
And harmelesly passeth his time,
If he meet with a crosse,
A full bowle he doth toss,
Nor his *wealth*, nor his wit are his crime.
He doth privately sit
With his friend clubbing wit,
And disburdning their breasts
Of some innocent jests
And not higher doth clime.

He

He ſmiles at the fate
Of thoſe *Courters* of ſtate,
That fall down 'cauſe their thoughts are ſublime.

4.

But *Princes* and *Nobles* are ſtill,
Not *tenants* for *life*, but at *will*,
And the giddy-brain'd *rout* is their *Lord*,
He that's *crowned* to day,
A *ſcepter* to ſway,
And by all is obey'd and ador'd.
Both he and his crown
In a trice are thrown down,
For an Act juſt and good,
If miſ-underſtood
Or an ill-reliſh'd *word*,
While *he* that *ſcorns pelf*,
And enjoyes his own ſelf,
Is ſecure from the Vote or the Sword.

SONG IV.

Th' *Aſtrologers*,
That trade in Starrs,
Tell me I have not long to live,
Yet do I cry;
Lo here am I
Let *fortune* ſtill
Do what ſhe will,
I'll neither *care nor grieve*.

2.

Fortune I know,
Is ſtill my foe,
And lets me not grow *fat* nor *thrive*,
But I, I vow,
Will never bow,
Nor *doat* and be
As blind as ſhe,
But keep my ſelf alive.

3.

This I do know,
We all muſt go
Though ſome go ſooner, others later.
But why ſo faſt?
There's no ſuch haſt
Some poſt are gone,
We'l but jogg on,
Bait firſt, and then *walk* after.

4.

The *clown* and's beaſt
Make haſt to reſt,
But *lords* and *courtiers* ſit up longer,
Before we part
Fill t'other quart,
Waſh t'other eye,
And then we'l try
Where *death* or man be ſtronger.

5.

In th'enterim,
Fill to the brim,
Travelling will make us weary,

Since

Since th' journie's great,
And hurts our feet,
Bacchus ſhall be
A horſe for me
He's ſtrong enough to carry.

SONG. XIV.

The Polititian

Writiten in 1649.

WHat *madneſſe* is't for him that's *wiſe*,
To be ſo much ſelf-hating?
Himſelf and his to ſacrifice,
By medling ſtill with things too high,
That don't *concern* but *gratifie*,
His letchery of prating.
What is't to us who'se in the ruling power?
While thoy protect, we're bound t' obey,
But longer not an hower.

2.

Nature made all alike at firſt,
But men that *fram'd* this *fidle*,
Of *government* made *beſt* and *worſt*
And high and low, like various ſtrings,
Each man his ſeveral ditty ſings,
To tune this ſtate *down diddle*.
In this grand wheel the world we're ſpokes made all,
But that it may ſtill keep its round,
Some mount while others fall.

3.

The blinded Ruler that by night,
Sits with his hoſt of *Bill-men*
With their chalked weapons, that affright
The wondring clown that haps to view
His worſhip and his Gowned crew,
As if they ſate to *Kill* men.
Speak him but fair; he'l frely let you go.
And thoſe that on the high rope dance,
Will do the ſame trick too.

4.

I'll ne're admire
That *fatuous fire*,
That is not what it ſeems,
For thoſe, that now to us ſeem higher,
Like painted *bubles* blown i'th air,
By boyes ſeem glorious and fair,
'Tis but in boyes eſteems.
Rule of its ſelf's a toyl and who would bear it
But that 'twixt pride and avarice
And cloſe revenge they'l ſhare it.

5.

Since all the world is but a ſtage,
And every man a player.
They're fools that lives or ſtates engage,
Let's act and juggle as others do
Keep whats our own, get others to,
Play whiffler clown or Maior.
For he that ſticks to what his heart calls juſt,
Becomes a ſacrifice and prey
To the proſperous whirlegigs luſt.

6. Each

6.

Each wiſe man firſt beſt loves himſelf,
Lives cloſe, thinks and obeyes,
Makes not his ſoul a ſlave to's pelfe.
Nor idle ſquanders it away,
To cram their mawes that taxes lay,
On what he does, or ſayes,
For thoſe grand cords that man to man do twiſt
Now are not honeſty and love
But ſelf and intereſt.

SONG. XXV.

The Priſoners

Written when *O. C.* attempted to be King.

COme a *brimmer* (my bullies) drink whole ones (or nothing,
Now *healths* have been *voted* down,
'Tis *ſack* that can *heat* us, we care not for *cloathing*,
A gallon's as warm as a gown
'Cauſe the Parliament ſees,
Nor the former nor theſe,
Could engage us to drink their health,
They Vote that we ſhall
Drink no healths at all
Nor to *King* nor to *Common-wealth*,
So that now we muſt venture to *drink* 'um by (ſtealth

2.

But we've found out a way that's beyond all their (thinking,
To keep up *Good-fellowſhip* ſtill
We'l drink their deſtruction that would deſtroy (*drinking*,
Let 'um Vote that a health if they will.
Thoſe men that did fight,
And did pray day and night
For the *Parliament* and it's attendant,
Did make all that buſle,
The King out to juſle,
And bring in the *Independent*,
But *now* we all *clearly ſee* what was the end on't.

3.

Now their Idol's thrown down with their *ſooterkin* (alſo
About which they did make ſuch a puther,
And though their *contrivance* made one K. to fall ſo
We have drunk our ſelves into another.
And now (my Lads) we
May ſtill *Caveliers* be,
In ſpite of *Committes* frown,
We will drink, and weel ſing,
And each health to our King.
Shall be Royally drunk in the crown,
Which ſhall be the *Standard* in every Town.

4.

Thoſe politick would bees do but ſhew themſelves (aſſes,
That othermens calling invade,
We only converſe with pots and with glaſſes,
Let the Rulers alone with their trade.
The Lyon of the Tower,
Their eſtates does devour,
Without ſhewing law for't or reaſon,

Into

Into priſon we get,
For the crime call ed debt,
Where our *Bodies* and *brains* we do *ſeaſon*
And that is ne're taken for murther or treaſon.

5 (*more drink boyes*,
Where our ditties ſtill be *give's more drink*, *gives*
Let thoſe that are frugal take care,
Our *Goalers* and we will live by our chink boyes,
While our *Creditours* live by the air.
Here we lie at our eaſe,
And get *craft* and *greaſe*,
Till we've merrily ſpent all our ſtore,
Then as drink brought us in,
'Twill redeem us agen,
We got in becauſe we were poor,
And ſwear our ſelves out on the very ſame ſcore

SONG. XXVI.

Satisfaction.

I Have often heard men ſay,
That the *Philoſophers* of old,
Though they were *good* and *grave* & *gray*
Did various opinions hold,
And with idolatry adore
The *Gods* that themſelves had made before,
And we that are fools do do no more.

2.

Every man desires what's good;
But wherein that good consists
Is not by any understood.
This sets on work both pens and fist,
For this condemns what that approves,
And this *man* doth *hate*, what that *man loves*,
And thats the grand rule that discord moves.

3.

This would valiant be, that wise,
That's for th' sea, and this for land,
All do judge upon surmise,
None do rightly understand,
These may be like, but are not that,
Something there is that all drive at,
But only they differ about the WHAT.

4.

And from all these several ends
Springs diversity of actions,
For every man his studies bends,
As opinion builds his faction
Each man's his own *God-smith*, what he
Thinks good, is good to him, and we
First make, then adore our deity.

5.

A *mind* that's *honest*, *pure* and *just*
A sociable life and free,
A *friend* that dares not break a trust,
Yet dares die if occasion be,
A heart that dictates to the tongue,
A soul that's innocent and strong.
That can yet, will not do any wrong.

He

He that has ſuch a ſoul and a mind,
That is ſo bleſt and ſo inclind,
What all theſe do ſeek for, he does find.

SONG XVXII.

The Club.

PRithee ben't ſo ſad and ſerious,
Nothing got by grief or care,
Melancholy's too imperious,
Where it comes 'twil domineer,
If thou haſt a cloudy breaſt,
In which thy cares would build a neſt
Then drink good ſack, 'twill make the reſt,
Where ſorrows come not near.

2.

Be it buſineſſe love, or ſorrow,
That poſſeſſes thus thy mind,
Bid them come again to morrow
We are now to mirth inclin'd,
Fill thy cup and drown them all,
Sorrows ſtill do for liquor call,
We'l make this *Bacchus* feſtival
And caſt our cares behind.

3.

He that has a hearts that's drowſy
Shall be ſurely baniſhed hence;
We'l ſhun him as a man that's lowſy,
He's of dangerous conſequence,

And

And he that's ſilent like a block,
Deſerves to be made a laughingſtock,
Let all good fellows ſhun that rock,
For fear they forfeit ſence,

4.

Still thoſe clocks let time attend us,
We'l not be to howers confind,
We'l baniſh all that may offend us,
Or diſturb our mirth deſign'd,
Let the glaſſe ſtill run its round
And each *good-fellow* keep his ground
And if there be any *flincher* found,
We'l have his ſoul new coyn'd.

SONG. XXVIII.

The Prodigal.

NAy perſwade not, I've ſwore
We'l have one *pottle* more,
Though we run on the ſcore,
And our credits do ſtretch for't,
To what end does a father,
Pine his body, or rather,
Damne his ſoul for to gather
Such ſtore, but that he has this fetch fort,
That we ſons ſhould be high boyes,
And make it all fly boyes
And when he does dye boyes
Inſtead of a *Sermon* we'l ſing him a catch for't.

2. Then

2.

Then hang the Dull wit
Of that *white-liverd* cit,
That *goodfellows* does hit
In teeth with a *rednoſe*,
May his noſe look blew
Or any dreadfuller hue,
That may ſpeak him *untrue*,
And diſloyal unto the headnoſe,
'Tis the ſcarlet that graces,
And ſets out our faces,
And that nature baſe is,
That eſteems not a *Coppernoſe* more then a *leadnoſe*.

3.

All the world keeps a round,
Firſt our fathers abound
In wealth and buy ground,
And then leave it behind 'um
We're ſtraight put in black,
Where we *mourne* and drink ſack,
And do tother knack. (mind 'um,
While they ſleep in their graves we ne're
Thus we ſcatter the ſtore,
As they rack'd it before
And as for the poor,
We enrich them as faſt as our father did grind *them*.

Song

SONG. XXIX.

The Antipolititian.

COme leave thy *care* and love thy friend,
Live freely don't diſpair,
Of getting money there's no end,
And keeping it breeds care.
If thou haſt money at thy need
Good Company and good wine,
His *life*, whoſe *joyes* on *wealth* do feed,
's no half ſo ſweet as thine.

2.

I can enjoy my ſelf and friends,
W'thout deſign or fear,
Below their envy or baſe ends,
That *Polititians* are.
I neither *toyle* nor *care* nor *grieve*
To gather keep or looſe;
With freedom and conſent I live,
And what's my own I uſe.

3.

While men blown on with ſtrong deſires
Of riches or renown,
Though ne're ſo high, would ſtill be *higher*
So tumble headlong down.
For *Princes* ſmiles turne oft to frowns,
And favours fade each hower,
He that to day heaps *Townes* on *Townes*,
To morrow's clap't ith *Tower*.

4. All

4.

All that we get by all our ſtore,
's but honour or dominion,
The one's but *trouble varniſhdo're*
And 'tothers but opinion.
Fate rules the roaſt, Times alwayes change,
'Tis fancy builds all things,
How madly then our *minds do range*,
Since all we graſp hath wings.

5.

Thoſe empty terms of rich and poor,
Compariſon hath fram'd,
He hath not *much* that covets more.
VVant is but will nicknam'd.
If I can ſafely think and live,
And freely laugh or ſing,
My wealth I'll not for *Cræſus* give,
Nor change lives with a King.

SONG. XXX.

The New Gentry.

ENough for ſhame! leave off this fooling,
Prithee cring no more
Nor admire the illgotten ſtore
Of the upſtart *Muſhromes* of our Nation
With blind and *groundleſſe* adoration,
If thy nature ſtill wants ſchooling.

As

As thou doſt grow old grow wiſe,
For age can eaſily adviſe,
And make thee know
'Tis only ſuch as thou.
That bring and keep both fools & knaves in *faſhion*

2.

We make each other proud and knaviſh,
For where ever we
Great abundance chance to ſee
There we fling both power and honour
As if wealth where the only donour,
And our natures are ſo ſlaviſh.
That we tamely will ſubmit,
All our reaſon ſtrength and wit,
And pay and pray,
Great men in power, that they
Will take our *Liberty* and *trample* on *her*.

3

What is't makes all men ſo much covet,
Toyling more and more,
To increaſe a needleſs ſtore,
So violently tugg and *hall* for't
Ventering body ſoul and *all* fort?
The rich are flatter'd and they *love* it
We obey their *ſhalls* and *muſts*,
And to gratifie their luſts,
We madly ſtrive
Who firſt our ſelves ſhall give
And all that is ours to them, if they'l but *call* for't.

4. If

4.

If we did take no notice of them,
Like not, nor applaud,
Their *ſpoyles obtaind* by *force* & *fraud*
But would live content and jolly
Laughing at their painful folly,
And would neither fear nor love them,
Underneath their loads, they'ld groan,
Or with ſhame would throw them down,
And live as free
From needleſſe cares as we,
Slight *pompe* and *wealth*, that makes men *melancholly*

5.

Pray what are all theſe gaudy *bubbles*
That ſo boaſt and rant,
Of what they think they *have*, but *hant*?
But men that had the luck of living,
And made others fall their *thriving*,
Hailſtones got in ſtormes of troubles.
That for *valour* are as fit,
For *Knights*, as to be *Squires* for wit
Inſpired with pride,
Did what good men defied,
Grown great by *Protean* turning and conniving.

6.

That man that would have me adore him,
With my heart, he muſt
Be *noble*, *pow'rful*, *wiſe* and *juſt*,
And improve his parts and power
To *ſupport* not to *devour*,
Nor *pride* nor *luſt*, muſt e're rule o're him

Th'

Th' *bugbeare* greatneſſe without this
An idle, empty *pageant* is,
He that doth riſe
And is not good and wiſe,
I honour not, but pity and deplore him.

SONG. XXXI.

The Cheerfull heart.

What though theſe ill times do go croſs to our will?
And fortune ſtill frowns upon us,
Our hearts are our own, and they ſhall be ſo ſtill,
A pin for the plagues they lay on us.
Let us take t'other cup,
To keep our hearts up,
And let it be pureſt *Canary*,
We'l ne're ſhrink or care,
For the *croſſes* we bear,
Let 'um plague us untill they be weary.

2.

What though we are made, both *beggars* and *ſlaves*,
Let us ſtoutly endure it and drink on.
Tis our *comfort* we *ſuffer*, cauſe we will not be *knaves*
Our *redemption* will come e're we think on't.
We muſt flatter and fear
Thoſe that over us are,
And make 'um *believe* that we *love* 'um,
When their *tyrannies* paſt,
We will ſerve them at laſt,
As they *ſerv'd* thoſe that *have* been *above* um.

3. The

3.

The *Levites* do preach, for the gooſe and the pig,
To drink wine but at *Chriſtmas* and *Eaſter*,
The *Doctour* doth labour our lives to new-trig,
And makes nature to faſt, but we feaſt her,
The *Lawyer* doth bawle,
Out his lungs and his gaule,
For the Plantiff and for the Defendant;
At books the Scholar lies
Till by *Flatus* he dies,
With the *ugly hard word* at the *end* on't

4.

But here's to the man that delights in *Sol fa*,
'Tis *ſack* is his only *Roſin*,
A load of *heigh ho's* are not worth a *ha, ha*,
He's the man for my money that *draws* in.
Come a pin for this *Muck*,
And a fig of ill Luck,
'Tis better be *blyth* and *frolick*,
Then to ſigh out our breath,
And invite our own death
By the *Gout* or the *ſtone*, and the *cholick*.

SONG. XXX.

The Anſwer to the Curſe againſt Ale.

O Gag for ſhame that ſtrumpet muſe!
Let not her *Spaniſh* tongue abuſe,
Our wholſome and *Heroic Engliſh* juice.

2.

'Twas not this loyal liquor ſhut
Our Gates againſt our *Soveraign*, but
Strange *drink* into one *tub* together put.

3.

When *Ale* was drink Canonical
There were no *theeves*, nor *watch*, nor *wall*,
Men neither *ſtole*, nor *lack'd*, for *Ale* was all.

4

That *Poet* ought be dry or dumb,
And to our brown-*bowles* never come,
Who drinking *Ale*, vents only *drugs* and *ſcum*.

5.

Nor had that *Souldier* drunk enough,
For *Ale* both valour gives and buffe,
Makes men *unkickable*, and *cudgel-proof*.

6.

'Twas the *meal* not *mealman* was the cauſe,
The mill fell down, for one ſmall clauſe
In one meal-act, hath overthrown our lawes.

7

The worth of *Ale* none can proclaim,
But by th' aſsiſtance of the ſame,
From it our *Land* derives it nobleſt name.

8

With this men were inſpir'd, but not
As *kickſhaw brains are now* (*God wot*)
Inſpir'd, that is, *run mad*, none knowes *with what*.

9. How

9.
How did our ſtout forefathers make,
All *Antichriſtian* Nations quake,
When they their *Nutbrown bowles* and *bills* did take!

10.
What noble ſparks old *Ale* did kindle!
But now ſtrange drinks do make men dwindle,
And *Pigmies* get, ſcarce fit to ſway a ſpindle.

11.
This liquor makes the drinkers fight
Stoutly, while others ſtoutly write:
This both *creates* the *Poet* and the *Knight*.

12.
This makes the drawer in his Gown
And chain to ride and rule the Town,
Whoſe *orient Noſe* exemplifies his frown.

13.
How reverently the burly Hoſt
With basket hilted pot and toſt,
Commands the bak't meats, and then rules the roſt;

14.
But oh the *Brewer* bears the bell!
This makes him to ſuch highneſſe ſwell,
As *none* but *Ale*-inſpir'd can *think*, or *tell*.

15
Divert that *curſe* then, or give o're,
Don Phillip can hurt *Ale* no more,
Then his *Armado*, *England* heretofore.

SONG. XXXIII.

The Reformation.

TEll not me of Lords or Lawes,
Rules or *Reformation*,
All that's done's not worth two ſtrawes,
To the welfare of the Nation.
Men in power do rant it ſtill,
And give no *reaſon* but their will,
For all their domination.
Or if they do an act that's juſt,
'Tis not becauſe they would, but muſt,
To *Gratifie* ſome parties luſt,
Or meerly for a faſhion.

2.

Our expence of blood and purſe.
Has produc'd no profit.
Men are ſtill as bad or worſe,
And will be what e're comes of it.
We've ſhuffled out, and ſhuffled in,
The perſons, but retain the ſin,
To make our game the ſurer,
Yet ſpite of all our pains and skill,
The knaves all in the pack are ſtill,
And ever were and ever will,
Though ſomething now demurer.

3

And it cannot but but be ſo,
Since thoſe toys in *faſhion*,
And of ſouls ſo baſe and low,
And mere *Bigots* of the *Nation*,
Whoſe deſigns are power and wealth
At which by *rapines*, *fraud* and *ſtealth*
Audaciouſly they vent'r ye,
They lay their conſciences aſide,
And turn with every *wind* and *tide*,
Puff'd on by *Ignorance* and *pride*,
And all to look like *Gentry*.

4.

Crimes are not puniſh'd cauſe they'r *crimes*
But 'cauſe they'r low and little,
Mean men for *mean* faults in theſe times
Make ſatisfaction to a title;
While thoſe in *office* and in *power*,
Boldly the *underlings* devour.
Our Cobweb lawes can't hold 'um.
They ſell for many a *Thouſand crown*,
Things which were never yet their own,
And this is *law* and *cuſtom* grown,
Cauſe thoſe do *judg* that *ſold* 'um.

5.

Brothers ſtill with *Brothers* brawl,
And for trifles ſue 'um,
For two *pronouns* that ſpoil all,
Thoſe contentious *Meum*, *Tuum*,
The wary *lawyer* buyes and builds,
While the *Client* ſells his fields,
To ſacrifice to's fury;

And when he thinks to obtain his right
He's baffled off, or beaten quite,
By th' Judges will or Lawyers ſlight,
Or ignorance of the Jury.

6.

See the *tradeſ-man* how he thrives
With perpetual trouble,
How he *cheats*, and how he *ſtrives*
His Eſtate t'enlarge and double,
Extort, oppreſſe, grind and encroach,
To be a *Squire*, and keep a *coach*,
And to be one o'th *Quorum*,
Who may with's *brother worſhips* ſit,
And judge without *law, fear or wit*,
Poor petty *thieves* that nothing get,
And yet are brought before 'um.

7.

And his way to get all this
Is mere *diſſimulation*,
No factious lecture does he miſs,
And *ſcapes no ſchiſm that's in faſhion.*
But with ſhort hair and ſhining ſhoes,
He with two pens, and's note-book goes,
And winks and writes at randome;
Thence with *ſhort meal* and *tedious Grace*,
In a loud tone and publick place,
Sings *Wiſdoms hymns*, that *trot* and pace,
As if *Goliah* ſcand 'um.

8.

But when death begins his threats,
And his *Conſcience* ſtruggles,
To call to mind his former *cheats*
Then at heav'n he turns his juggles.
And out of all's ill-gotten ſtore,
He gives a dribling to the poor,
In a *Hoſpital* or a *School-houſe*,
And the ſuborned *Prieſt* for's hire,
Quite frees him from th' *infernal* fire
And places him it'h *Angels* quire,
Thus theſe *Juck-puddings* fool us.

9.

All he gets by's pains i'th cloſe,
Is that he dyed worth ſo-much,
Which he on's doubtful ſeed beſtows,
That neither care nor know much,
Then *fortunes favorite* his heir,
Bred baſe, and ignorant and bare,
Is blown up like a bubble,
Who *wondring* at's own ſuddain riſe,
By pride ſimplicity and vice,
Falls to's ſports, *drink*, *drab* and *dice*
And makes all fly like ſtubble.

10.

And the *Church* the other twin,
Whoſe mad zeal enrag'd us,
Is not purifi'd a pin,
By all thoſe *broyles* in which ſhe engag'd us,
We, our wives turn'd out of doors,
And took in *Concubines* and *whores*,
To make an alteration.

Our

Our *Pulpiteers* are proud and bold,
They their own *Wills* and *factions* hold,
And ſell *ſalvation* ſtill for *Gold*,
And here's our *Reformation*.

II.

'Tis a madneſs then to make,
Thriving our employment,
And *lucre* love, for *Lucres* ſake,
Since we've poſſeſſion, not injoyment.
Let the times run on their courſe,
For oppoſition makes them worſe,
We ne're ſhall better find 'um,
Let *Grandees* wealth and power engroſſe,
And honour too, while we ſit cloſe,
And laugh and take our plenteous doſe,
Of *ſack* and never mind 'um.

SONG. XXXIV.

For the Generalls entertainment.

FArewell all *cares* and *fears*, let *Gladneſſe* come,
Let's all ſtrive which ſhall moſt rejoyce,
No more the *Trumpet*, or the Thundring *Drum*,
Shall interrupt our peace with *noiſe*,
But all their *Offices* ſhall be
Inherited by ſprightly melody.
Th' inchanting *Lute* and the melodious *Lyre*,
With well-tun'd ſouls does make
a full harmonious Quire,

2. In

2

In vain do we our ſelves, our ſelves deſtroy,
In vain do *Engliſh*, *Engliſh* beat,
Contests are cruel, we muſt now wear joy,
And all in love, each other greet.
Our civil *diſcords* now ſhall ceaſe,
And loſe *themſelves* in a deſired *peace*.
All things by war are in a *Chaos* hurl'd,
But love alone firſt made,
and ſtill preſerves the World.

3.

The *Trophies* of the *Conquerours* of old,
And all the *ſpoils* with which they'r *crown'd*,
Were all but *types* of what we do behold,
What they did ſeek for, we have found.
Here peace and plenty ſweetly kiſt,
And both with *loyalty* & *vertue* twiſt,
Then let our joy riſe high that all may ſhare it,
Let wealth and honour meet deſert,
he that wins Gold may wear it.

SONG. XXXV.

On Sir G. B. his *defeat*.

PRay why ſhould any man compl'ain,
Or why *diſturb* his breſt or brain,
At this new *alteration*?
Since that which has been done's no more,
Then what has been done before, And

And that which will be done agen,
As long's there are ambitious men,
That ſtrive for domination.

2.

In this mad age there's nothing firm,
All things have periods and their *terme*,
Their *Riſe* and *Declinations*,
Thoſe gaudy *Nothings* we admire,
Which get above, and ſhine like fire,
Are empty *vapours*, rais'd from duſt,
Whoſe mock-ſhine paſt, they quickly muſt
Fall down like *Exhalations*.

But ſtill we *Commons* muſt be made
A gald, a lame, thin, hackney jade,
And all by turnes will ride us,
This ſide and that, no matter which,
For *both* do ride with *ſpur* and *ſwitch*,
Till we are tyr'd, and then at laſt,
We ſtumble, and our riders caſt
Cauſe *they'ld* nor *feed nor guide us*.

4.

The inſulting Clergy quite miſtook,
In thinking Kingdoms paſt by book,
Or Crowns were got by prating;
'Tis not the blackcoat, but the red
Has power to make, or be the head,
Nor is it words, or oaths, or tears,
But *Muskets* or full *Bandoleers*
Have power of *Legiſlating*.

5. The

5.

The Lawyers muſt lay by their book,
And ſtudy *Lambert* more then *Cook*,
The ſword's the *learnedſt pleader*,
Reports and *judgments* will not do't,
But 'tis *Dragoons*, and *Horſe* and *foot*,
Words are but wind, but *blowes* come home,
A ſtout tongu'd *Lawyer*'s but a Mome,
Compar'd to a ſtout *File-leader*.

6.

Luck, wit or valour, rule all things,
They pull *down* and they ſet *up* Kings,
All lawes are in their boſome;
That ſide is always *right* that's *ſtrong*,
And that that's beaten muſt be *wrong*,
An he that thinks it is not ſo,
Unleſſe he's ſure to *beat* 'um too,
Is but a fool t'oppoſe 'um.

7.

Let them impoſe taxes or rates,
'Tis but on thoſe that have eſtates,
Not ſuch as I and thou are,
But it concerns thoſe worldlings, which
Are left, or made, or elſe grow rich,
Such as have ſtudied all their dayes,
The ſaving and the thriving wayes,
To be the mules of power.

8.

If they reform the Church or State,
We'l ne're be troubled much thereat,
Let each man takes opinion,
If we don't like the *Church* you know,
Taverns are free and there we go,
And if every one would be
As cleerly unconcern'd as we,
They'd ne're fight for *Dominion*.

SONG. XXXVI.

Againſt Corrupted Sack.

SACK! once my comfort and my dear delight,
Dull mortals quickning ſpirit;
Thou didſt once give affections, wit, and might,
Thou mad'ſt the Lover and the Wight,
Thou mad'ſt one dye, and t'other fight,
Thou mad'ſt the Poet, who made both, and thou
Inſpird'ſt our brains with *genial* fire till now
Th' haſt juſtly loſt thy honour
Cauſe th'haſt loſt thy power and merit.

2.

Now we depoſe thee from th' uſurped *throne*,
Since thou'rt *degenerate* and *diſloyall*;
Thou haſt no proper father of thine own,
But art a baſtard got by th' *Town*
By *Æquivoke generation*,

Thy

Thy *Bawds*, the *Vintners* do compound thee more,
Then *Flavel* or *Besse Beer* ere drudg'd a whore,
Nor *canst* thou now *inspire* nor feed,
Nor cherish; but destroy all.

3.

Oh where's that sprightly Poetry and Wit,
That should endure for ever?
Had *Homer drank* thy mixture, he had writ
Lines that would make the Reader spit,
Nor beyond *puns* would *Pindar* get,
Virgil and Horace if *inspir'd* by thee,
Had writ but *leud and pagan* poetry.
Dull dropsy'd *lines*, or else as dry
and *raging* as a fever.

4.

Treasons committed and contriv'd by thee,
Kingdoms and *Kings* subverted,
'Tis thou makest Rulers fools & cowards bee,
And such as ought to *bend* the *Knee*
Madly *invade* the *Soveraignty*,
Thou *throwst* us *on* all *actions*, vile & fell
First mak'st us *do*, and then thou makest us tell,
And whom we swore to serve,
By thee we basely have deserted.

5.

Thou *plague* of bodies and th' unnatural Nurse.
Of *Sickness* and *Physitians*
Ruine of wit, and strength, and fame, and purse,
That hast destroy'd poor mortals worse
Then the great plague, or *Meros* curse.
In fifty nine th' hast spilt more *English* blood
Then e're in eighty eight the Spaniard could
By his *Armndo* or can since destroy
By's inquisitions.

6.

Hence from my *veins*, from my *desires* be gone
I loath thee and defie thee,
I'le now find out a purer *Helicon*,
Which wits may safely feast upon,
And baffle thy hobgoblin *Don*.
And live to see thee and thy *mungrel* race
Contemn'd and rooted out of every place,
And those thou'st *so cl'd* and *wrong'd* like me,
For ever ever fly thee.

SONG XXXVII.

The Lamentation.

Written in 1648.

MOurne, *London*, mourne,
Bathe thy polluted *soul* in tears;
Returne, returne,
Thou hast more cause of grief, then th'hadst for (fears;
For the whole *Kingdom* now begins
To feel thy sorrows as they saw thy sins,
And now do no
Compassion show
Unto thy misery and wo,
But slight thy *sufferings* as thou didst theirs.

2.

Pride towring pride,
And boyling lust, those fatal twins,
Sit side by side,
And are become *plantations* of sins. Hence

Hence thy *Rebellions* firſt did flow,
Both to the King above, and him below.
And ſordid ſloth
The Nurſe of both,
Have rais'd thy crimes to ſuch a growth,
That ſorrow muſt conclude as ſin begins.

3.

Fire raging fire,
Shall burn thy *ſtately towers* down,
Yet not expire,
Tygres and *Wolves*, or men more ſavage grown,
Thy childrens brains, and thine ſhall daſh,
And in your *blood* their guilty tallons waſh,
Thy *Daughters* muſt
Allay their luſt,
Miſchiefs will be on miſchief thruſt,
Till thy *Cap* tumble as thou mad'ſt the Crown.

4.

Cry *London* cry!
Now now petition for redreſſe,
Where canſt thou fly?
Thy emptyed *cheſts* augment thy heavineſſe,
The *Gentry* and the *Commons* loath,
Th' adored *Houſes* ſlight the worſe then both,
The King poor ſaint,
Would help but can't;
To heav'n alone unfold thy *want*
Thence came thy plagues, thence only pity flow'th

Song

SONG XXXVIII.

The Riddle.

Written in 1644.

NO more, no more,
We are already pin'd,
And ſore and poor,
In body and in mind.
And yet our ſufferings have been
Leſſe then our ſin.
Come long-deſired peace we thee implore,
And let our pains be leſſe, or power more.

2.

Lament, Lament,
And let thy tears run down,
To ſee the rent
Between the Robe and Crown,
Yet both do ſtrive to make it more
Then 'twas before,
War like a ſerpent has its head got in,
And will not end ſo ſoon as't did begin.

3.

One body Jars,
And with its ſelf does fight,
War meets with warrs
And might reſiſteth might.

And

And both ſides ſay they love the King,
And peace will bring.
Yet ſince theſe fatal civill broyls begun,
Strange Riddle! both have *conquer'd*, neither *won*.

4.

One *God*, one *King*,
One true *Religion* ſtill,
In every thing
One *Law* both ſhould fulfil,
All theſe both ſides does ſtill pretend
That they defend.
Yet to encreaſe the *King* and *Kingdoms* woes,
Which ſide ſoever wins good ſubjects loſe.

5.

The *King* doth ſwear,
That he doth fight for them;
And they declare,
They do the like for him:
Both ſay they wiſh and fight for peace,
Yet wars increaſe.
Sobetween both, before our wars be gone,
Our lives and goods are loſt, and we're undone.

6.

Since 'tis our curſe.
To fight we know not why;
'Tis worſe and worſe
The longer thus we ly.
For *war* it ſelf is but a *Nurſe*
To make us worſe.
Come bleſſed *peace* we once again implore,
And let our *pains* be leſſe, or *power* more.

SONG. XXXIX.

On the Kings returne.

LOng have we waited for a happy End
Of all our miſeries and ſtrife;
But ſtill in vain the *Swordmen* did intend,
To make them hold for tearm of Life.
That our diſtempers might be made,
Their *everlaſting* lively-hood and trade.

2.
They entayle their *Swords* and *Guns*,
And *pay*, which wounded more;
Upon their *Daughters* and their *Sons*,
Thereby to keep us ever poor.

3.
And when the *Civil* wars were paſt
They civil *Government* envade;
To make our taxes, and our ſlavery laſt,
Both to their *titles*, and their *trade*.

4.
But now we are redeem'd from all,
By our Indulgent *King*;
Whoſe coming does prevent our fall,
With loyal and with joyful hearts we'l ſing.

Chorus

Chorus.

Welcome, welcome royal May,
Welcome long desired Spring,
Many springs and Mays we've seen
Have brought forth what's gay and green.
But none is like this glorious day
Which brings forth our Gracious King.

SONG. XL.

A Catch.

LEt's leave off our labour, and now let's go play,
For this is our time to be jolly;
Our *plagues* and our plaguers are both fled away,
To nourish our griefs is but folly.
He that won't drink and sing,
Is a Traytor to's King.
And so's he that does not look twenty years *younger*
We'l look blith and trim,
With rejoycing at him
That is the restorer, and will be the *Prolonger*,
Of all our felicity and health,
The joy of our hearts, & increase of our *wealth*,
'Tis he brings our *trading*, our trading brings *riches*,
Our riches brings *honors*, at which every *mind itches*,
And our riches bring *sack*, & our sack brings us *joy*,
And our joy makes us leap, and sing *Vive le Roy*.

SONG XLI.

For *General* Monk *his entertainment at* Cloath-workers Hall.

RIng *Bells*! and let *bone-fiers* out blaze the ſun!
Let *ecchoes* contribute their voice!
Since now a happy ſettlement's begun,
Let all things tell how all good men rejoyce.
If theſe ſad Lands by this
Can but obtain the bliſſe
Of their deſired, though abuſed peace;
We'l never never more
Run mad as we've heretofore
To buy our ruine; but all ſtrife ſhall ceaſe.

2.

The *Cobler* ſhall edifie us no more,
Nor ſhall in *divinity* ſet any ſtiches,
The *women* we will no more hear & adore
That preach with their husbands for the *breeches*.
The *Fanatical* tribe
That will not ſubſcribe,
To the orders of *Church* and of *State*,
Shall be ſmother'd with the zeal
Of their new common-weale
And no man will mind what *they prate*.

Chorus

Chorus.

We'l eat, and we'l drink, we'l dance and we'l ſing,
The *Roundheads* & *Cave*'s no more ſhall be nam'd;
But all joyn together to make up the ring,
And rejoyce that the *many headed dragon* is tam'd.
'Tis *friendſhip* and *love*, that can *ſave us* and *arme us*,
And while we all agree, their is nothing can *harme us*

SONG. XLII.

The Advice.

HE that a happy life would lead,
In theſe dayes of diſtraction,
Let him liſten to me, and I will read
A lecture without faction.
Let him want three things,
Whence miſery ſprings
All which do begin with a letter;
Let him bound his deſires,
With what nature requires,
And with reaſon his humours fetter.

2.

Let not his Wealth prodigious grow,
For that breeds cares and dangers,
Makes him hated above and envyed below,
And a conſtant ſlave to ſtrangers.
He is happieſt of all,
Whoſe eſtate is but ſmall,
Yet enough to delight and maintain him.

He may do, they may ſay,
Having nothing to pay,
It will not quit coſts to arraign him.

3

Nor muſt he be clogg'd with a *Wife*.
For houſehold cares incumber,
And do to one place confine a mans life,
'Cauſe he cant remove his lumber.
They're happieſt by farr,
Who unweddy'd are,
And forrage on all in common,
From all ſtorms they can fly,
And if they ſhould dy,
They ruine nor child nor woman.

4.

Nor let his brains o'reflow with *Wit*,
That capers o're's diſcretion;
'Tis coſtly to keep, and 'tis hard to *get*
And 'tis dangerous in the poſſeſſion.
They are happieſt men
Who can ſcarce tell ten,
And beat not their brains about reaſon,
They may ſpeak what will ſerve,
Themſelves to preſerve,
And their words are ne're taken for treaſon.

5.

But of all fools there is none like the *Wit*,
For he takes pains to ſhew it,
When his pride, or his drink work him into a fit,
Then ſtraight he muſt be a Poet.
Then his *Jeſts* he flings,
Both at *States* and at *Kings*,
For *Applauſe* and for *Bayes* and *Shadowes*.

Think

Thinks a verſe ſaves as well
As a circle or a ſpell,
'Till he drives himſelf to the *Barbadoes.*

6.

He that within theſe bounds can live,
May baffle all diſaſters,
To *Fortune* and *Fates* commands he may give
Which worldlings make their maſters.
He may ſing, he may laugh,
He may dance, he may quaffe,
May be mad, may be ſad, may be jolly,
He may ſleep without care,
And wake without fear
And laugh at the whole world, and its folly.

BALLADS.

I.

The Satyr of Money

IT is not the *Silver* or *gold* of its ſelf,
That makes men adore it; but 'tis for its power:
For no man does dote upon pelf, becauſe pelf,
But all court the Lady in hopes of her *Dower.*
The wonders that now in our dayes we behold,
Done by th' irreſiſtible power of Gold,
Our *Love*, and our *Zeal*, and *Allegiance* do mold.

2.

This purchaſeth *Kingdoms*, *Kings*, *Scepters*, & *Crowns*,
Wins *Battles*, and conquers the *Conquerours* bold;
Takes *Bulwarks*, and *Caſtles*, and *Armies*, and *Towns*,
Our prime *Lawes* are written in letters of *Gold.*
'Tis this that our *Parliaments* calls, and creates,
Turns *Kings* into *Keepers*, and *Kingdoms* to *States*,
And *Peopledoms* this into *High-doms* tranſlates.

3.

This *plots* doth *deviſe*, then *diſcovers* what th' are,
This makes the great *felons* the leſſer condemn:
Sets thoſe on the *bench* that ſhould ſtand at the *bar*,
Who judge ſuch as by right ought to *execute them*:
Gives the *boyſtrous Clown* his unſufferable pride,
Makes *Beggars*, and *fools*, and *Uſurpers* to ride,
While ruin'd *properties* run by their ſide.

4.

Stamp either the arms of the *State*, or the *King*
St. George or the *breeches C. R.* or *O. P.*
The *Croſſe and the fiddle* 'tis all the ſame thing.
This ſtill is the *Queen* who e're the King be.
This lines mens *Religion*, builds doctrines & truth,
With zeal, and the ſpirit, the *factious* endew'th,
To club with St. *Katherine* or ſweet ſiſter *Ruth*.

5.

This made our black *Senate* to ſit ſtill ſo long,
To make themſelves *rich* by making us *poor*;
This made our bold *Army* ſo daring, and ſtrong,
And that made them drive 'um like *Geeſe* out of (door.
'Twas this made the *Covenant-makers* to make it,
And this made our *Levites* to make us to take it,
And this made both *makers* and *takers* forſake it.

6. (*Strators*,

This ſpawn'd the dunghil crew of *Committes* and
Who lived by picking their *Parliaments* Gums,
This made and then proſpered *Rebels* and *Traytors*,
And made *Gentry* of thoſe that were the Nations (*ſcums*.

This

This *Herald* gives *armes*, not for merit but ſtore,
Gives *Coates* unto ſuch, as did ſell coates before,
If their pockets be lin'd but with *Argent* and *Oare*.

7.

'Tis this makes the *Lawyer* give *judgment* and *plead*,
On this ſide, or that ſide, on both ſides or neither,
This makes *Yeomen Clerks*, that can ſcarce write or (read,
And ſpawns arbitrary orders as various as the (weather:
This make the *blew-leſturer* pray, preach, and prate
Without *reaſon* or *truth* againſt K. *church* or *State*,
To ſhew the thin lyning of his twice-cover'd pate.

8

'Tis this that makes *Earls*, *Lords*, *Knights*, & *Eſquires*;
Without breeding, diſcent, wit, learning or merit;
Makes *Ropers* and *Ale-drapers* Sheriffs of Shires,
Whoſe *trade*'s not ſo low nor ſo baſe as their *ſpirit*:
This *Juſtices* makes, and wiſe ones we know,
Furr'd *Aldermen* likewiſe, and *Mayors* alſo,
Makes the old wife to trot, and makes the Mare go.

9. (ſhipful,
This makes the *blew aprons* write themſelves wor-
And for this we ſtand *bare* and before 'um do *fall*;
(wool,
They leave their young *Heirs* well fleeced with
Whom we're to call *Squires*, and they're to pay all,
(gawdy,
Who with beggarly ſouls, though their bodies are
(*Lady*,
Court the *pale Chambermaid* & nickname her a
And for want of diſcourſe they do ſwear and talk
(baudy.

10, For

10.

For money mens lives may be purchaſ'd and ſold,
'Tis money breaks laws & that mends 'um again;
Men venture their quiet and ſafety for gold,
When they wont ſtir a foot their rights to *maintain*.
This Doctors createth of Dunces, and thoſe,
Commanders that uſe to pollute their hoſe,
This buys the *ſpruce gallant* his *verſe* and his *proſe*.

11.

This marriages makes, 'tis the center of love,
It drawes on the man & it pricks up the woman;
Birth, virtue, and parts, no affection can move,
While this makes *Lords* bow to the brat of a
(*Broom-man*.
Gives vertue, and beauty to the laſs that you woe,
Makes women of all ſorts and ages to do;
'Tis the ſoul of world, and the worldling too.

12.

This *horſes* procures you, and *hawks*, *hounds* & *hares*,
(your *Gelding*;
'Tis this keeps your *Groom*, and your *Groom* keeps
It buys *Citizens wives* as well as their wares,
And makes your coy *Ladies* ſo *coming* & *yielding*
(ſpring,
This buys us good ſack, which revives like the
This gives the *poetical* fancies their wing,
This makes you as merry as we that do ſing.

Song

II.

Upon a Sign-Poſt, ſet up by one Mr. Pecke *at* Skoale *in* Norfolk.

Did none of you hear,
Of a wonder laſt year,
That through all *Norfolk* did ring;
Of an *Inn* and an *Hoſt*,
With a *Sign* and a *poſt*
That might hold (*God bleſs us*) the *King*.

2.

The building is great
And very compleat,
But can't be compa rd to the *ſigne*;
But within doors, I think
'ſ carſe a drop of good drink,
For *Bacchus* drinks all the beſt *wine*.

3.

But here's the deſign
What's a miſſe in the *Wine*,
By *wenches* ſhall be ſupply'd;
There's three on a row
Stands out for a ſhow,
To draw in the *Gallants* that ride.

4. The

4.

The first of the three,
Diana should be,
But she cuckolded poor *Actæon*,
And his head she adorns,
With such visible horns,
That he's fit for his hounds for to prey on.

5.

'Tis unsafe we do find
To trust Women kind,
Since horning's a part of their trade
Diana is plac't
As a *Goddesse* that's chast,
Yet *Actæon* a *Monster* she made.

6.

The next wench doth stand,
With the *scales* in her hand
And is ready to come at your beck;
A new trick they've found,
To sell sack by the pound,
But 'twere better they'd sell't by the *peck*.

7

The last of the three
They say *prudence* must be
With the *serpent* and *horn* of plenty;
But *plenty* and *wit*
So seldom doth hit,
That they fall not to *one* in *twenty*.

8. But

8.

But above theſe things all,
Stands a fellow that's ſmall,
With a *Quadrant* diſcerning the *wind*,
And ſay hee's a fool
That travells from *Skoale*,
And leave his good liquor behind.

9.

Nere the top of the ſign,
Stand three on a line,
One is *Temperance*, ſtill powring out;
And *Fortitude* will
Drink what *Temperance* fill,
And fears not the ſtone or the gout.

10.

The next to theſe three
You'l an *Uſurer* ſee,
With a *prodigal* child in his mouth;
'Tis *Time* (as ſome ſay)
And well ſo it may
For they be devourers both.

11.

The laſt that you ſtare on
Is old father *Charon*
Who's wafting a wench o're the ferry,
Where *Cerberus* do's ſtand
To watch where they land,
And together they go to be merry.

12.

Now to ſee ſuch a change
Is a thing that is ſtrange
That one who as ſtories do tell us;
His money has lent
At fifty *per cent*
A Colledg ſhould build for *goodfellows*

13.

But under this work
Do's a miſtery lurk,
That ſhewes us the founders deſign,
He has chalk'd out the way
For *Gallants* to ſtray,
That their lands may be his in fine.

14.

That's firſt an *Ale bench*,
Next *hounds* then a *wench*,
With theſe three to *roar* and to *revel*;
Brings the prodigals lands,
To the *Uſurers* hands
And his body and ſoul to the *Devil*.

15

Now if you would know
After all this adoe,
By what name, this *ſign* ſhould be known,
Some call't this, & ſome that,
And ſome I know not what,
But 'tis many ſigns in one.

16.

Ti's a ſign that who built it
Had more money then wit,
And more *wealth* then he got or can uſe,
'Tis a ſign that all we
Have leſſe wit then he
That go thither to drink and may chuſe.

Song

III.

A new Diurnal *of paſſages more Exactly drawn up then heretofore. Printed and publiſhed; 'tis order'd to be By* Henry Elſing *the Clerk of the* P.

1. *June.* 1643.

Since many Diurnals (for which we are griev'd,
Are come from both Houſes, and are not believ'd;
The better to help them for running and flying,
We have put them in Verſe, to Authorize their lying.
For it has been debated, and found to be true,
That lying's a Parliament Priviledge too:
And that they may the ſooner our conqueſts reherſe,
We are minded to put them in Galloping verſe;
But ſo many Maim'd Souldiers from *Reading* there came,
That in ſpite of the Surgeons, make our verſes go lame.
We have ever us'd Fictions, and now it is known,
Our Poverty has made us Poetical grown.

Munday.

On *Munday* both Houſes fell into debate,
And were likely to fall by the ears as they ſate;
Yet would they not have the buſineſs decided,
That they (as the Kingdom is) might be divided.
They had an intention to *Prayers* to go,
But *Extempore* Prayers are now Common too.
To Voting they fall; and the key of the work,
Was the raiſing of mony for the State and the Kirke.
'Tis only Free-loan: yet this order they make, (take,
That what Men would not lend, they ſhould Plunder and
Upon this, the word *Plunder* came into their minds,
And all of them did labour a new one to find.

They call'd it diſtraining: yet thought it no ſhame,
To perſiſt in the Act, which they bluſh't for to name.
They Voted all Perſons from *Oxford* that came,
Should be apprehended: and after the ſame,
With an Humble Petition, the King they requeſt,
Hee'd be pleas'd to return, and be ſerv'd like the reſt.
A meſſage from *Oxford* conducing to peace,
Came next to their hands, that Armes might ceaſe.
They Voted and Voted, and ſtill they did vary,
Till at laſt the whole ſence of the Houſe was contrary
To reaſon; they knew by their Armes they might gain,
What neither true reaſon, nor Law can maintain.
Ceſſation was voted a dangerous plot;
Becauſe the King would have it, both Houſes would not.
But when they reſolv'd it, abroad muſt be blown,
(To baffle the World) that the King would have none.
And carefully muzled the mouth of the preſs,
Leaſt the truth ſhould peep through their jugling dreſs.
For they knew a ceſſation would work them more harmes,
Then *Eſſex* could do the Cavaliers with his armes.
While they keep the Ships and the Forts in their hand,
They may be Traytors by Sea: as well as by Land.
The Forts will preſerve them as long as they ſtay,
And the Ships carry them and their plunder away.
They have therefore good reaſon to account war the better,
For the Law will prove to them but a killing letter.

Tuſeday.

A Poſt from his Excellence came blowing his Horn,
For mony to advance, and this ſpun out the Morn;
And ſtrait to the City ſome went for reliefe,
The reſt made an Ordinance to carry Powder-Beefe.
Thus up go the Round-Heads, and *Eſſex* advances,
But only to lead his Souldiers new dances.
To *Reading* he goes, for at *Oxford* (they ſay)
His wife has made Bull works to keep him away.
Prince *Rupert*, for fear that the name be confounded,
Will ſaw off his horns, and make him a Round-head.
The newes was returned with General fame,
That *Reading* was taken ere ever he came.
Then away Rode our Captains, and Souldiers did run,
To ſhew themſelves valiant, when the Battail was done,

Preparing

Preparing to plunder, but as ſoon as they came,
They quickly perceived it was but a flam:
An Ordinance of Parliament *Eſſex* brought down,
But that would not ſerve him to batter the Town.
More mony was rais'd, more Men and Ammunition,
Carts loaded with Turnips, and other proviſion.
His Excellence had Chines and Rams-heads for a preſent,
And his Councel of War had Woodcock and Pheaſant.
But *Ven* had 5000. Calves heads all in carts,
To nouriſh his Men and to chear up their hearts.
This made them ſo valiant that that very day,
They had taken the Town but for running away.
'Twas Ordered this day, that thanksgiving be made,
To the Round-heads in Sermons, for their beefe and their (bread.

Wedneſday:

Two Members this day at a Conference ſate,
And one gives the other a knock on the pate.
This ſet them a voting, and the upper houſe ſwore,
Twas a breach of priviledge he gave him no more.
The lower the breaking their Members head voted
A breach of their priviledge; for it is to be noted,
That reaſon and Priviledge in it did grow,
Twas a breach of his Crown and dignity too.
Then came in the Women with a long long petition,
To ſettle Militia and damn the Commiſſion.
For if fighting continue, they ſay they did fear,
That Men would be ſcarce, and Husbands be dear.
So plainly the Speaker the buſineſs unties,
That preſently all the Members did riſe.
They had hardly the leiſure all things to lay ope,
But ſome felt in their Bellies if they had not a Pope.
Some ſtrictly ſtood to them, and others did fear,
Each carried about them a fierce Cavalier.
This buſineſs was handled by the Cloſe-Committee,
That privately met at a place in the City.
So cloſely to voting the Members did fall,
That the humble Siſters were overthown all.
But they and their helpers came ſhort at the laſt,
Till at length the whole work on Prince *Griffith* was caſt.

And he with his troup did handle the matter,
He pleaſed every Woman, as ſoon as he came at her.
The buſineſs had like to have gone on their ſide,
Had not *Pym* perſwaded them not to conſide.
For rather then peace, to fill the Common-Wealth,
He ſaid hee'd do them every night himſelf.

Thurſday.

This Day a great fart in the houſe they did hear,
Which made all the members make buttons for fear;
And one makes nine ſpeeches while the buſineſs was hot,
And ſpake through the noſe that he ſmelt out the plot.
He takes it to task, and the Articles drawes,
As a breach of their own Fundamental-lawes.
Now Letters were read which did fully relate
A victory againſt *New-Caſtle* of late;
That hundreds were ſlain, and hundreds did run,
And all this was got ere the battel begun.
This then they reſolved to make the beſt on;
And next they reſolved upon the queſtion,
That Bonfires and praiſes, the Pulpit and Steeple,
Muſt all be ſuborned to couzen the People.
But the policy was more mony to get,
For the conqueſts dear bought and far enough fet,
Such victories in *Ireland*, although it be known
They ſtrive to make that Land as bad as our own.
No ſooner the mony for this was brought hether,
But a croud of true Letters came flocking together,
How *Hotham* and's army and others were beaten.
This made the blew Members to ſtartle and threaten.
And theſe by all means muſt be kept from the City,
And only refered to the Privy-Committee.
And they preſently with an *Extempore* vote,
Which they have uſed ſo long, that they learned by rote,
They ſtil'd them malignant, and to lyes they did turn them,
Then *Corbet* in ſtead of the Hangman, muſt burn them.
And he after that an Ordinance drawes,
That none ſhould tell truth that diſparag'd the cauſe.
Then *Pym* like a *Pegaſus* trots up and down,
And takes up an Angel to throw down a crown.
He ſtands like a Centaure and makes a long ſpeech,
That came from his mouth, and part from his breech.

He

He moves for more Horſe, that the Army may be
Part Mans fleſh and horſe fleſh, as well as he;
And hee'l be a Colonel as well as another,
But durſt not ride a horſe, 'cauſe a horſe rid his Mother.

Friday.

Sir *Hugh Cholmley* for being no longer a Traytor,
Was accus'd of treaſon in the higheſt Nature;
Cauſe he (as they bad him) his Souldiers did bring,
To turn from Rebellion and fight for the King.
They voted him out, but, nor they nor their men
Could vote him into the houſe agen.
Sir *Davids* Remonſtrance next to them was read,
From the Cities round-body and *Iſaacs* the head.
'Twas approv'd; but one cauſe produc'd a denial,
That all Traytors be brought to a Legal trial.
For tis againſt reaſon to vote or to do
Againſt Traytors when they are no other but ſo.
Becauſe about nothing ſo long they ſit ſtill,
They hold it convenient Diurnalls to fill.
And therefore they gave their Chronographer charge
To ſtuff it with Orders and Letters at large.
The King by's Prerogative, nor by the Law,
Can ſpeak nor print nothing his people to draw.
Yet *Pennyles Pamphletters* they do maintain,
VVhoſe only Religion is Stipendary gain.
Yet *Cum Privilegio*, againſt King and the State,
The treaſon that's taught them (like Parrats) they prate.
Theſe Hackneyes are licen't what ever they do,
As if they had Parliament priviledge too.
Thus then they conſult: ſo zealous they are,
To ſettle the peace of the Kingdom by war.
But againſt Civil-war their hatred is ſuch,
To prevent it they'l bring in the Scots and the Dutch.
They had rather the Land be deſtroyd in a minute,
Then abide any thing that has loyalty in it;
And yet their rebellion ſo neatly they trim,
They fight for the King, but they mean for King *Pym*.
Theſe all to fight for, and maintain are ſent
The Lawes of *England*: but *New-England* is meant.
And though ſuch diſorders are broke in of late,
They keep it the *Anagram* ſtill of a State.

For

For ſtill they are plotting ſuch riches to bring
To make *Charles* a rich and glorious King.
And by this rebellion this good they will do him,
They'l forfeit all their Eſtates unto him.
No Clergy muſt medle in Spirituall affairs,
But *Layton* nere heard of it, loſing his ears,
For that he might be deaf to the priſoners cries,
To a ſpiritual Goalers place he muſt riſe.
The reſt have good reaſon for what they ſhall do,
For they are both Clergy and Laytie too.
Or elſe at the beſt when the queſtion is ſtated,
They are but *Mechanicks* newly tranſlated.
They may be Committees to practiſe their bawling,
For ſtealing of horſe is ſpirituall calling.
The reaſon why people our Martyrs ador'd,
'Cauſe their ears being cut off their fame ſounds the more.
'Twas ordered the Goods of Malignants and Lands,
Shall be ſhar'd among them, and took into their hands.
They have ſpirits for more malignants to come,
That every one in the houſe may have ſome.
Then down to *Guild-Hall* they return their thanks,
To the fools whom the *Lottery* has cheated with blancks.

Satterday.

This day there came newes of the taking a Ship,
(To ſee what ſtrange wonders are wrought in the deep)
That a troop of their horſe ran into the Sea,
And pull'd out a ſhip alive to the key.
And after much prating and fighting they ſay,
The ropes ſerv'd for traces to draw her away.
Sure theſe were Sea-horſes, or elſe by their lying
They'd make them as famous for ſwimming as flying.
The reſt of the day they ſpent to bemoan
Their Brother the Round-head that to *Tyburn* was gone.
And could not but think it a barbarous thing,
To hang him for killing a friend to the King.
He was newly baptized, and held it was good
To be waſhed, yet not in water, but blood.
They ordered for his honour to cut off his ears,
And make him a Martyr: but a Zelot appears,
And affirm'd him a Martyr, for although 'twas his fate
To be hang'd, yet he dy'd for the good of the State.

Then

Then all fell to plotting of matters ſo deep,
That the ſilent Speaker fell down faſt aſleep.
He recovers himſelf and rubs up his eyes,
Then motions his houſe that 'twas time to riſe:
So home they went all, and their buſineſs referr'd
To the Cloſe-Committee by them to be heard;
They took it upon them, but what they did do,
Take notice that none but themſelves muſt know.

Poſtſcript.

Thus far we have gone in Rythme to diſcloſe,
What never was utter'd by any in proſe.
If any be wanting, twas by a miſhap,
Becauſe we forgot to weight by the map.
For over the Kingdom their orders were ſpread,
They have made the whole body as bad as the head.
And now made ſuch work that they all do,
Is but to read Letters and anſwer them too.
We thought to make *Finis* the end of the ſtory,
But that we ſhall have more buſineſs for you.
For (as their proceedings do) ſo ſhall our *Pen*,
Run roundly from *Munday* to *Munday* agen.
And ſince we have begun, our Muſe doth intend,
To have (like their votes) no beginning nor end.

FINIS.

On the demoliſhing the Forts.

IS this the end of all the toil,
And labour of the Town?
And did our Bulwarks riſe ſo high,
Thus low to tumble down?

All things go by contraries now,
We fight to ſtill the Nation,
Who build Forts to pull down popery,
Pull down for Edification.

Theſe Independents teners, and
Their wayes ſo pleaſing be.
Our City won't be bound about,
But ſtands for liberty.

The Popiſh doctrine ſhall no more
Prevail within our Nation;
For now we ſee that by our works,
There is no Juſtification.

What an Almighty army's this,
How worthy of our praiſing,
That with one vote can blow down that
All we ſo long were raiſing!

Yet lets not wonder at this change,
For thus 'twill be withall.
Theſe works did lift themſelvs too high,
And pride muſt have a fall.

And

And when both houſes vote agen,
The Cavies to be gone,
Nor dare to come within the lines,
Of Communication:

They muſt reſerve the ſence or elſe,
Referr't to the Divines,
And they had need ſit ſeven years more
Ere they can read thoſe lines.

They went to make a *Gotham* ont,
For now they did begin
To build theſe mighty banks about,
To keep the Cuckoes in.

Alas what need they take ſuch pains!
For why a Cucko here.
Might find ſo many of his mates,
Hee'l ſing here all the year.

Has *Iſaac* our *L. Mayor*, *L. Mayor*,
With Tradeſmen and his wenches,
Spent ſo much time, and cakes and beer,
To edifie theſe trenches!

All trades did ſhew their skill in this,
Each wife an *Engineer*:
The Maireſs took the tool in hand,
The maids the ſtones did bear.

Theſe Bulwarks ſtood for Popery,
And yet we never fear'd um,
And novv they vvorſhip and fall dovvn,
Before thoſe calves that reard 'um.

But though for ſuperſtition,
The croſſes have been down'd,
Who'ld think theſe works vvould Popiſh turn,
That ever have been round?

This ſpoiles our Palmiſtry; for vvhen
VVee'l read the Cities fate,
VVe find nor lines nor croſſes novv,
As it hath had of late.

No vvonder that the Aldermen,
VVill no more mony lend,
VVhen they that in this ſeven years,
Such learned vvorks have pen'd,

Novv to debaſe their lofty lines,
In vvhich the vvits delighted,
'Tis thought they'l nere turn Poets more,
Becauſe their vvorks are ſlighted.

Theſe to a dolefull tune are ſet,
For they that in the tovvn.
Did every vvhere cry Up go vve,
Novv they muſt ſing down dovvn.

But if that *Tyburn* do remain,
VVhen tother ſlighted be,
The Cits will thither flock and ſing,
Hay, hay, then up go we.

The Clown.

1.

AH ſurra, is't a come to this?
That all our VVeeze-men do zo miſs?
Eſdid think zo much avore,
Have we kept vighting here zo long.
To zell our Kingdome vor a zong,
O that ever chwor a bore!

2.

Echave a be a Cavaliero,
Like moſt Weeze-men that eſcood heaor,
And ſhoor ſdid wiſh 'um well,
But within ſdid zee hovv the did go
To cheat the King and country too,
Esbid 'um all vorvvell.

3.

Thoo vvhun the club men vvor ſo thick,
Eſput my zive upon a ſtick.
And about eſwent among 'um,
And by my troth eſdid ſuppoſe
That they were honeſter then thoſe
That novv do zvvear they'l hang 'um

4.

VVas't not enovv to make men vite,
VVhen villains come by de and night,
To plunder and undoe 'um,
And Garrizons did vet all in.
And ſteep the country to the skin,
And vve zet nothing to 'um?

5.

But vve had zoon a ſcurvy pluck,
The better Men the worſer luck.
We had knaves and fools among us;
Zome turn'd, zome cowards run away,
And left a vew behind to try,
And bloody rogues to bang us.

6.

But now 'tis a come to a ſcurvy matter,
Cham in the houſe of the Surgan ſtrater,
That have no grace, nor pitty,
But here they peel, and pole, and ſqueeze;
And when cha' paid them all their fees,
They turn me to the mittee.

7.

Like furies they zit by three and three,
And all their plots to beggar we,
Like *Pilate* and the *Jewes*;
And zome do zee that both do know,
Of thick above, and theſe below,
'Tis not a turd to choſe.

8.

But tho Echood redeem my grown,
Es went to *London* to compown,
And ride through weene and weather,
Eſtaid there eight and twonty weeks,
And chwor at laſt zo much to zeek,
Aswhen Es vur'ſt come thither.

9.

There whun's zeed voke to Church repair,
Eſpi'd about vor Common-Prayer,

But no zuch thing ſcould zee.
The zed the Common'ſt that was there,
Was vrom a tub or a wicker chair,
They cal'd it ſtumpere.

10.

Es hurd 'um pray, and every word,
As the wor ſick, they cri'd O Lord.
And thoo ſton ſtill agen,
And vor my life eſcould not know,
Whun they begun or had ado,
But when they zed amen.

11.

They have a new word, 'tis not preach,
Zdo think zome o'me did call it teach,
A trick of their devizing,
And there zo good a nap ſdid vet;
Till 'twas adoo, that's paſt ſun-zet,
As if twor but zun riſing.

12.

At night zo zoon's chwar into bed,
Sdid all my prayers without book read.
My creed and *Pater noſter*,
Me think zet all their prayers to thick,
And they do go no more aleek,
Then an apple's like an oyſter.

13.

Chad nead to watch zo well as pray,
Whun chave to do with zuch as they,
Or elſe Es may go zeek;
They need not bid a monthy vaſt,
For if zoo be theſe times do laſt,
Twool come to zeav'n a weak.

14. Es

14.

Es waited there a huges time,
And brib'd thick men to know my crime,
That eſmed make my peaſe,
At laſt eſvown my purſe was vat,
And if chwould be reform'd of that,
They wood give me a releaſe.

15.

Eſgid 'um bond vor neeveſcore pown,
Bezides what chad a paid 'um down,
And thoo they made me ſweare,
Whun chad a reckon'd what my coſt are,
Es ſwear'd chood and zit down aloſter,
Vor by my troth chawr weary.

16.

Thoo when ſcome home esbote ſome beaſs
And chowr in hope we ſhould ha' peace,
Caſe here's no Cavaliers,
But now they zed's a new quandary,
Tween Pendents and Presbytary,
Cham agaſt they'l go by the ears.

17.

Esbore in hon 'twould never laſt,
The mittees did get wealth zo vaſt,
And Gentlemen undoo,
Uſd wonderkins tcold make one mad,
That three or four livings had,
Now can't tell whare to go.

18.

Cha zeed the time when cſcood gee,
My dater more then zix of thee:

But now by briles and ſtortions,
Zome at our wedden ha beſtow'd
In gloves more then avore this vvood
A made three daters portions.

19.

One om ow'd me three hundred pown,
Es zend vor zome, he paid it down;
But vvithin three dayes ater,
Ech had a ticket to reſtore
The ſame agen, and ſix times more,
Is'nt this a couzning matter!

20.

Whun chood not do't ſmot to black-rod,
A place vvas nere a made by God,
And there chovvr vain to lye,
Till chad a gidd'n up his bon,
And paid a hundred more in hon,
And thoo ſmed come avvy.

21.

Nay novv they have a good hon made,
What if the Scots ſhould play the jade,
And keep avvy our King?
War they not mad in all theſe dangers,
To go and truſt the King with ſtrangers?
Was ever ſuch a thing?

22.

VVe ha' nor ſcrip nor ſcrole to ſhow,
Whether it be our King or no,
And if they ſhould deny an,
They'l make us vight vor 'n once more.
As well's agenſt'n heretovore,
How can vve elſe come by'n.

23.

They had been better paid 'um down
Their vorty hundred thouſand pown,
And zo zet 'um gwine,
Vor cham agaſt avore thee go,
The'll hav' our grown and mony too,
Cham ſore afeard of mine.

24.

Another trick they do devize,
The vive and twonty part and ſize.
And there at every meeting,
We pay vor wives and childrens pole
More then they'l ever yeild us whole,
'Tis abomination cheating.

25.

We can nor eat, nor drink, nor lye,
We our own wives by and by;
VVe pay to knaves that couzen;
My dame and I ten children made,
But now we do gee of the trade,
Vor fear ſhould be a douzen.

26.

Then lets to clubs agen and vight,
Or lets take it all out right;
Vor thus they mean to ſare,
All thick be right, they'l ſtrip and uſe,
And deal with them as bad as Jews,
All cuſten voke beware.

III.

On a Butchers Dog that bit a Commanders Mare that ſtood to be Knight of a Shire

ALL you that for Parliament members do ſtand
For *County*, *Burrough* or *Cittie*,
Liſten now to my ſong, which is doleful for and
A lamentable ditty.

2

For you muſt take notice that there was a Dog,
Nay a Maſtiff dog (*'you ſee*)
And if this great dog were ty'd to a great clog,
It had been full happy for we.

3.

And eke there was a great *Colonel* ſtout,
That had been in many a ſlaughter,
But this Maſtiff to eat him was going about,
As you ſhall hear herea fter.

4.

You bloody *Malignants* why will you ſtill plot?
'Twill bring you to hanging you know;
For if this dog haddone what he did not,
How had he been us'd I trow!

5.

But happy was it for ſweet *Weſtminſter*
When they went to make their choice;
That this plot was found out, for why ſhould this
In *Elections* have a voice? (*cur*

6.

For ſurely this Maſtiff, though he was big,
And had been lucky at fighting,
Yet he was not qualifi'd worth a fig
And therefore he fell a biting.

7.

But whom do you think? A thing of great note,
And a worthy *Commanders Mare*,
O what a ſtrange battel had there been fought,
Had they gone to *fight dog, fight bear*.

8.

This dog was a *Leveller* in his heart,
Or ſome *Tub-preaching* Cur,
For honour or greatneſſe he car'd not a fart,
And lov'd neither Lord nor Sir.

9.

For when the *Commander* was mounted on high,
And got above many a brother,
It angred this dog at the guts verily,
To ſee one man above another.

10.

And therefore he run at him with open mouth,
But it ſeems the dog was but dull,
He had as good took a bear by the tooth,
As miſtook a horſe for a bull.

11. But

11.

But this plot was diſcover'd in very good time,
And ſtrangely, as you may perceive,
For the people ſaw him committing this crime;
And made him his biting leave.

12.

And ſo they were parted without any harm,
That now any body ſeeth,
For it ſeems this dog that made all this alarme,
Did but only ſhew his teeth.

13.

So this Cavaleer cur was beaten full ſore,
And had many a knock on the pate, (more
But they ſerv'd him aright if they had beat him
For medling with matters of State.

14.

Now heaven look down on our noble Protector,
His Commanders and Members eke,
And keep him from the teeth of every Elector,
That is not able to ſpeak.

15.

And hang all ſuch dogs as their honours do hate,
Let them clear themſelves if they can,
For if they be ſuffered to be in the State,
They'l conſpire againſt horſe and man.

IV.

The New Knight Errant.

OF *Gyants* and *Knights* &, their wonderful *fights*
We have ſtories enough in *Romances*,
But I'le tell you one new, that is *ſtrange* & yet *true*,
Though t'other are nothing but fancies.

2.

A *Knight* lately made of the *Governing* trade,
Whoſe name he'l not have to be known;
Has been trucking with fame, to purchaſe a name,
For 'tis ſaid he had none of his own.

3.

He by Fortunes deſign, ſhould have been a Divine,
And a pillar no doubt of the Church;
Whom a *Sexton* (God wot) in the *belf'ry* begot,
And his Mother did pig in the porch.

4.

And next for his breeding, 'twas learned *hogfeeding*,
With which he ſo long did converſe,
That his *manners* & *feature*, was ſo like their *nature*
Youl'd ſcarce know his *ſweetneſs* from theirs.

5. But

5.

But obſerve the device of this *Noblemans* riſe,
How he hurryed from trade, to trade,
From the *grains* he'd aſpire to the *yeſt*, & then *higher*,
Till at length he a Drayman was made.

6.

Then his *dray-horſe* and *he*, in the ſtreets we did ſee,
With his *hanger*, his *ſling* and his *jacket*;
Long time he did *watch*, to meet with his *match*,
For he'd ever a mind to the placket.

7

At length he did find, out a *Trull* to his mind,
And *Urſula* was her name;
Oh V ſly quoth he, and oh Tom then quoth ſhe,
And ſo they began their game.

8.

But as ſoon as they met, O ſuch babes they did get,
And blood-royal in 'um did place, (Dam,
From a *ſwineheard* they came, a *ſhe-bear* was their
They were ſuckled as *Romulus* was.

9.

At laſt when the rout, with their head did fall out,
And the wars thereupon did fall in,
He went to the field, with a ſword, but no ſhield,
Strong drink was his buckler within.

10.

But when he did ſpy, how they dropt down & die,
And did hear the bullets to ſing;
His armes he flung down, and run fairly to town,
And exchang'd his ſword for his ſling.

11.

Yet he claimed his ſhare, in ſuch honours as were
Belonging to nobler ſpirits;
That ventur'd their *lives*, while this B *ffon* ſurvies
To receive the reward of their merits.

12.

When the wars were all done, he hi fighting begun,
And would needs ſhew his valour in peace,
Then his fury he flings, at poor conquer'd things,
And frets like a *hog in his greaſe*.

13.

For his firſt feat of all, on a *Wit* he did fall,
A wit as ſome ſay, and ſome not,
Becauſe he'd an art, to rime on the quart,
But never did care for the pot.

14.

And next on the *cocks*, he fell like an *Ox*,
Took them and their *Maſters* together;
But the *combs* and the *ſpurs*, kept himſelf & his *Sirs*,
Who are to have both or neither.

15.

The cauſe of his ſpite, was becauſe they would *fight*,
And becauſe he durſt not he did take-on;
And ſaid they were fit, for the pot, not the ſpit,
And would ſerve to be eaten with *bacon*,

16.

But fleſh'd with theſe ſpoyles, the next of his *toyles*,
Was to fall with wild beaſts by the ears,
To the *Bear-ward* he goeth, & then opened his *mouth*;
And ſaid, *oh! are you there with your bears.*

17. Our

17.

Our ſtories are dull, of a cock and a bull,
But ſuch was his valour and care;
Since he bears the bell, the tales that we tell,
Muſt be of a cock and a bare.

18.

The crime of the *bares* was, they were *Caveleers*,
And had formerly fought for the King;
And pull'd by the *Burrs*, the roundheaded *Curs*,
That they made their ears to ring.

19.

Our ſucceſſour of Kings, like blind fortune flings,
Upon him both honour and ſtore;
Who has as much right, to make *Tom* a Knight,
As *Tom* has *deſert*, and no *more*.

20.

But *Fortune* that whore, ſtill attended this Brewer,
And did all his *atchievements* reward;
And blindly did *fling*, on this lubberly *thing*,
More *honour*, and made him a Lord.

21.

Now he walks with his ſpurs, and a couple of curs
At his heels, which he calls *Squires*;
So when *honour* is *thrown*, on the head of a *clown*;
'Tis by *Paraſites* held up, and *Lyars*.

22.

The reſt of his *pranks*, will merit new *thanks*,
With his death, if we did but know it;
But we'l leave him and it, to a time and place fit,
And *Greg.* ſhall be *funeral* Poet.

V.

The New Mountebanck.

IF any body politick,
Of plenty or eaſe be very ſick,
There's a Phyſitian come to Town,
Of far fetcht fame and high renown:
Though call'd a *Mountebank*, 'tis meant
Both words being French, a Parliament;
From *Geneva* and *Amſterdam*,
From *Germany* and *Scotland* came;
Now lies in *London*, but the place
If men ſay true, is in his face.
His ſcaffold ſtands on *Tower hill*,
When he on *Strafford* try'd his skill:
Off, went his head, you'l think him ſlain,
But ſtraight 'twas voted on again.
Diurnals are his *weekly bills*,
Which ſpeak how many he cures or kills:
But of the *Errata* he'l adviſe,
For cure read kill, for truth read lies.
If any Traytor be diſeaſed
With a ſoreneck, and would be eaſed;
There is a pill, they call a Vote,
Take it *ex tempore* it ſhall do't.
If any conſcience be too ſtrict,
Here's ſeveral pills, from Lectures pickt,
Which ſwallowed down will ſtretch it full,
As far as 'tis from this to *Hull*.
Is any by religion bound,
Or Law, and would be looſer found;

Here's

Here's a Gliſter which we call
His priviledge o're-topping all.
Is any money left, or plate,
Or goods? bring't in at any rate:
He'l melt three ſhillings into one,
And in a minute leave you none.
Here's powder to inſpire the lungs,
Here's water that unties your tongues;
Spight of the law, 'twill ſet you free,
To ſpeak treaſon only liſpingly.
Here's Leeches, which if well apply'd,
And fed, will ſtick cloſe to your ſide,
Till your ſuperfluous blood decay,
Then they'l break and drop away.
But here's a ſoveraign Antidote,
Be ſure our Soveraign never know't;
Apply it as the Doctour pleaſes,
'Twill cure all wounds and all diſeaſes.
A drug none but himſelf e're ſaw,
'Tis call'd a *Fundamental Law*:
Here's Glaſſes to delude your ſight,
Dark Lanthornes here, here baſtard light.
This if you conquer trebbles the men,
If looſe a hundred, ſeems but ten.
Here's *Opium* to lull aſleep,
And here lie dangerous plots inſteep.
Here ſtands the ſafety of the Citty,
There hangs the invisible Committee.
Plundring's, the new Philoſophers ſtone,
Turnes war to Gold, and Gold to none.
And here's an Ordinance that ſhall,
At one full ſhot enrich you all.
He's skilled in the *Mathmaticks*,
And with his circle can do fine tricks.

By raiſing ſpirits that can ſmell
Plots that are hatcht as deep as hell:
Which ever to themſelves are known,
The Devil's ever kind to his own.
All this he *gratis* doth, and aith,
He'l only take the publick faith,
Flock to him then make no delay,
The next fair wind he muſt away.

VI.

The Saints Encouragement.

Written in 1643.

Fight on brave Souldiers for the cauſe,
Fear not the *Caveleers*;
Their threatnings are as ſenſeleſſe, as
Our *Jealouſies* and *fears*.
'Tis you muſt *perfect* this great work,
And all *Malignants* ſlay,
You muſt being back the *King* again
The clean contrary way.

Tis for *Religion* that you fight,
And for the *Kingdomes* good,
By *robbing Churches, plundring men*,
And *ſhedding guiltleſſe* blood.
Down with the *Orthodoxal train*,
All Loyal Subjects ſlay;
When theſe are *gone* we ſhall be bleſt
The clean contrary way.

When

When *Charles* we've *bankrupt* made, like us
Of *Crown* and *power* bereft him;
And all his loyal ſubjects *ſlain*,
And *none* but Rebels left him.
When we've beggar'd all the *Land*,
And *ſent* our *Truncks* away,
We'l make him then a glorious *Prince*,
The clean contrary way.

'Tis to preſerve his Majeſty,
That we *againſt* him fight,
Nor are we ever *beaten* back,
Becauſe our cauſe is right,
If any make a ſcruple on't,
Our *Declarations* ſay
Who fight for us, fight for the *King*,
The clean contrary way.

At *Keynton*, *Branford*, *Plymmouth*, *York*,
And diverſe plaees more;
What victories we *Saints obtain'd*,
The like ne're ſeen before.
How often we Prince *Robert* kill'd,
And bravely *won* the day,
The wicked *Cavaleers* did run
The clean contrary way.

The true *Religion* we *maintain*,
The *Kingdomes* peace, and plenty;
The priviledg of *Parliament*
Not known to *one* of *twenty*:
The antient *Fundamental Laws*,
And teach men to obey;
Their Lawful *Soveraign*, and all theſe,
The clean contrary way.

We ſubjects Liberties preſerve,
By, *priſonment* and *plunder*,
And do inrich our ſelves and ſtate
By keeping the wicked under.
We muſt preſerve *Mecannicks* now,
To Lecturize and pray;
By them the Goſpel is advanc'd,
The clean contrary way.

And though the King be much *miſled*
By that malignant crew;
He'l find us honeſt, and at laſt,
Give all of us our due.
For we do wiſely plot, and plot
Rebellion to deſtroy,
He ſees we ſtand for peace and truth,
The clean contrary way.

The publick faith ſhall ſave our ſouls,
And good out-works together,
And ſhips ſhall ſave our lives that ſtay,
Only for wind weather.
But when our faith and works fall down,
And all our hopes decay,
Our Acts will bear us up to heaven,
The clean contrary way.

V.

Written in 1648.

COme let us be merry
Drink *Claret* and *Sherry*,
And caſt away care and ſorrow;
He's a fool that takes care for to morrow.
Why ſhould we be droopers,
To ſave it for *Troopers*. Let's

Let's ſpend our own,
And when all is gone,
That they can have none,
Then the Roundheads and Caves agree.

2.

Then fall to your drinking,
And leave of this ſhrinking,
Let *Square-heads* and *Round-heads* quarrel
We have no other foe but the barrel,
Theſe cares and diſaſters,
Shall ne're be our Maſters,
Engliſh and *Scot*,
Both both love a pot,
Though they ſay they do not,
Here the Roundheads and Caves agree.

3

A man that is armed
With liquor is charmed,
And proofe againſt ſtrength and cunning,
He ſcorns the baſe humour of running.
Our brains are the quicker,
When ſeaſon'd with liquor,
Let's drink and ſing
Here's a health to our King,
And I with in this thing
Both the Roundheads and Caves agree.

4.

A pox of this fighting!
I take no delighting
In killing of men and plunder,
A Gun affrights me like a thunder.

If

If we can Live quiet,
With good drink and diet,
We wont come nigh,
Where the bullets do fly,
In fearing to die,
Both the Roundheads and Caves agree.

5.

Twixt *Square-head* and *Round-head*
The Land is confounded,
They care not for fight or battle,
But to plunder our goods and cattle.
When e're they come to us,
They come to undo us,
Their chiefeſt hate
Is at our Eſtate,
And in ſharing of that,
Both the Roundheads and Caves agree.

6.

In ſwearing, and lying,
In *cowardly flying*,
In *whoring*, in *cheating*, in *ſtealing*,
They agree; and all damnable dealing.
He's a fool and a widgeon,
That thinks they've *Religion*,
For Law and right,
Are o're rul'd by might,
But when they ſhould fight,
Then the Roundheads and Caves agree.

7.

Then while we have treaſure,
Let's ſpare for no pleaſure,
He's a fool that has wealth and wont ſpend it,
But keeps it for *Troopers* to end it.

Whe

When we've nothing to leave 'um,
Then we ſhall deceive 'um,
If all would be
Of ſuch humours as we
We ſhould ſuddainly ſee
Both the Roundheads and Caves agree.

VIII.

The Scots Curanto.

Written in 1645.

COme, come away to the *Engliſh* wars,
A fig for our Hills and Valleys,
'Twas we did begin, and will lengthen their jarrs,
We'l gain by their loſs and folleys;
Let the *Nations*
By invaſions,
Break through our barrs,
They can get little good by their *ſalleys*.

2.

Though *Iriſh* and *Engliſh* entred be,
The State is become our Debtor.
Let them have our Land, if their own may be free
And the *Scot* will at length be a getter.
If they crave it
Let them have it,
What care we?
We would fain change our Land for a better.

Long

3.

Long have we longed for the *Engliſh* Land,
But we're hindred ſtill by diſaſters;
But now is their time, when they can't withſtand,
But are their own Countreys waſters.
If we venter,
We may enter
By command,
And at laſt we ſhall grow to be Maſters.

4.

When at the firſt we began to rebell,
Though they did not before regard us,
How the name of a *Scot* did the *Engliſh* quell,
Which formerly have out-dar'd us.
For our coming
And returning,
They pay'd us well,
And royally did reward us.

5.

The better to bring our ends about,
We muſt plead for a *Reformation*;
And tickle the minds of the giddy-brain'd rout,
With the hopes of an innovation.
They will love us
And approve us,
Without doubt,
If we bring in an alteration.

6.

Down with the *Biſhops* and their train,
The *Surplice* and *Common prayers*,
Then will we not have a King remain,
But we'l be the *Realmes* ſurveyers.

So

So by little
And a little
We ſhall gain
All the Kingdom without gain-ſayers.

7.

And when at the laſt we have conquer'd the *King*,
And beaten away the *Caveleers*,
The Parliament next muſt the ſame ditty ſing,
And thus we will ſet the State by the ears.
By their jarring
And their warring
We will bring,
Their eſtates to be *ours*, which they think to be *theirs*.

8.

And thus when among us the Kingdom is ſhar'd,
And the people are all made beggars like we;
A *Scot* will be as good as an Engliſh *Leard*,
O! what a unity this will be.
As we gain it
We'l retain it
By the ſweard
And the Engliſh ſhall ſay, *bonny blew cap for me.*

IX.

Written in 1645.

THough *Oxford* be yielded, & *Reading* be taken,
I'll put in for quarter at thy *Maiden-head*,
There while I'm inſconſed, my *Standards* unſhaken
Lie thou in my arms, and I in thy bed.

Let the young *zelots* march with their wenches,
Mounting their tools to edifie trenches.
While thou and I do make it our pleaſure,
To dig in thy *Mine* for the pureſt Treaſure,
Where no body elſe ſhall plunder but I.

And when we together in battail do joyne,
We ſcorn to wear arms but what are our own,
Strike thou at my body, and I'll thruſt at thine,
By nakedneſſe beſt the truth is made known.
Cannons may roar, and *bullets* keep flying,
While we are in *Battail*, we never fear dying.
Iſaac and's wenches are buſy a digging,
But all our delight is in *japping* and *jigging*,
Aud no body elſe ſhall plunder but I.

And when at the laſt our bodies are weary,
We'l ſtraight to the *Taverns* our ſtrength to recruit,
Where, when we've refreſht our hearts with *Canary*,
We ſhall be the fitter again to go to't.
We'l tipple and drink untill we do ſtagger,
For then is the time for Souldiers to ſwagger.
Thus night and day we'l thump it and knock it,
And when we've no mony then look to your *pocket*
For no body elſe ſhall plunder but I.

Song

X.

A New Ballad.

A Ballad, a Ballad, a new one and true,
And ſuch are ſeldom ſeen;
He that wont write Ballads, and ſing 'um too,
Has neither *Wit* nor *Spleen*.
For a man may be furniſhed with ſo much matter.
That he need not lie, or rail, or flatter,
'Twill run from his tongue as eaſie as water,
And as ſwiftly though not ſo clean.

2.

To ſee how the times are twirled about,
Would make a dog laugh, 'tis true; (*gout*.
But to ſee thoſe turn with 'um, that had the *Rump*-
Would make a cat to ſpew.
Thoſe *Knaves* that have lived upon ſequeſtration,
And ſucked the blood of the beſt of the Nation,
Are all for the *King* by a new tranſlation,
He that wont believe't, is a Jew.

3.

The poor *Caveliers*, thought all was their own,
And now was their time to ſway,
But friends they have few, and mony they've none,
And ſo they miſtook their way.

(rout 'um
When they ſeek for preferrments the *Rebells* do
And having no mony, they muſt go without 'um,
The Courtiers do carry ſuch ſtomacks about 'um.
They ſpake no Engliſh but pay.

4.

And thoſe verry rebells that hated the King,
And no ſuch office allow;
By the help of their boldneſs, and one other thing,
Are brought to the King to bow.
And there both pardons, and honours they have,
With which they think, they're ſecure and brave,
But the title of *Knight*, on the back of a *Knave*,
's like a ſaddle upon a ſow.

5.

Thoſe men are but fools as matters now ſtand,
That would not be Rebels and Traytors,
To grow rich and rant o're the beſt of the land,
And tread on the poor *Cinque Q aters.*
To do what they liſt, and none dare complain,
To riſe from a *cart* and drive *Charles* his waine,
And for this be made Lords and Knights in grain,
O 'tis ſweet to ambitious natures.

6.

If the times turne about 'tis but to comply,
And make a formal ſubmiſſion,
And with every new power to live and die,
Then they are in a ſafe condition.
For none are condemned but thoſe that are dead,
Nor muſt be ſecur'd, but thoſe that are fled,
And none but the poor rogues ſequeſtred,
The great ones buyes remiſſion.

8. The

8.

The *Fortieth* part of their riches, will
Secure t'other *thirty nine*;
And ſo they will keep above us ſtill,
But hang't, we'l ne're repine.
The *Devil* does into their natures creep,
That they can no more from their *villany* keep,
Then a *Wolfe* broke looſe, can from killing of *ſheep*,
Or a *Poet* refrain from wine.

19.

Now *Heaven* preſerve our *Merciful King*,
And continue his *grace* and *pitty*,
And may his proſperity be like a ſpring,
And ſtream from him to the City!
May *James* and *Henry* thoſe *Dukes* of renown,
Be the two ſupporters of *Englands* Crown!
And may all honeſt men injoy what's their own!
And ſo I conclude my ditty.

XI.

The Holy Pedler.

FRom a Forraign ſhore
I am not come to ſtore,
Your *Shops* with rare devices:
No *drugs* do I bring
From the *Indian* King,
No *Peacocks*, *Apes*, nor *Spices*.

Such wares I do ſhow
As in *England* do grow,
And are for the good of the Nation,
Let no body fear
To deal in my ware,
For *Sacriledge* now's in faſhion.

2.

I the *Pedler* am,
That came from *Amſterdam*
With a pack of new *Religions*,
I did every one fit,
According to's wit,
From the *Tub* to *Mahomets pigeons*.
Great trading I found,
For my ſpiritual ground,
Wherein every man was a medler;
I made people decline,
The learned *Divine*,
And then they bought *Heaven* of the *Pedler*.

12.

Firſt *Surplices* I took,
Next the *Common-prayer book*,
And made all thoſe Papiſts that us'd 'um;
Then the *Biſhops* and *Deans*,
I ſtrip'd of their means,
And gave it to thoſe that abus'd 'um.
The *Clergy men* next,
I withdrew from their *Text*,
And ſet up the gifted *brother*;
Thus *Religion* I made,
But a matter of trade,
And I car'd nor for one or t'other.

4. Then

4.

Then *Tythes* I fell upon,
And thoſe I quickly won,
'Twas profane in the *Clergy* to take 'um.
But they ſerv'd for the Lay,
Till I ſold them away,
And ſo did Religious make 'um
But now come away,
To the *Pedler*, I pray,
I ſcorn to rob or cozen;
If Churches you lack,
Come away to my pack,
Here's thirteen to the dozen.

5.

Church *Militants* they be,
For now we do ſee,
They have fought ſo long with each other;
The Rump's-Churches threw down,
Thoſe that ſtood for the Crown,
And ſold them to one another.
Then come you factious crue,
Here's a bargain now for you,
With the ſpoiles of the Church you may revell;
Now pull down the bells,
And then hang up your ſelves,
And ſo *give his due to the Devil.*

XII.

A Serious Ballade.

Written in 1645.

I Love my King and Country well,
Religion and the Lawes,
Which I'm mad at the heart that e're we did ſell,
To buy the good *Old Cauſe.*
These unnatural warrs
And brotherly jars,
Are no delight or joy to me;
But it is my deſire,
That the wars ſhould expire,
And the King and his Realms agree.

2.

I never yet did take up armes,
And yet I d re to dye.
But I'll not be ſeduc'd by fanatical charmes,
Till I know a Reaſon why.
Why the *King* and the *State*,
Should fall to debate,
I ne're could yet a reaſon ſee,
But I find many one,
Why the wars ſhould be done,
And the King and his Realmes agree.

3.

I love the King and the Parliament,
But I love them both together;
And when they by diviſion aſunder are rent,
I know 'tis good for neither. Which

Which ſo e're of thoſe,
Be victorious,
I'm ſure for us no good 'twill be,
For our plagues will encreaſe,
Unleſſe we have peace,
And the King and his Realms agree.

4.

The King without them can't long ſtand,
Nor they without the King,
'Tis they muſt adviſe, and 'tis he muſt command
For their power, from his muſt ſpring.
'Tis a comfortleſſe ſway,
Where none will obey.
If the King han't's right, which way ſhall we?
They may Vote and make Lawes,
But no good they will cauſe,
Till the King and his Realms agree.

5.

A pure Religion I would have,
Not mixt with humane wit;
And I cannot endure that each ignorant knave,
Should dare to meddle with it.
The tricks of the law,
I would faign withdraw,
That it may be alike to each degree.
And I faign would have ſuch,
As do medle ſo much,
With the King and the Church agree.

6.

We have pray'd and pay'd that the wars might ceaſe,
And we be freemen made, peace,
I would fight, if my fighting would bring any
But war is become a trade. Our

Our ſervants did ride
With ſwords by their ſide,
And made their Maſters footmen be;
But we will be no more ſlaves,
To the beggars and knaves,
Now the King and the Realmes do agree.

XIII.

An Ode.

Written in 1643.

WHat's this that ſhrouds
In theſe opacous clouds,
The glorious face of heav'n, and dims our light?
VVhat muſt we ever lye,
Mantled in dark ſtupidity?
Still groveling in a daily night?
And ſhall we have no more the ſun allow'd?
VVhy does the *ſun* grow *dim*? or do the *ſtars* grow *proud*?

2.

VVhy ſhould falſe zeal
Thus ſcorch our common-weale,
And make us ſlight bright *Phebus* purer fires?
VVhy do theſe plannets run?
They would, but cannot be the *Sun*,
Yet every ſaucy flame aſpires.
Though they've no reaſon to affect the ſame,
Since they have nought of fire, but the meer rage *and name.*

3. Now

3

Now ſince our *Sun*
Has left this *Horizon*,
Can all the *ſtars* though by united pow'r,
Undark the night,
Or equal him in light?
And yet they blaze to make him lowre.
That ſtar that looks more red then others are,
Is a prodigious *Comet* and a *blazing ſtar*.

4.

The World's undone,
When ſtars oppoſe the *ſun*,
And make him change his conſtant courſe to reſt;
His foaming Steeds,
Flying thoſe daring deeds,
Ith' ſtables of the *North* or *Weſt*.
Whence we may fear he'l never more rerurn,
To *light* & *warme* us, with his rayes, but all to *burn*.

5.

Heav'n made them all,
Yet not *Anarchical*,
But in *degrees* and *orders* they are ſet;
Should they all be
In a grand Committee,
In heavens painted chamber yet,
Sol would out ſhine them: give me *Phœbus* ray,
And let thoſe *Lantherns* keep their *borrowed* light
away.

6. Let's

6.

Let's not admire
This new *phantastick* fire;
That our vain eyes *deceives* and us *misleads*,
Those *Bares* we see
That would our Lyons be,
Want *tailes*, and will want *heads*.
The world will soon into destruction run, 'Cſun.
When bold blind *Phaetons* guide the chariot of the

XIV.

Palinode.

NO more, no more of this, *I* vow,
'Tis time to leave this fooling now,
Which few but *fools* call *Wit*;
There was a time when I begun,
And now tis time *I* should have have done,
And medle no more with it.
He Physicks use doth quite mistake,
That Physick takes for Physicks sake.

2.

My heat of youth, and love and pride,
Did swell me with their strong *spring-tyde*,
Inspir'd my brain and blood,
And made me then converse with toyes,
Which are call'd *Muses* by the boyes,
And dabble in their flood.

I

I was perſwaded in thoſe dayes,
There was no crown like love and bayes.

3.

But now my youth and pride are gone,
And age and cares come creeping on,
And buſineſſe checks my love;
What need I take a needleſſe toyle,
To ſpend my labour, time and oyle,
Since no deſign can move.
For now the cauſe is ta'ne away,
What reaſon iſt th' effect ſhould ſtay?

4.

'Tis but a folly now for me,
To ſpend my time and induſtry,
About ſuch uſeleſſe wit;
For when I think I have done well,
I ſee men laugh, but cannot tell,
Where't be at me, or it.
Great madneſs 'tis to be a drudge,
When thoſe that cannot write dare judge.

5.

Beſides the danger t hat enſue'th,
To him that ſpeaks, or writes the truth,
The *præmium* is ſo ſmall,
To be called Poet and wear bayes,
And *Factor* turne of Songs and Playes,
This is no wit at all.
Wit only good to ſport and ſing,
'ſ a needleſſe and an endleſſe thing.

6. Give

6.

Give me the Wit that can't ſpeak ſenſe,
Nor read it, but in's own defenſe,
Ne're learn'd but of his *Grannum*,
He that can buy, and ſell, and cheat,
May quickly make a ſhift to get.
His thouſand pound *per annum*.
And puchaſe without much ado,
The Poems and the Poet too.

Epiſtles.

EPISTLES.

I.

To C. C. Esq;.

INspired with love and kindled by that flame,
Which from your *eye* and *converſation* came,
I proceed *Verſifier*, and can't chuſe,
Since you are both my *Patron* and my *Muſe*.
Whoſe fair example makes us *know* and *do*,
You make us *poets*, and you *feed* us too.
And though where are you are is *Helicon*.
Since all the Muſes proudly wait upon
Your parts and perſon too; while we ſit here
And like *Baals Prieſts* our fleſh do cut and tear.
Yet, for our lives, can't make our baggage Muſe
Lend us a lift, or one rich thought infuſe,
Or be as much as mid-wife to a quibble,
But leave us to our ſelves with pangs to ſcribble

What

What, were we *wiſe*, we might well bluſh to view,
While we're invoking them, they're courting you.
Yet I conceive (and wont my *notion* ſmother)
You and your houſe contribute to each other.
Such *hills*, ſuch *dales*, ſuch *plains*, ſuch *rocks*, ſuch *ſprings*.
And ſuch a *confluence* of all ſuch things
As *raiſe* and *gatifie* the *Muſes*, ſo
That in one Night I was created PO-
That 's half a Poet, I cant reach to ET,
Becauſe I'm not a perfect Poet, yet
And I deſpair perfection to attain,
Unleſſe I'm ſent to ſchool to you again.

Alas! Sir *London* is no place for verſe,
Ingenious harmleſſe thoughts, polite and terſe,
Our Age admits not, we are wrap'd in ſmoke;
And Sin, and buſineſs, which the *Muſes choke*.
Thoſe things in which *true poeſie* takes *pleaſure*,
We here do want; *tranquillity and leaſure*.

Yet we have *Wits*, and *ſome* that for *wits* go,
Some real ones, and *ſome* that would *be ſo*,
But 'tis *ill-natured wit*, and ſuch as ſtill,
To th' *ſubject* or the *object* worketh ill.
A *Wit* to *cheat*, to *ruine*, to *betray*,
Which *renders uſeleſſe*, what we do or ſay.
This *wit* will not *bear* verſe, ſome *things we have*,
Who in their *out-ſide* do ſeem *briske* and *brave*.
And are as *gaudy* as the *Chancellours* purſe;
But full as *Empty* too. And here's our *curſe*,
Few *men* diſcerne the *difference* 'twixt *Wit*
That's *ſterling*, and that's not, but looks *like* it.
Inrich us with your *preſence*, make us know
How much the Nation does to *Derby* owe.
But if your buſineſſe will not be withſtood,
Do what you can, ſince you can't what you wou'd.

Thoſe

Thoſe lovely ſportings of your *frolick Muſe*,
Wherewith you bleſt me, ſend me to peruſe;
And out of gratitude, I'll ſend you mine,
They'l *rub* your vertues, and ſo make them *ſhine*.
Your *charity* and *patience* will in them,
Find work t acquit, what juſtice muſt condemn.
And if you pleaſe ſend one propitious line,
To dignifie theſe worthleſſe *toyes* of mine.
The *Reader* charm'd by your's, may be ſo bold
To read o're mine, which elſe he'ld not behold.
And then in *Spite* of *envy*, *pride*, or *lying*,
Muſt ſay h' has met with ſomething worth the buying.

II.

The Anſwer.

WHen in this durty corner of the World,
Where all the rubbiſh of the reſt is hurl'd
Both men, and manners; this abandon'd place,
Where ſcarce the Sun dares ſhew his radient face,
I met thy lines, they made me wondring ſtand,
At thy unknown, and yet the friendly hand.
Straight through the Air m'imagination flew
To ev'ry Region I had ſeen, or knew;
And kindly bleſt (at her returning home)
My gready ear, with the glad name of *Brome*.
Then I reproach't my ſelf for my ſuſpence,
And mourn'd my own want of intelligence,
That could not know thy celebrated Muſe,
(Though mask't with all the art, that art can uſe)

At the firſt ſight, which to the dulleſt eyes,
No names conceal'd, nor habit can diſguiſe.
For who (ingenious friend) but only thee,
(Who art the ſoul of wit, and courteſie)
Writes in ſo pure, an unaffected ſtrain,
As ſhews wits ornament, is to be plain ;
Or would careſſe a man condemn'd to lie
Buryed from all humane ſociety.
'Mongſt brutes and bandogs in a *Lernean* fen,
Whoſe Natives have nor ſouls, nor ſhape of men?
How could thy Muſe, that in her noble flight,
The boading *Raven cuff't*, and in his height
Of untam'd power, and unbounded place,
Durſt mate the haughty Tyrant to his face,
Deigne an inglorious ſtoop, and from the sky
Fall down to prey on ſuch a worme as I?
Her ſeeing (ſure) my ſtate, made her relent,
And try to charme me from my baniſhment;
Nor has her charitable purpoſe faild,
For when I firſt beheld her face unvail'd,
I kiſs't the paper, as an act of grace
Sent to retrive me from this wretched place,
And doubted not to go abroad agen
To ſee the world, and to converſe with men :
But when I taſt the dainties of the Flood
(Raviſh't from *Neptunes* table for my food)
The *Lucrine* Lakes plump Oyſters I deſpiſe,
With all the other Roman luxuries,
And, wanton grown, contemn the famous breed
Of Sheep and Oxen, which theſe mountains feed.
Then as a Snake, benumn'd and fit t'expire,
If laid before the comfortable fire
Begins to ſtir, and feels her vitals beat
Their healthful motion, at the quickning heat :

So

So my poor muſe, that was half ſtarv'd before,
On theſe bleak clifts; nor thought of writing more.
Warm'd by thy bounty, now can hiſſe and ſpring,
And ('tis believ'd by ſome) will ſhortly ſting:
So warm ſhe's grown, and without things like theſe
Minerva muſt, as well, as *Venus* freeze.

Thus from a High-lander, I ſtraight commence
Poet, by vertue of thy influence,
That with one Ray, can clods, and ſtones inſpire,
And make them pant, and breath poetick fire.
And thus I am thy creature prov'd, who name,
And faſhion take from thy indulgent flame.

What ſhould I ſend thee then, that may befit
A greatfull heart, for ſuch a benefit;
Or how proclaime, with a poetick grace,
What thou haſt made me from the thing I was;
When all I writ, is artleſs, forc't, and dull,
And mine as empty as thy fancy full?
All our conceipts, alas! are flat, and ſtale.
And our inventions muddy, as our Ale.
No friends, no viſiters, no company,
But ſuch, as I ſtill pray, I may not ſee
Such craggy, rough-hewn rogues, as do not fit,
Sharpen and ſet, but blunt the edge of wit;
Any of which (and fear has a quick eye)
If through a perſpective I chance to ſpy
Though a mile off, I take th' alarme and run,
As if I ſaw the Divel, or a Dunne.
And in the Neighbouring rocks take ſanctuary,
Praying the Hills to fall, and cover me.
So that my ſolace lies amongſt my grounds,
And my beſt companie's, my horſe and hounds.

Judge then (my friend) how far I am unfit
To traffick with thee, in the trade of Wit,

How Banck-rupt I am grown of all commerce,
Who have all number loſt, and air of verſe.
But if I could in living ſong ſet forth,
Thy Muſes glory, and thine own true worth,
I then would ſing an Ode, that ſhould not ſhame,
The writers purpoſe; nor the Subjects name.
Yet, what a gratefull heart, and ſuch a one,
As (by thy vertues,) thou haſt made thine own,
Can poorly pay, accept for what is due,
Which if it be not Rhythme, I'le ſwear 'tis true.

C. Cotton.

III.

To his Univerſity Friend.

Dear Captain.

Want, the great Maſter of three greater things,
Art, *Strength*, and *boldneſs*, gives this letter
To kiſs (that is ſalute) you and ſay *A. B.* (wings
To his renowned Captain *S. P. D.*
And to requeſt three greater things then thoſe,
Things that beget good verſe, and Stubborn proſe.
The firſt is *drink*, which you did promiſe, woul'd
Inform the *brain*; as well as warm the *blood*,
Drink that's as powerfull and ſtrong as *Hector*,
And as inſpiring as the old Poets *Nectar*,
That dares confront the legiſlative *ſack*,
And lends more greek then your grave patriarch.
But you may ſee heres none, for if that I,
Had been well *wet*, theſe had not been ſo *dry*.

The

The next is *mony*; which you ſaid ſhould be,
Paid, and it may be 'twas, but not to me.
Why (Friend) d'you think a man as big about
As I, can live on promiſes, without
Good *drink* or *mony*? how'll good *ſack* be had?
And who can live without *ſack*, or with bad?
What er'e your *Accademicks* talk or teach,
Mind what they *do*, they mind not what they *preach*.
In publick they may rail at Pope and *Turk*,
And at the layeties *avarice* have a Firck,
And ſay their aim is all to ſave the *ſoul*,
But that Souls *mony*, which doe's all controul.
Which I do only by the want on't know,
But when it comes thou'lt ſee 'twill wonders do.
The third is *wit*, which you affirmed here,
Was in your *Mines*, and digg'd up every where.
Jeſts, Verſes, Tales, Puns, Satyrs, Quibbles too,
And certain *Briſtoll* words that like wit ſhow.
But none on't comes as yet, and all I ſee,
Is you've the *wit* to keep it all from me.
'Tis troubleſome and *coſtly* to have much.
And if you had it, you would never grutch,
Your needy Friend a little; prithee do
Send me the *laſt*, and I'le get t'other *two*.

IIII.

The Anſwer.

YOur Letter found us at good *Clarret*,
Such as ſhould be at, or are at.

The lines were good; but that I wonder,
As much as at a bladders thunder,
That you who are not us'd to *preach*,
That never to that art could reach,
Your letter ſhould ſo well divide,
Into the *firſt*, *third*, *ſecond*, head.
Prithee tell me, juſt then came ye,
Before you writ, from your *C.*
Or hadſt thou heard ſome *Independent*,
Firſt it, and *thirdly* it, till no end on't?
Thirdly from you is as ill ſounded,
As *Maſs* delivered by a *roundhead*.
Or if your old *Recorder* ſhould
Try to ſpeak Latine that is good.
Drink the firſt head, you wiſely laid,
Drink alwayes gets into the head.
Drink in plain ſilly troth you had,
As ſtrong as *hop*, or *furnace* made,
Such as our *Sophiſters* do take,
When they *old Latine jeſts* would break.
Such as if your *Clients* drink,
Of law ſuites they would never think.
Such as with *Beef*, and *mutton* were
Enough to make you *Knight o'th ſhire*.
But that it comes not you may thank
Your *Thames* which *ſwell'd* above its bank.
I think the *London Brewers* plot
To encreaſe the *Thames*, that we ſhould not,
By our ſublime and noble *Beer*,
Shame all their puddle liquor there.
So great the flood here, that the people
Were woundrous fraid for your *Pauls ſteeple*.
Leaſt we ſhould hear next *Almanack*,
How *London Bridge* did fall or ſhake.

Leaſt it *Weſtminſter hall* ſhould drown,
And then no place ſhould there be found,
Where men their *gold* and *ſilver* may
Upon the *Lawyers* throw away.
But ſtay, it may be all is loſt,
Broke by the *ice*, or ſtop'd by *froſt*.
Perchance the *Boatmen* let it run,
Which either of us would have done.
It may be they drew out the Veſſel,
To cheer themſelves at merry *Waſſail*.
Perchance the *Barrell* in the way
Did fall upon an *holyday*.
Upon a *Revell* or a *wedding*,
Or elſe, it may be, it call'd at *Redding*;
Where the bold rout did rant of late,
As if they drunk ſuch beer as that.
But if at laſt it there arrive,
Drink it out while 'tis alive,
Let not old *Goſſips* of it taſt,
When they do praiſe their husbands laſt;
When they tell ſtories, and do cry
For their poor babe that laſt did dye.
Nor it to Country *Clients* give,
When thou doſt fees from them receive.
But make a fire and ſend about,
For all thy Friends the merry rout.
Fetch out the bowl and drink it up,
And think on him that fill'd the cup.
Your next is *money*, which I promiſe,
Full *fifty pounds* alas the ſumme is,
That too ſhall quickly follow, if
It can be rais'd from *Strong* or *Tiffe*.
Pray pray that each moneth we may chooſe
New *Members* for the commons houſe.

Pray that our *Act* may laſt all year,
That we may ſooner ſpend our *Beer*.
Pray that the Schollars may drink faſter,
And larger cups then they did laſt year.
Pray heav'n to take away th' *Exciſe*,
Pray I ſay with weeping eyes:
Pray our malt *grow* good and cheap,
And then of mony expect an heap.
For *Poems*; *Tom* deſires me tell ye,
He minds not now his feet, but belly.
He muſt for Pulpit now prepare,
Or make bills for *Apothecar-*
Y'and leave off theſe barren toyes
VVhich feed not, only make a noyſe.
Yet he would faign from you receive,
VVhat your more happy *Muſe* did give.
VVhich made *Protectors* love to hear,
Though themſelves wounded by them were.
Songs, which are play'd on every tongue,
And make a *Chriſtmas* when they're ſung.
Thus ſhifting you much *mirth* and *wit*,
As the *Lord Mayor* doth *ſpeak* and *ſpit*.
VViſhing and praying till I'm weary,
That you may drink the beſt *Canary*.
That you may have *Clients* many,
And talk in *Guildhall* wiſe as any,
That the rich *Londoners* may fall out,
And go to *Law* till money's all out,
That every *Citizen* hate his Neighbour,
As his wife doth *Pope* and *Tyber*.
That the grave *Alderman* love no man,
More then they did the *Prayer-common*.
That *Quarrels* long may thence be ſpun
About a *Whiſtle* or a *Spoon*,

That

That th' itch of law may infect all *London*
Till you are rich, and they are undone.
That you may keep your good *Dame* yet here,
Or when ſhe dies may find a better.
That two howers *prayer* and long Sermon,
You may not hear above each terme one.
And then your pew may be ſo eaſiy,
That you may ſleep when e're it pleaſe ye.
That when from *Tavern* late you come,
You miſſe the watch returning home,
Or if you meet th' unmanner'd *rabble*,
You may not *out wit* the *Conſtable*.

V.

To T. S.

THy Letter *Friend*, had the hard fate,
To find me with a buſie pate,
VVhich ſtill continues and will do,
Till you meet me, or I meet you.
Then prithee come thy wayes to me,
Or elſe I vow i'll come to thee.
So well I love thee that I *doat*,
And make this *ſhameleſſe* Letter ſhow t.
And it is more then I can do,
To live in love and buſineſſe too.
P. B. and G. *I* had the luck
To ſee, and drink a little pluck.
VVhich they both ſaid, they'ld do agen
But broke their words like honeſt men,
And ſhew'd themſelves as errant lyars,
As th' were 'prentice to the *Tryers*.

But

But will they e're preach truth d'you think
VVho are ſo falſe in point of *drink*?
Since that ſome perſons got ſome places,
Decept and *lying* have been graces.
I'm alſo told P. P. was here,
But ne're came at me though ſo neer.
VVhich I don't take amiſs, for I
Suppoſe his love's not wont to lie
On the *Male Sex*, but by his Vote,
Breeches ſhould vail to *petticoat*.
The drink that came from honeſt *Tim*,
Had two ill properties, like him.
Twas long a *coming*, but alas!
In going *ſwift* as lighting 'twas.
There's none of t left, you may conclude,
By this, which is both *flat* and *rude*.
Nor drink *I* ſack, and ſo this time,
Inſtead of *wit* you've only *rythme*.
Wit is as ſcarce and wanting here
VVith us, as mony with you there.
Our P*rince* of P*oets*, who once writ.
VVhat all admir'd, for *art* and *wit*
Did lately ſtoop his Muſe, and make her
To write a *Ballade* of a *Quaker*.
VVhich I have ſent thee here with all,
To ſee how *witts* do riſe and fall.
Juſt as our drink is bad or good,
So *verſe* is *writ*, ſo *underſtood*,
But oh the *mony* (*Tom*) the money!
As ſtrong as *Sampſon*, ſweet as hony,
How long! how long it is a coming!
Such *reckoning*, ſuch *receipts*, ſuch *ſumming*,
Belong to't, I ſhall choak I think,
Before 'tis melted into drink!

Thoſe

Thoſe things you'l have me pray for, I
Can't find in our *Church-liturgie.*
To you therefore I make my ſuite,
That you will ſet the *boyes* to do't,
For I am told the *Directory*
And your new prayers made *ex tempore,*
Are all for mony very fit,
Becauſe they're only made for it.
I like thee that apply'ſt thy parts,
To *preaching* and ſuch *thriving* arts,
I prethee practiſe phyſick too,
For if one wont, yet both will do.
A *handſome perſon* with neat *band,*
Small *Cuffs,* white *gloves,* ſmoth *tongue* and *hand,*
If both a *Doctour* and a *Prieſt,*
VVhat *Ladie*'s able to reſiſt?
You may talk *bawdy* freely then,
Before *coy women* and old men.
And be of no *Religion* too,
Yet profeſs *all* as other do.
While the poor *Poet* tugs for *wit,*
To make men laugh at him and it.
And nothing gets by *all* his pains,
But cenſures various and vain.
From ſuch as ſay they *Judges* are,
And yet did never plead at *bar.*
Undo their malice that condemn
Let them write while we laugh at them.
A *poem* I have ſent thee heere,
That dyes if thou ſhouldſt be ſevere.
And cauſe I've none worth ſending down
I've bought one coſt me half a crown.
And *Dick Bromes* playes which good muſt be,
Becauſe they were approv'd by thee.

All

All which I hope *will* bring me back
What *all* so Love, and I so lack.
When my glasse *beads* to *India* come,
They'l bring me pearls and Diamonds home.
And thou wilt like the powers above,
Returne a blessing for a Dove.

VI.

The Answer.

MY Friend, in troth, I'me glad to hear,
That noise of *Clients* fills thy ear;
Be sure let them not soon agree,
Before thou art well greas'd with *fee*.
If thou wanteſt *coyn*, the Cockneys *Guildhall*
Or *Westminster* will to thee yeild all.
Prethee fleece each City *Coxcombe*
When they for law to th' Hall in flocks come.
Make them pawn their garments wedding,
Their *Cupboards*, Hangings, and their bedding.
That when another *Parliament*
Shall borrow for the good intent
Of *zeal*, upon the faith call'd *publick*
They may be poor and needy *Job-like*.
That when again the *Pulpet* clawes
Them to send *plate* into the *cause*,

Their

Their ſpoons, and rings to th' Hall of *Grocers*
Their very *wives* may cry out *no Sirs.*
But why doſt bid me come to thee?
I have no term there, nor no fee,
What ſhould a *Scholler* do at *London*
But to ſpend mony, and be undone?
When here with us a whole dayes expence
VVill not ſwell up beyond one *ſix pence.*
When we can *play*, can *laugh*, and *drink*
And ſtill the mony ſlowly ſhrink,
When we here talk o'th' State as boldly
As ever the *Mercurius* told lye.
When we of *policy* are ſtill chattering,
(All which, 'tis true, we owe to *Mat. Wren*)
When we know all the Pretty *ſpather*
Betwixt the one *houſe* and the *other.*
When we can over one full flagon,
Releive or plunder *Coppen-hagen:*
When we do know what is, what not is,
Related in the *Hall*, where *Scottiſh.*
Raggs, once call'd *colours*, ſtill remain,
Tell me what *profit* 'tis, or gain,
For me to take ſuch uſeleſs pain,
To come and hear all there again.
But yet (remember now I promiſe
And will perform as ſure as *Rome* is.)
Near *Eaſter* terme, like arrow ſwift, I
Will ride up to thee, miles full *fifty.*
Shalt ſee me come on *Oxford* beaſt,
Which ſhall have one good leg at leaſt.
Such a doughty horſe upon,
Whoſe *noſe* more then its *legs* ſhall run.
So thin a Creauture that I've tride it,
When its *Maſter* did beſtride it.

I plainly through his belly ſpy'd
The *boot* and *leg* on th' other ſide.
Next this, I'le get coat, boots, and ſpurs,
And then Sir quickly *I am yours.*
I'le come unleſs (which happen may)
Gall'd *Buttocks* ſtop me on the way.
Whether his ends be good or ſiniſter,
G. now from head to foot's a *Miniſter.*
My judgment is he is turn'd *Divine,*
Only to have wherewith to buy *wine.*
He came home with each empty *pocket,*
That th' one could not the other mock at.
What ever others do, I'le ſwear
Safely he us'd no *Symonie* there.
He ſwears ſince *He's* a Country *Parſon,*
That he finds coming worldly cares on.
Sayes, he believes ſince he has been there,
You Lawyers do not only ſin there,
But that in *Knavery White-Hall-*gate,
Out does all twixt *Lud* and *Allgate.*
Our Friend is by this at *Paris,*
Or if not there, he very near is.
God ſend him home whole wind and limb,
And keep his noſe ſound to the brim
Some rogues ſay, *Tim* provides for one day,
To wit the *Sabbath* or the *Sunday.*
That at that time he alwayes is ſick,
Enough to ſtay at home and *Phyſick.*
The Poet I confeſs doth ſtoop here
From what is writ i'th' *hill of Cowper.*
But for new bayes what need care *D.*
Who ſo long ſince did bravely win um.
Should ſuch great Spirits alwayes do good,
What they perform'd would then be too good.

Thou

Thou next would'ſt have me turn *Divine*,
And *Doctor* too, indeed 'tis fine,
Phyſick and *preaching* ill agree,
There is but one *Religio Medici*.
Paul and every other *Poſtle*,
(As the Scripture doth to us tell)
That had the gift of healing, did
Not cure the belly, heart or head,
By hearbs, or Potions, Purge or *Treacle*,
But by a plain down right *miracle*.
I never heard that learned *Moſes*.
Whom God himſelf for *Prophet* choſe his,
In *Egypt* was *Phyſitian*, though there
He kill'd as many, men as if he were.
How pretty I ſhould ſhew I faith,
As in his Sums *Aquinas* ſaith,
With *hour-glaſs* in one fiſt, and
With *Urinall* in the other hand.
To have my Pothecary ſay
Such a *Ladie's* ſick to day,
And ſtraight to have my *Sexton* calling,
And ask me when he ſhall toll all in.
If I muſt needs be both then name ye
What kind of *Doctor* you would have me.
Chymick? alas the coſtly furnace,
Will quickly my ſmall purſe unfurniſh,
Or *Galeniſt*? that wont agree
With my other trade *Divinity*.
Nor with Preachers now the mode is't,
To ſtrive to make themſelves *Methodiſts*.
I wiſh you would a *Lawyer* had me,
That indeed had quickly made me,
'Tis they bring all unto their purſes,
The Countries *mony*, and their *curſes*.

By

By poring on ſome mouldy *Record*,
And bringing fools unto an accord.
With *Poets* Men ſo hardly *deal*,
They are ſcarce part o'th *Commonweal*.
Father *Apollo*, and Mother *Muſes*
Gave all away to *Pious uſes*.
So that their *Children* muſt fair ill,
That have nought left them but the *bare hill*.
Laſtly, my Friend you are too hard,
To challenge a ſmall *Oxford Bard*,
To ſend you verſe in hungry Lent,
A faſting time and Pænitent;
When I ſhould be confeſſing ſins,
Of mine and too off other mens.
You'd force me to commit one more,
(And ſure 'twere not the leaſt o'th ſcore)
To make bad *Rythmes*: which needs are diſmal,
When Stomacks great, and Commons is ſmall.
To tell y'a plain, but Chriſtian truth,
Verſe muſt be fat, that would be ſmooth.
An *Army* (ſaid the King of *Sweden*
(He that did know ſo well to lead one)
Is a great *beaſt*, which if you draw,
You muſt begin firſt from the *maw*.
So ſay I of the beaſt a *Poet*.
(And all our *Rithming Kindred* know it)
Who ere intend a Poem to make,
He muſt begin firſt with his ſtomack,
Good ſooth at this dull time o'th year,
When we muſt drink plain *phyſick* beer,
When all to temperance are bent here,
To expiate the ſins o'th *Winter*
When we muſt leave our former merr'ment;
Becauſe forſooth our *bloods* now *ferment*.

When we muſt no more *Taverns* ſurvey,
But be content with *juyce* of *ſcurvey*.
When ſuch *thin* Commons do us ſerve,
As would a very *Spaniard* ſtarve:
When wee've ſuch fiſh ſet on our board,
Which ſcarce your fiſh whores would afford,
Without ſtop'd *noſe* to look upon,
Nor ſwear 'tis *ſweet*, though 'twere her own.
At this lean time I ſay, troth, ſcarce I
Can write as well as *P.* from *Jerſey*.
Whoſe *Rythmes* were yet ſo paultry that
All Men that heard them wiſh'd his fate.
Pray'd rather then ſuch ſtuffe to hear,
They might with th' *Author* looſe each *ear*.
Upon my conſcience ſuch a mood in,
As I am now, was learn'd *John Goodwin*,
When he ſo high of *Worſter fight*,
In *Elemoſinary* verſe did write.
Such Rythmes the King might thank that day.
Which forced him to run away.
Out of their ſound that would have more
Grated his ears then 's loſt before.
(In ſuch a meager ſeaſon now
By all the *Poets* hills I vow)
Should I be forc'd my muſe to raiſe,
She'd ſound as bad as *Sterries* praiſe.
I think I ſhould come ſhort of *Wither*,
Whoſe *quill* had ink, but not one *feather*.
Nor in this humour verſe can I brew,
Better then *Pſalmes* turn'd out of *Hebrew*.
Unhappy *Pſalmes!* that ſo long laſted
To be at length ſo metaphraſted.
By good old provoſt *Francis Rous*,
A member of the other houſe.

Who with much pains and many a pang,
At laſt made *Davids Lute* cry *twang.*
The ſacred harp ſo ſadly by him ſtrung,
Seems as if ſtill it on the *Willowes* hung.
Then be content till after *Eaſter*,
By that I'll cheer my Muſe, and feaſt her.
And then (God ſend it prove no lie,)
She that cannot now creep, ſhall flie.

VII.

An Epiſtle from a Friend to the Author upbraiding him with his writing Songs.

Dear friend, believ't my love has ſpurr'd me on
For once to queſtion thy diſcretion:
And by right reaſon deify'd by thee,
I blame thee for the wrongs to poeſie
Thou haſt committed; in betraying it
To th' cenſure (not the judgment) of each wit;
Wit, did I ſay? Things whoſe dull ſpirits are
Apt only to applaud, what e're they hear,
Be't good or bad, ſo throated to their mind,
Johnſon and *Taylor* like acceptance find.
Why pedler'ſt thus thy Muſe? Why doſt ſet o'pe
A ſhop of wit, to ſet the fidlers up?
Fie prodigal, canſt ſtatuated ſhine
By the abuſe of Women, praiſe of wine?
Or ſuch like toyes, which every hour are
By every pen ſpu'd forth int' every ear.

Thy

Thy comely Muſe dreſſe up in robes, and raiſe
Majeſtick Splender to thy wreath of bayes.
Don't proſtitute her thus, her Majeſty,
(Like that of Princes)when the vulgar ſee
To frequently, reſpect and awe are fled,
Contempt and ſcorn remaineth in their ſted:
But I have done,and fear I've done amiſſe,
Being doubtful,leſt thou't give thy Fidle's this.

I. B.

VIII.

The Anſwer

DId I not know thee friend,and that this fit
Comes not to ſhew thy malice but thy wit,
I might this action cenſure, and reprove
As well thy want of judgment,as of love;
And think my Muſe,were doubly now forlorne
Below thy envy, yet not above thy ſcorne.
But yet I wonder why thy reaſon thus,
Which thou call'ſt right,and's magnify'd by us.
And juſtly too,ſhould vote me indiſcreet,
Becauſe my Poems do with all ſorts meet,
How can I help it? Who can circumſcribe
His words or works,within the ſmall-wiſe tribe?
And you the hearers kind applauſe do blame,
When charity bids us all do the ſame.
If good we muſt,and if the wit be ſuch
That it does need,who would not lend a crutch
We're mortal Writers,and are forc'd t'a truce,
For he that gives,may well expect abuſe.

Johnſon and *Taylor* in their kind were both
Good Wits, who likes one need not t'other loath.
Wit is like beauty, nature made the *Joane*,
As well's the Lady. We ſee every one
Meets with a match. Neither can I expect,
Thou more my muſe then Miſtreſs ſhould'ſt affect,
And yet I like them both, if you don't too
Can't you let them alone for thoſe that do?

Now if thou'ldſt know the very reaſon why
I write ſo oft, to pleaſe my ſelf, ſay I.
I know no more why I write more then thee,
Then why my father got more ſons then me.

Nor pedling call't, for thoſe in *Cheap* as well,
As they at *Fairs* expoſe their wares to ſell.
But I give freely mine, and though it be
To Fidlers, yet 'tis for a company;
And all thoſe gifts are well beſtowed, which
At once do make us merry, and then rich.

If making *Sonnets* were ſo great a ſin,
Repent, 'twas you at firſt did draw me in.
And if the making one *Song* be not any,
I can't believe I ſin in making *many*.

But oh! the *theemes* diſpleaſe you, you *repine*
Becauſe I throw down *women*, ſet up *wine*.
Why that *offends* you, I can ſee no *reaſon*,
Unleſſe 'cauſe I, not you, commit the *treaſon*.
Our judgments jump in doth, we both do love
Good *Wine* and *Women*, if *I* diſapprove
The ſlights of ſome, the matters underſtood,
I'm ne're the leſſe belov'd by th' truly good.

You'ld have no phancy blown upon, but muſt
Have all new broach'd or can'd to pleaſe your guſt.
When this *demand* of yours is grown as old
As what you quarrel at, and as *often* told.

And

And their's old *Wits* that will as much *condemn*
Your novelty, as you can *cenſure* them.
Now for thoſe robes in which you'l have me *dreſs*
My homely muſe, and write with *loftineſs*,
Talk of *State matters*, and *affairs* of *Kings*,
Thou know'ſt we've beat our heads about thoſe things,
Till I'd my teeth neer beat out, after all
My toyl, the wormes muſt *turn* poetical.
He that courts others ears may uſe *deſignes*.
Be coy and coſtive; but my harmeleſſe *lines*.
If they produce a laughter are well crown'd,
Yet though they've ſought none, *have acceptance found*.
With theſe I ſport my ſelf and can invite
My ſelf and *friends* t'a ſhort and ſweet delight;
While all our tedious toils, which we call playes,
Like the great ſhip, lye ſlugging in their bayes.
And can no ſervice do without great coſt
And time, and then our time and ſtomach's loſt.
But I muſt write no more for fear that we
Be like thoſe brethren in divinity.
Whilſt thou doſt go to make my flaſh expire,
I raiſe thy flame and make it *burn* much higher.
Only becauſe thou doubt'ſt I ſhould beſtow
Your lines upon my Fidlers, thou ſhalt know,
That had they been upon a buſineſs fit,
And were *I* ſubject equall to thy wit.
T'had gone, and thou ſhouldſt *ſing* them too, and ſo
Be both the poet and the fidler too.

IX.

To a Lady deſiring a copy of a Song

Madame,

YOu are a poetreſs 'tis true,
Nor had we men been *Poets* but for you;

'Tis

'Tis from your ſex we've learnt our art and wit,
'Tis for your ſakes that we do practice it.
Your ſubtler ſex firſt ventred on the tree,
Where knowledg grew, and pluck'd the fruit, which
Did only taſt, and that at *ſecond hand*, (we
Yet by that *hand*, & taſt we're all *trepan'd*,
And our *poſterity* the dome endures;
You op'd our eyes, as you know who, did yours.
By your command this *Song* thus rudely *pend*,
To you I do commit, though not commend,
To ſhew what duty I'm arriv'd unto,
You cannot ſooner bid, then I can do.
Nor can your active ſoul command and ſway
With more delight, & pride, then mine obey.
I will not ſay this *Poems* bad or good,
'Tis as 'tis lik'd, and as 'tis underſtood.
A Poems life, and death dependeth ſtill
Not on the Poets wit, but Readers will.
Should it in ſence ſeem raſcal, low and dull,
Your eye can make it *ſprightly*, *plump* and *full*.
And if it it ſhould be lame, I hope twill be
Cauſe ſomewhat like your ſelf, more *pleaſing* t'ye.
If it ſhould trip aſſiſt it with your hand,
You may lend feet, for you *can make things ſtand*.
One touch of yours can cure it's ev'll, and *then*
Tis made by your fair hand, not my *blunt pen*,
Uſeful for *love*, or ſlighting you I find,
For love before, or for diſdain behind.
Be't as you pleaſe, to more it can't aſpire,
Tis all it can *deſerve*, or I deſire.

To

X.

To his Friend C. S. Eſquire.

INſpir'd with *plum-broth*, and minc'd *pies*,
This letter comes in humble wiſe,
To know how *Su.* and how you do?
Or whether you do *do*; or no.
Whether you *Chriſtmas* keep, or not?
For here we ſuch a *Mayor* have got,
That though our *tavernes* open ſtand,
Church doors are ſhut, by his command.
He does as good as ſay (we think)
Leave off this *preaching*, and go *drink*.
But this I doubt's no news to you,
The Countrey's *Atheiſt* part, part *Jew*.
And care no more for *Chriſt* or's *Maſs*,
Then he for them: So let 'um paſs.
And could the Prieſts be ſure of pay,
They'ld down with that, and to'ther day.
Yet ſpite of all our *May'r* could ſay,
We would not faſt, though could not pray.
Here's feaſting ſtill throughout the City,
And drinking much (the more's the pitty.)
And that's the cauſe why all this time,
I did not anſwer your laſt Rithme:
Nor do I know; Tis not my faſhion
In verſe to make a diſputation.
What ever *Su.* and you have writ.
Shews both your kindneſs and your wit.

But only I desire to know
If your'e a *member* made or no,
For here we have a great adoe,
About our choice, whom, how, and who.
Electis, or is *Eelected*; some
To be made members send, and come,
While others of the *wiser* sort,
Sit still at home, and care not for't.
Richard, 'tis thought, has no intent
To have an endless *Parliament*.
Nor must they share his goods and lands,
For what he has hee'l keep in's hands.
Much is not left to be divided,
The *business* has so well been guided;
Nay he himself (I tell no lye)
Wants mony more then you or I.
No reason therefore can I see
Why you should bustle much to be.
A *Senatour*, unless it were,
For *honour*, yet that is but *air*,
And not the *sweet'st*, or *saf'st*, but still
Depends on other *peoples* will.
But trust me (*Charles*) you have a vain
That does more *love*, and *honour* gain,
And longer keepe't then all the tricks,
Of those that study *Politicks*.
Protections needless, for (they say)
You owe no debts, that you can pay,
To *Nature* one, which during life,
You cannot pay, nor that t' your *Wife*.
Yet I would have you come away,
That though the *house* don't meet, we may.
When every one, *gets up, and ride*,
'Tis good to be o'th *rising* side.

For

For as i'th *Church*, ſo 'tis i'th *State*,
Who's not *Elect*, is *Reprobate*.

XI.

To C. S. *Eſquire*.

Juſtice.

I've waited long to find thee here,
Peep'd into th' *houſe*, but could not ſee the there.
I went to *th' tother-houſe*, but thy're ſo new,
They no ſuch *name* or *perſon* ever knew.
'Twas for this cauſe, my *pen* has ſlept ſo long,
I hop'd to ſee thee in that *learned* throng.
And did believe ſome *borough* would in pitty,
Have ſent thee up to dignifie our *City*.
But, *corporations* do not well diſcern,
What's for their good, and their too *old* to learn.
Had our whole *Senate* been ſuch men as thou,
They'd not been *routed*, but ſate ſtill till now.
But they'd be *medling*, and to *voting* fall,
Againſt the *ſword*, and that *out-votes* them all;
Had they obſerv'd thy Councel, they'ld been ſafe
Stick to the ſtrongeſt ſide, and think, and laugh.
What matter i'ſt, what thoſe in Office ſay,
When thoſe that are in power, do an anſwer *nay*?
A Cutlers ſhop affords us ſtronger law,
Then *Cook* or *Littleton* ere read, or ſaw.
But be content, let them do what they will,
Be thou a *Juſtice* I'm *Attorney* ſtill.

A poor *Attourney* is a ſafer thing
Now, then to be *Protector* or a *King*.
Our noble Sheriffs a dying, and I fear
Will never feaſt us more in *Taunton-Shire*,
Pray tell your lovely *Sue*, I love her ſtill,
As well's I dare, let her not take it ill,
I write not to her, I've time enough, 'tis true,
But have not wit enough to deal with *Sue*.

XII.

To C. S. *Eſquire.*

DEar *Charles*, I'm thus far come to ſee thy face,
Thy pretty face, but this unhappy place.
Does not afford it, and I'm told by ſome, (come
That want of Tythes, makes thee thou can'ſt not
Why (*Charles*) art thou turn'd Prieſt? and at this (time
When Prieſts themſelves have made their coat a (crime?
And tythes, which make men Prieſts, do ſo decay,
One other Schiſme will preach them quite away:
Thou'lt near become it well, for I do find,
Wit in a pulpit is quite out of kind,
Thou canſt not ſtand long, nor talk much, & lowd,
Nor thraſh, nor couzen the admiring crowd,
And (which is worſe) though th'haſt a face, and (hand,
A diamond ring, white *glove*, and clean *lawn* band,
Able to tempt an *Abbeſs*, yet, I find,
Thou canſt not ſatisfie the *Ladies* mind.

What

What ere the matter is. But thou art wiſe,
And do'ſt beſt know thine own infirmities.
Let me advize thee (Charles) be as thou art
A Poet, ſo thou needſt not care a ----
For all the *turnes* of *time*: who ere did know,
The *Muſes* ſequeſtred? or who can ſhew,
That ever *wit* paid *taxes*, or was rated?
Homer and *Virgil* nere were *decimated*:
Ovid indeed was baniſhed, but for that,
Which, *women* ſay, you nere were *excellent* at.
But (*Charles*) thou art *unjuſticed*, I'm told,
By one, who though not *valiant*, yet is *bold*.
And that thou haſt unfortunately met,
The blinded ſcourge o'th' *Weſtern Bajazet*.
Thrown from the bench like *Lucifer*, and are
In a fair way to be brought to th' bar.
Ith' interim hang twixt both, as law doth name us,
A *billa-vera-man*, or *Ignoramus*.
But I can't learn wherefore it is, nor how,
Though I've inquir'd of both, perhaps nor thou,
Some ſay tis for thy valour, which our time
In a wiſe *Magiſtrate*, accounts a crime.
If it be true thou haſt ill luck in this,
To have two vertues; and both plac'd a miſs,
To thwart each other; when thou ſhouldſt have (been
A valiant *Captain*, *wiſdome* was thy ſin,
And ſo *uncaptain'd* thee; and now the time,
Calls for thy *wiſdom*, *valour* is thy crime.
And ſo *unjuſtic'd* thee; unlucky wretch!
Two vertues want'ſt, yet has too much of each!
Who ere compos'd thy mind plaid *Babel-tricks*,
Brought *lyme* and *timber*, when he ſhould bring (bricks.
But we live in an *age* ſo full of *lies*,
I dare not truſt my ears, nor ſcarce my eyes.

I hope this is a lye too; but if true
Tis an affliction (*Charles*) that is juſtly due,
To thy deſert; Our *State* holds it unfit,
One man ſhould be a *Juſtice*, and a *wit*.
Go ask thy *Lady*, if it were ever known,
A Man ſhould be a *Juſtice*, and do none.
Come be adviz'd by me, ſet out a book,
In *Engliſh* too, were *Juſtices* may look,
And learn their trade; let *Preſidents* of all
Warrants and *mittimuſes*, great and ſmall,
All *Alehouſe licenſes*, and other things,
Which to the *Juſtices* inſtruction brings,
Be there inſerted; that the *age* to come,
(The *children* of ſuch men as can get ſome)
May glorifie thy memory, and be
Thy prayſes *trumpets* to poſterity.
As from one *looking glaſs*, thrown on the ground,
In every piece, a perfect face is found,
So from thy *ruines*, all may plainly ſee,
Legions of *Juſtices* as wiſe as thee.
Now having taken all this pains to ſee
Thy worſhip, and can find nor it, nor *thee*,
Pray come to *T.*--- bring thy beloved *Sue*,
My *Mat.* and I will meet with her and you.
And though my *Mat's* no *Poet*, you ſhall ſee,
She'l ſit and laugh with or at us, that be.
I'll make thy Lady merry, and laugh untill,
She break that belly, which thou can'ſt not fill,
Meantime pray give her one *prolifick* kiſs,
Tell her it comes from me, and if that miſs,
Give her *another*, and if both won't do,
Do that with *three* which can't be done by *two*.
If thou com'ſt not, I ſhall have cauſe to curſe
Tythes, like the lay'ty, and it may be worſe.

My

My *ſufferings* are more, then theirs can be, (me.
They'l keep their *tythes*, but tythes keep thee from
But if thou can'ſt not *come*, be ſure to *write*,
Don't rob at once, my hearing and my ſight.
If thou bring'ſt not thy body, ſend thy wit,
For we muſt laugh with thee, or elſe at it.

XIII.

To C. S. *Eſquire.*

1.

Since we met laſt, my *Brother* dear,
We've had ſuch *alterations* here,
Such *turnings* in and out.
That I bing fat and breathleſs grown,
My *ſide*, I meant to take was gone,
E're I could *turn* about.

2.

Firſt I was for the *King*, and then
He could not pleaſe the *Parliament* men,
And ſo they went by the ears
I was with other fools, ſent out,
And ſtaid three dayes, but never fought
Gainſt *King* or *Cavaliers*.

3.

And (Brother) as I have been told,
You were for the *Parliament* of old;
And made a mighty duſt;
And though perhaps you did not kill,
You prov'd your ſelf as *valiant* ſtill,
As ever they were juſt.

5. You

4.

You were ingaged in that war,
When *C. R.* fought againſt *C. R.*
By a *diſtinction* new.
You alwayes took that ſide that's right,
But when *Charles* with himſelf did fight,
Pray of which ſide were you?

5.

Should *I* that am a man of law,
Made uſe of ſuch a ſubtile claw,
In *London* or in *Ex'ter.*
And be of both ſides as you were
People would count me then, I fear,
A Knaviſh *Ambodexter.*

6.

But ſince all ſides ſo tottering be,
It puzles wiſer men then me,
Who would not have it utter'd,
What ſide to take they cannot tell.
And I believe they know not well,
Which ſide their bread is buttter'd.

7.

Here's *fore-ſide*, and here's *back-ſide* too,
And two *left ſides*, for ought I know,
I can find ne're a right.
I've been for th' midle twenty years,
And will be ſtill, for their appears
Moſt *Safety* and *delight.*

8. But

8.

But if the times think that too high,
By creeping lower, I'll comply,
And with their humour jump.
If love at th' belly may not enter
In an *Italian* may I'll venter,
To love the very *Rump.*

9.

So here's t'you (*Charles*) a *Rubbers* too't.
Here's a *Caſt* more, if that wont do't,
Here's *half a dozen* more, and
To every feather here's a *glaſs*,
Nay rather then I'll let it paſs,
Here's a years healths before hand.

10.

If *loving* it, and *drinking* to't,
And making others *drink* to boot,
Don't ſhew my good *affection.*
I'll ſet down *diſaffected* ſtill,
And let them all do what they will,
Untill our next *Election.*

11.

But I'm concern'd (me thinks) to find,
Our *Grandees* turn with every wind,
Yet keep like Corks above.
They lived and dyed but two years ſince,
With *Oliver* their pious Prince,
Whom they did *fear* and *love.*

12.

As ſoon as *Richard* did but raign,
They *liv'd* and *dy'd* with him again.
And *ſwore* to ſerve him ever,
But when Sir *Arthur* came with's men,
They *liv'd* and *dy'd* with him agen
As if *Dick* had been never.

13.

And when *Prince Lambert* turn'd them out,
They *liv'd* and *dy'd* another bout,
And vilified the *Rump*,
And now for them they *live* and *dye*,
But for the *Divel* by and by,
If he be turn'd up *trump*.

14.

Yet ſtill they order us and ours,
And will be called *higher powers*.
But I will tell you what;
Either theſe ſlaves forſwear, and lye,
Or if they did ſo often dye,
They've more lives then a cat.

15.

Let the times run, and let men turn,
This is too wiſe an age to burn,
Wee'l in our *Judgment* hover,
Till tis agreed what we muſt be,
In the *interim* take this from me.
I'me thy eternal Lover.

XIIII.

To his Friend W. C.

DEar Brother *Will.* thy dearer *John* and I,
Now happy in each others company,
Send thee this greeting, and do wiſh that we,
By thy addition, may be made up *three*,
Two make no ſport, they can but *ſip* and *ſip*,
Here's t'you, and *thank you*'s no good fellowſhip.
VVeer' *Melancolly* 'cauſe we drink alone,
For *John* and I together ſpell but one.
Three is the perfect *number*, that is able
To difference a *ſolitude* from a *rable*.
Here, if we mix with *company*, 'tis ſuch
As can ſay *nothing*, though they talk too *much*.
Here we learn *Georgicks*, here the *Bucolicks*,
Which buildings cheapeſt, *timber*, *ſtone* or *bricks*.
Here's *Adams* natural Sons, all made of *Earth*,
Earths their *Religion*, their *diſcourſe*, their *mirth*,
But on the *ſunday* thoul'dſt admire to ſee,
How dirt is mingled with Divinity.
Such diſputations, writing, ſinging, praying,
So little doing good, and ſo much ſaying;
It tires us *we ak lung'd Chriſtians*, and I think,
So much the more, 'cauſe ther's ſo little *drink*.
And that ſo bad, that we with them are faign,
To go to Church and ſleep, and home again,
Twice in a Sabbath, and to break the reſt,
VVith tedious repetitions, and moleſt,

The Servants memories with ſuch piteous ſtuff,
As wiſemen think once ſaid's more then enough.
Thus do we ſpend our time, & meet with nothing,
But what Creates our trouble, and our loathing.
Come then away, leave *Butchers*, leave thy *Lord*
Our *Country* here ſhall both, or more afford.
Jack here's a *Lord*, a *Prince*, nay more a *friend*,
He and his botles make the Vulgar bend.
And if thou didſt believe him, or know me,
I am more *butcher* then thy two can be,
If all theſe things won't make thee come away,
I am reſolv'd to thee-ward, if thoul't ſtay.
Drink till I come, that *I* may find the mellow,
'Tis ten to one, thou'lt *meet* or *make* thy fellow.

XV.

To his Friend I. B. *Upon his Tragedy.*

THou may'ſt well wonder, and my ſelf ſhould be
Dumb, if *I* ſhould be dumb in prayſing thee.
Since *I've* occaſion now to exerciſe,
Sublimeſt thoughts, yet not *hyperbolize*.
But ſince we two are Brothers, and ſubſcribe.
Both *Volunteirs* to the *Poetick Tribe*,
I dare not do't, leaſt any *Dulman* ſayes,
We, by conſent, do one another praiſe.
Yet dare applaud thy work, and thee in it,
So good in language, plot, and ſtrength of wit.
That none but thou can equall't. Not a line,
But's thine 'cauſe good, & good becauſe 'tis thine.

So

So that my duller ſight, can hardly ſee
Whether thou mak'ſtit exc'lent, or it *thee*.
Let thoſe, whoſe *anvil-heads*, beat all delight,
Into a toil, at every line they write.
Now, vail to thee and fairly yeild the bayes,
Since all their work, compair'd with thine are
So far I li e thy worth, that I ſhould be (playes.
Intic'd if poſſible to flatter thee.

XVI.

To a Potting Prieſt upon a quarrel.

In 1643.

I Cannot chooſe but wonder, Mr.----,-
That we two wiſemen, had ſo little wit,
As without quarrel, *Jealouſies*, or *fears*, (ears.
Worſe then the times, we two ſhould go by th'
I marvel what inſpired, this valour in you,
Though you were weak, you'd ſomething ſtrong
(within you.
'Twas not your learning, neither can I think,
That was your valour, but *John* D---ſtrong *drink*.
Love and good *liquor*, have a ſtrong command
T' make *cowards fight*, longer then they can *ſtand*.
I need not aske your reaſon, for 'twas gone;
Nor had you ſence enough to feel you'd none.
Was it to ſhew your Miſtreſs you could fight.
Living 'ith' woods, youl'd be an *arrant Knight?*
That Lady may have cauſe enough to rue,
That has no better *Champion* then you.

You might have ſav'd that labour, each man reads.
You're a *wild* man both in your *looks* and *deeds*.
By the wonders of your drinking men may ſee,
You are a *Hero* without *Chevalry*.
You thought a duel, would your Mrs. pleaſe,
But prov'd a *Thraſo*, not a *Hercules*.
I might have thought my ſelf a worthy too,
Becauſe I tam'd a Monſter, that is you.
Your Zeal (me thought) was greatly kindled,
That went to make a Pulpit of my head.
Blame me not, though I ſtrook, for I was vext,
To be ſo baſely handled, your like text;
With ſubtile ſophiſtry, that when you miſt
In words, you would confute me with your fiſt.
But ſuch weak ſillogiſmes from you ran,
As I could never read in *Keckerman*.
That *brain-aſpiring* drink, ſo much did nip us,
You miſtook *Ariſtotle*, for *Ariſtippus*.
'Twas this your brains with *Proclamations* fills,
And twirles them like *Don Quixots* watermils.
Your head that ſhould be King, was now pull'd (down,
While that rebellions beer uſurp'd your crown.
And your *Mechanick* heels gaz'd on the ſtars,
As if they went to turn *Aſtronomers*.
Your legs were altogether for Commanding,
And taught your fooliſh head more underſtanding.
Your body ſo revers'd, did repreſent,
(Being forked) our bicorned Government.
Your wits were baniſhed, and your brains were (drown'd, (ground.
While your *Calves-head* lay center'd to the
Thus being black without, within a beaſt,
I took you for a *Tinker*, not a *Prieſt*.

In

In your next Sermon, let your audience hear,
How you can preach *damnation* to ſtrong beer.
I have returned your knife, at your demand,
But if I've put a *ſword* t'a *mad mans hand*,
Let me advice you, when you fight again,
Fight with a worſe, or be a better man.

XVII.

To his Friend Mr. VV. H. *upon the death of his hawke.*

WHat will you ſuffer thus your hawke to (dye?
And ſhan't her name live in an Elegy?
It ſhall not be, nor ſhall the people think,
Wee've ſo few *Poets*, or ſo little *drink*.
And if there be no ſober brain to do it,
I'll wet my *Muſe*, and ſet my ſelf unto it.
I have no *Gods*, nor *Muſe* to call upon,
Sir *Johns* ſtrong barrel is my *Helicon*.
From whence uncurbed ſtreams of tears ſhall flow,
And verſe ſhall run, when I my ſelf can't go.
Poor *bird*, I pitty this thy ſtrange diſaſter,
That thou ſhoul'ſt thus be *murthred* by thy maſter.
Was it with ſalt? I'm ſure he was not freſh,
Or wa'ſt thy truſting to an arme of fleſh?
Or cauſe 'twas darkſome did his eye-ſight fail,
Meeting a *Poſt*, he took it for a *Rayle*.
And yet I wonder how he mis'd his ſight,
For though the night was *dark*, his head was *light*.
And though he bore thee with a mighty hand,
Thou needs muſt fall, when he himſelf can't *ſtand*.

'Tis but our common lot, for we do all
Sometimes, for want of *underſtanding* fall. (flown,
But thou art ſerv'd aright, for when th' had'ſt
What ere thou tookſt, thou tookſt to be thy own.
And 'tis but *Juſtice*, that each plundring knave,
That ſuch a life do lead, ſuch death ſhould have.
Rejoyce you *Partridge*, and be glad ye *Rayles*.
For the *Hawks* tallons, are as ſhort's your *tayles*.
If all the *Kingdomes* bloody foes, as ſhe, (be.
Would break their necks, how joyfull ſhould we
Well at her burial, thus much I will tell,
In ſpite of ſchiſm, her bells ſhall ring a *knell*.

XVIII.

To his School Maſter Mr. VV. H. *upon his* Poem *cali'd* Conſcientiæ accuſatricis Hypotypoſis.

WHen I read your work, and thought upon
How lively you had made deſcription.
Of an accuſing *conſcience*, and did ſee,
How well each limn did with th' *Archtipe* agree.
I wonder'd how you could lim't out ſo well,
Since you b' experience can't its horrour tell.
Truſt me, I'd praiſe it, but that I ſuppoſe,
My praiſe would make it more inglorious,
In love to th' *work* and *work-man* I thought meet,
To make your verſes ſtand on *Engliſh* feet.

But

But whe're well done or ill, I here ſubmit,
Unto your cenſure, both my ſelf and it.
I'm man, I'm young, unlearn'd, and thereupon
I know, I cannot boaſt perfection.
In fetter'd tasks, wherein the fancies tide,
Do what one can, the luſtre won't abide.
No *Ideoms* kiſs ſo well, but that there is
Between ſome phraſes ſome *Antitheſis*.
VVhat ere is good, in each unpoliſh'd line,
I count as yours, the faults alone are mine.
I wiſh each foot and line, as ſtrong, and true;
As my deſire to *love*, and *honour* you.

XIX.

To his Friend T. S:

Tom.

SInce thou didſt leave both *me* and this *town*,
The *ſword* is got up, and the *lawes* tumbled down.
Thoſe eager diſputes between *Harrington* and *Wren*.
At length have inſpired the *Red-coated* Men.
Whoſe *ſides*, not their *heads*, do wear the *Lex terræ*.
With which they will rule us until we be weary.
We know not whoſe higheſt (what ere people brawle,)
Whether *Wallingford-houſe* or *Weſtminſter Hall*.
You made a conteſt neither *pulpit* nor *tub-like*,
What's fitteſt, a *Monarchy* or a *Republick*.

But *Desborough* sayes, that Schollers a fool,
That advances his *pen* against the *warr-tool*.
We have various discourses and various con-(jectures,
In *Taverns*, in Streets, in Sermons, and Lectures.
Yet no man can tell what may hap in the close,
Which are *wiser*, or *honester*, *these* men or *those*.
But for my part I think 'tis in vain to contest,
I sit still and say, *he that's strongest is best*.
The *World* keeps a *round*, that original sin, (in.
That thrust some people out, drawes other folkes
They have done they did not know what, & now,
Some think that they do not know what they may (do.
But State matters (*Tom*) are too weighty & high,
For such mean private persons as thou art, and I.
We will not our Governours calling invade,
VVe'le mind our own *good*, let them follow their (*trade*.
Lanch forth into th' *Pulpit* much learning will be,
A hinderance to thy *Divinity*. (ye
'Tis better to mind what will cloath ye, and feed,
Then those empty titles of M. A. and D. D.
I have one thing to beg, and I won't be deni'd,
You must once more mount *Pegasus*, and you must (ride.
Ore the County of D. whose praise must b'exprest,
In a *poem* to grace our next *County* feast.
VVhich will be next *term*, 'twas what *I* design'd,
But want *wit* and *time* to do't to my mind.
Thou hast *Subject* and *wit*, if thou hast but a will,
Thou maist make a Poem, next that *Coupers-hill*.
Remember thy promise, to send me my *book*,
VVith a copy of thine, for which I doe look;

And

And let not a Letter come hether to me,
But fraighted with Poems, and written by thee.
And I out of gratitude ſhall take a care,
To make a return of our *City ware*.
I'le vex thee no more with this paltry rythme,
For fear it ſhould make the miſ-pend thy time.
And ſo I have this Apology for't, (ſhort.
Though it bee'nt very ſweet, it ſhall be prety

XX.

An Epiſtle to the Meritoriouſly Honorable *Lord Chiefe Juſtice of the Kings bench.*

GReat Sir, and *Good*! beloved, and obey'd!
To whoſe great *worth*, honours not *giv'n* but (paid.
To whoſe great *love*, and *knowledg* we all owe,
All that we have of *law*, and what we know;
Who with ſtrong reaſon, from the *factious* clawes,
Of wilfull fools, redeem'd our ſacred *lawes*.
Full twenty years have I a Servant been,
To this *Profeſſion*, I live by and in.
Eight years a *Maſter*, and in all this ſpace,
Have nothing done that miſ-became my place;
Nor have my *actions* been Derogatory,
Unto my *Clients profit*, or the *glory*.
Of this renowned *Court*, and therefore I
Now humbly beg to be at liberty.

Juſtice

Juſtice, and *reaſon* both command, that he
Who *ſerv'd*, ſo long, ſhould at the laſt be free.
For this I ſerv'd, for this our Nation *fought*,
And *pray'd*, and paid ſo much; nor do I doubt,
T'obtain my *wiſh* herein, could I but find,
Deſert in me proportion'd to your mind.
The benefit o'th' Clergy I deſire,
That I may be admitted of that Quire.
Who their own *Pleas*, in their names *curowl*,
And may perform my place without controul.
My Lord, you've power and will to do't, and,
I am not worthy, if you think me ſo, (though
Your *Lordſhips teſt* can conſtitute me that,
Which my *abilities* can near reach at;
My *comfort* is, 'tis what you don't deny,
To ſome that *read* and *write* as bad as *I*.
And there's a kindneſs which belongs to ſuch,
As having little worth, beg where ther's much.
Cæſar that valiant General was ador'd
More for his liberal hand, then for his Sword.
And your great Archetipe his Highneſs does,
Derive more honour from the mouths of thoſe,
Whom he hath gratifi'd, then by the death,
Of thoſe his conquering ſword depriv'd of breath.
Freedomes a Princely thing to give, 'tis that
Which all our lawes do ſtand for, and aim at.
And 'twill be ſome addition to your fame,
When I with tongue, and pen enlarg'd, proclaim.
'Mong all your Noble acts, you made a room,
In your great heart, for--------- *A. B.*

XXI.

A new years gift presented to the same.

My Lord,

Did I not find it by experience true;
Beggars are many, but *Thanksgivers* few.
I had not dar'd t'envade your eye, with this,
Mean *gratulation* whose *ambition* is,
But to be *pardon'd*, and the *faults* to smother,
With this which were *committed* by the other;
Yet since 'tis gratitude, it may please you,
If not as good, yet as 'tis *strange* and *new*.
Great *Atlas* of our lawes and us, whose will,
Is alwayes active, back'd by unmatch'd skill;
To rule the Nation, and instruct it too,
And make all persons live, as well as know.
Though being among the *undiscerning* throng,
You sufferd once, you acted all along.
Your *sufferings* did but like the Martyrs flame,
Advance your Person, and exalt your name.
Disclos'd your vertues, from their sullen Orbe,
Make your gold shine, which was pure gold before.
Your Noble soul tells us from whence you came,
You've both the *Brittish* Nature and the name;
By your *example*, you instruct us what
Our *Grandsires* were, and what they aimed at.

Ere

Ere the Fantaſtick *French*, or ſelviſh *Dutch*,
VVere grafted on our ſtocks, our ſouls were ſuch.
As your's is now; Now we by you may ſee,
VVhat once we were, what now we ought to be.
Great Men, great favours, to great men repay,
VVith great rewards, but I can only ſay.
Your Lordſhip, your great kindneſſes hath thrown,
On one, that can return, or merit none.
But you muſt pay, and thank your ſelf for me,
VVith your own goodneſs; That vaſt treaſury,
That found you love ſo generous and immenſe,
To caſt on me, can find you *Recompence*.
A gift of worth my fortune can't bring forth,
Proportion'd to your kindneſs, or your worth.
Let me ſend what I can, it will not be
Enough for you, though't be too much for me.
VVhat more to do or ſay, I cannot tell,
Much I can't do, nor can ſay much, and well;
But what I cannot do, I will deſire,
And what I can't expreſs, I ſhall admire.
May this new year be proſperous! may each hour,
Bring you new bleſſings, in a plenteous ſhour!
May *Heaven* ſtill ſmile upon you, and ſtill bleſs,
All that you *do*, and all that you *poſſeſs!*
May you *live* long and *flouriſh* too, that I
VVhen I *need* ſuccour may know where to fly,
And find ſupplies! May all your actions be,
As beneficial t'all, as this to me,
That when you dye (great pitty 'tis you ſhould)
Th' whole land may mourn, not as your great, but (good.
And though I have not ranſac'k Sea, and Shore,
To make you richer, then you were before,
I hope this grateful, though but rude addreſs,
May pleaſe you more, though it hath coſt me leſs.

XXII.

To his Friend R. H. *Esquire.*

Sir,

THough I woed you not in verse, or prose,
To make my name, and me more glorious.
By being your Clark, the work is done, I find,
Not that I'm worthy on't, but you are *kind*,
Therefore these *lines* address themselves to you,
Not given freely t'you, but paid as due;
And that they may your kind acceptance win,
They've sack(their common badge)with them and (in.
And I presume, without much scruple, you
May drink old sack. Although the year be new.
But though I am not rich enough to send,
Gifts fit for you t' accept; nor do intend.
T'enrich *Peru*: nor think it fit to give,
Our betters that, by which our selves should live.
This will, *I* hope, your candid nature move,
Cause *I* give freely what *I* dearly love;
And *I* believe 'tis true, what *I*'ve been told;
You love good *sack*, as well as your partner *gold*.
I know not whether you'l like this or no,
But if it be not good, my will is so.
May it prove excellent! and may all those,
That drink it freely, be ingenious.
That is be found or made so! to yours and you,
May this year prove as prosperous as new

May we live quiet, and lay by our ſwords.
And have no more *lawleſs* and *boiſtrous Lords*!
May the law ſtand! may Juſtice rule the roaſt,
One ſober Judge rules better then an hoaſt.
And be aſſur'd this truth you'l ever find;
I'le be as dutifull as you are kind.
Nor ſhall you in your Rolls find out a Man,
Will ſerve you more then I, though many can.

XXIII.

To his Friend J. H.

1.

IF thou canſt faſhion no excuſe,
To ſtay at home, as 'tis thy uſe,
When I do ſend for Thee.
Let neither *ſickneſs*, *way*, nor *rain*,
With fond deluſions thee detain,
But come thy way to me.

2.

Hang ſuch a *ſickneſs* that has power,
To ſeize on thee at ſuch an hour,
When thou ſhouldſt take thy pleaſure.
Go give thy *Doctor* half a Fee,
That it may never trouble thee,
Untill thou art at leiſure.

We

3.

VVe have a Cup of *Sider* here,
That ſcornes that Common ſtrumpet, *Beer*
And ſuch dull drinks as they're.
Their potions made of Hops and Mault,
Can only make our fancies hault,
This makes them quick as ay're.

4.

Ceres with *Bacchus* dares compare,
And ſwears her fruits the liquor are,
That Poets ſo implore.
A ſip of Sack may work a verſe,
But he that drinks a bowle of Her's,
Shall thunder out a ſcore.

5.

To morrow morning come away,
Friday weele' vote a happy day,
In ſpite of *Erra Pater*.
And bring with you a ſpark or twain,
Such as will drink, and drink again,
To treat about the matter.

XXIV. To

XXIIII.

To a Gentleman that fell ſick of the ſmall Pox. *When he ſhould be married.*

Sir,

WHen you view theſe eheker'd lines and ſee,
How (bate the colour) like your face they be.
You'll think this ſheet to be your looking glaſs,
And all theſe ſpots, the *Eccoes* of your face.
VVherein *Diſeaſe* and *Love* their field have pight,
To try which is more lovely *Red*, or *White*.
Like our late Souldiers, who more rage did ſhow,
Unto the place that fed them, then their foe.
Sickneſs, loves Rivall, envying the place,
VVhere *Cupid* choſe to pitch his tents, your face,
VVent to write foul, but *Cupid* made it prove,
Spite of his *ſpite*, the *alphabet* of *love*.
So as they ſtrove, love ſerv'd him in his trim,
For as that ſet on you, this ſet on him. (known,
And love that conquers all things, ſoon made
To him a burning, greater then his own.
Accurſt diſeaſe, durſt thou come, crawling hither
To ſeparate, whom Heaven had joyn'd together?
Had'ſt thou no time to vent thy rage, but this,
When ſwelling hopes did dawn towards their bliſs?
I'th *interregnum* 'twixt *deſires* and *joyes*.
The curſed Vigil of bleſt holy dayes!

VVhat

What pitty 'tis that face where love has been,
So oft, ſo proud to play ſo ſweetly in,
By thy dire hand ſhould be ore-turned thus,
As to be made a *Campus Martius*,
Wherein the angry *York* and *Lancaſter*,
New-vampe and do retrive their muſty ſtir?
As if the Red roſe and the white would be,
Where ere they met, ſtill at *Antipathy*;
A face that was as clear as day, as bright,
Should *bud* with ſtars like an enamell'd night;
Your ſickneſs meant to turn Aſtronomer,
Your face the *Heaven*, and every ſpot a Star.
Or elſe would write an *Almanack*, and raiſe,
By thoſe red Letters, nought but *holy-dayes*.
Were it your *Butlers* face, a Man would think,
They had but been new boylings of the drink;
Or had his noſe been ſuch, one would have ſwore,
'Twere red with anger, 'cauſe he'd drink no more.
Or had your keeper ſuch, hee'ld ſell it all
For harts-horn to make halfts of knives withall.
Or if your Cooks were ſuch, how it would fit,
To grate your ginger, or nutmegs with it?
But why on your face? what was his deſign?
Was it to break the *Hymeneal* twine,
That was half twiſted? Tuſh! hee's much miſtook,
Your love was paſt the criſs-croſs of a look;
And your affections are of riper age,
Then now to gaze on beauties title page.
Or barely dwell upon the face, thoſe toyes
Are *Oceand* in the hopes of future joyes.
Then bluſh no more, but let your Mrs. know,
They're but *Love-letters* written on your brow,
Etch'd by th' engravers hand, there ſhe may ſee,
That *beautie's* ſubject to mortality.

How frail a thing it is, how vain t'adore it,
VVhat fools are they that *love* or *marry* for it;
And that this ſickneſs which hath curb'd you, is
But the ſad *prologue* to your future bliſs.
An *Ember-week* or *Lent*, which alwayes falls,
As *faſting-eves* before your *feſtivals*. (comes,
'Twill make you prize your joy the more when't
Uſher'd along by tedious *Martyrdomes*.
How acceptable is a plenteous boul,
When 'tis carowſed by a thirſty ſoul!
So have I ſeen the winter ſtrip the trees,
To fit them for their vernal Liveries!
And cloth th' old Earth in gray, nip every thing,
Before it rowles it ſelf into the ſpring.
So has black night begot a gray-ey'd day,
So *Sol* does rout conſpiring clouds with Ray;
As through this ſickneſs does your joyes come on,
And gulfe your hopes in firm fruition. (white,
When your red-roſe, clubs with your Ladies
And as the Ancient flowers did unite,
Your happineſs will ſwell, and you will prove
The *Gemini* of joy, as now of Love.
Theſe things I gueſs not by your face, I find
Your front is not the *Index* of your mind.
Yet by your Phyſnomy, thus much is ment,
You are not ſpotleſ though you're innocent
Sir if theſe verſes go as halting pace,
They ſtumble in the vallies of your face.

To

XXV.

To his Friend Mr. I. B. *being at* London *in the Authors retirement.*

THough we are now analy'sd; and can't find,
How to have mutual preſence, but in mind;
I'm bold to ſend you this, that you may know,
Though you're above, yet I do live below.

Though I've no bags, that are with child with gold,
And though my fireleſs chymnies catch the cold.
For want of great revenues, yet I find
I've what's as good as all, a ſated mind.
I neither mony, want, nor have I ſtore,
I have enough to live, and ask no more.
No tiptoed turret, whoſe aſpiring brow,
Looks down and ſcornes the humble roofes below;
My cottage lyes beneath the thunders harmes,
Laughs at the whipers of the winds, or ſtormes.
My rooms are not inlined with Tapiſtry;
But ragged walls where a few books may ly.
I ſlight the ſilks, whoſe ruſſling whiſpers pride,
And all the worlds *Tautologies* beſide.
My limbs inhabite but a Country dreſs,
Not to adorn, but cover nakedneſs.
My famili's not ſuch, whoſe gentry ſprings,
Like old *Mecænaſſes*, from *Grandſire* Kings.
I've many kinred, yet my friends are few,
Thoſe few not rich, and yet more rich then true.

I've but a drachme of learning, and leſs wit;
Yet that's enough to fright my wealth from it.
As if thoſe two ſeldom or never meet,
But like two Generals that with bullets greet.
I ſtudy to live plenteouſly, though ſcant;
How not to have, yet not to care, nor want.
Wee've here no gawdy feminines to ſhow,
As you have in that great *Seraglio*;
He that weds here, lyes cloyſter'd in a maid,
A Sepulcher where never man was laid.
Ours are with Load-ſtone touch'd, and never will,
But right againſt their proper pole, ly ſtill.
Yours like Hell-gates do alwayes open lye,
Like hackney Jades they ſtand at livery.
Like treaſuries where each throwes his mite;
Gulphs of contraries, at once both dark and light.
Where who ſo enters, is like gold refind;
Paſſing through fire, where *Moloch* ſets enſhrind,
And offers up a whole burnt ſacrifize,
To pacifie thoſe fiiery Dieties.
I have no farr-fetch'd dear-bought delicates,
Whoſe vertues prized only by their rates.
No fanci'd Kick-ſhawes that would ſerve 't invite,
To a fourth courſe the glutted appetite.
Hunger's my Cook, my labour brings me meat,
Which beſt digeſts, when it is ſawc'd with ſweat.
They that have plurifies of theſe about them,
Yet do but live, and ſo do I without them.
I can ſit in my ſtudy ſoon, or late,
And have no Troopers quarrel with my gate;
Nor break the peace with it; whoſe innocence
Stands only guarded in its own defence.
No debts to ſue for, and no coyn to lend,
No cauſe to fear my foe, nor ſlight my friend.

Yet

Yet there is one thing which me thinks I han't,
And I have ſtudyed to ſupply that want,
'Tis the *Synopſis* of all miſery; (Thee.
'Tis the tenth want (Dear Friend) the want of
How great a joy 'twould be, how great a bliſs,
If we could have a *Metampſycoſis!*
May we once more enjoy our ſelves, for neither
Is truly bleſt, till we are bleſt together.

XXVI.

An elgy on a Lady that dyed before her intended Nuptials.

AMong the train of mourners, whoſe ſwolne eyes
Wallow in tears of theſe ſad obſequies,
Admit me as a cypher here to come,
Who though am nothing, yet can raiſe a ſumme,
And truly I can mourne as well as they,
Who're clad in ſable weeds, though mine as gray.
Excuſe me Sir, paſſion will ſwell thats pent,
Thank not my tears, I cannot but lament
To ſee a Lady ready for your bed
To death imbraces yeild her mayden head.
And that Angellick Corps that ſhould have been
A Cabinet to lodge your Jewels in,
Should now b' inbalm'd with duſt, & made a prey
To the happy wormes, who may call that day
On which her lims unto their lot did fall,
Your ſad Solemnities, their Feſtival;
Should I not mourn, *I* could not pay the due,
Of tears to her or ſympathy to you.

For death did ſlay you both when ſhe did dye,
So who writes one's muſt write both's Elegy.
She was too good for you, ſhe was too high,
A wife for Angels to get Angels by.
In whom there was as much Divinity,
And excellence, as could in woman be:
Whom you and all did love, and did ſuppoſe,
To be an Angel in a mortalls cloaths;
But Heaven to undeceive you let you know,
By her mortality ſhe was not ſo.

XXVII.

On the great cryer at VVeſtminſter-Hall.

When the great *Cryer* in that greater room,
Calls *Faunt-le-roy, and Alex-and-er Brome.*
The people *wonder* (as thoſe heretofore,
When the *dumb* ſpake) to hear a *Cryer* roar.
The kitling crue of Cryers that do ſtand,
VVith Enuches voyces, ſqueaking on each hand,
Do ſignifie no more, compar'd to him,
Then *Member Allen* did to patriot *Pim.*
Thoſe make us laugh, while we do him adore,
Theirs are but piſtol, his mouth's *Canon bore.*
Now thoſe fame-thirſty ſpirits that endevour,
To have their names enlarg'd, and laſt for ever,
Muſt be *Atturneys* of this *Court*, and ſo
His voyce ſhall like fames lowdeſt trumpet blow,
Their names about the World, and make them laſt,
VVhile we can lend an ear, or he a blaſt.

XXVIII. To

XXVIII.

To the memory of that loyal patriot Sir I. Cordel *Kt.*

THus fell the *grace* and *glory* of our time,
Who durſt be *good* when *goodneſs* was a crime.
A *Magiſtrate* that juſtly wore his gown
While *England* had a *King*, or *King* a *Crown*;
But ſtoutly flung it off, when once he ſaw
Might knock down *right*, and *luſt* did juſtle *law*.
His ſoul ſcorn'd a *Democracy*, and wou'd,
No longer ſtay, then while the *Kingdome* ſtood;
And when that *fled*, his follow'd it, to be,
Joyn'd to his *King* i'th *Hieromonarchy*.

XXIX.

A Dialogue.

Q. WHat made *Venus* ſtrike her Son?
A. *Cauſe he loſt his bow and quiver.*
Q. Where is his bow and quiver gone?
A. *To my Miſtreſs without doubt.*
Q. Prithee how came that about?
A. *She did but ask, and he did give her;*
For being blind, he eaſly ers,
And knew not his Mothers *face from hers.*

Chorus.

Oh blame him not for what he did do;
Which of us all would not err so too?

XXX.

To his Mistress lodging in a room where the Sky was painted.

WHen (my *Diviner* soul) I did of late,
In thy fair chamber, for thy presence wait,
Looking aloft, (Thou know'st my look is high,
Else I'd nere dare to court Thee) I did spy.
Sun, Moon and Stars, by th' painters art appear
At once all *Culm'nant* in one *hemisphear*;
My small *Astrology* made me suppose,
Those *Symptomes* made the room prodigious.
Old *time.*(I thought) was crmpt and night and day
Both *monosyllabled,* to make me stay;
Heed brok e his steps of dayes and hours that he
Might rowle himself into eternity.
The Sun, as tyred, with the course he ran,
Center'd himself in the *Meridian*:
And 'cause 'twas there, I could not think it night,
Nor durst I call it day, 'cause 't gave no light.
I found the cause, and ceased to admire;
Thy eyes had stolne his light, my heart his fire.
And that's the cause why Sun & Moon look'd dim,
Thy brighter face out luster'd her, and him.
But (which increas'd my wonder) I could see,
No *Meteor* portend this prodigy;

Comets

Comets all winck'd at this, nor could I ſpy
One blazing ſtarr, but my portentive eye.
But as I muſe'd, what *Omen* this ſhould be,
They all ſtood ſtill, as much amaz'd at me.
The wandring *Planets* had forgot to vary;
Gazing on me, becauſe all ſtationary.
Envying thy beauty, they're together gon,
To make a perfect conſtellation.
And their conjunctions t' imitate our lips,
Was but a loving kiſs, not an Eclipſe;
Sol drawes a Regiment of ſtars, to be
Tapers to light thee into bed to me.
Yet could not ſhine, untill they were inſpir'd,
By the ſame flames, by which my heart was fir'd.
Come then lye down, do thou withdraw thy light,
They'l be to pleaſe us a perpetual night.
Sol ſhall be *Cupid*, blind, and thou his mother,
And as wee've marr'd one Sun, we'l get another.

XXXI.

A new years gift.

THe ſeaſon now requires a Man ſhould ſend
Some worthy preſent to his worthier Friend.
And I (though poor in purſe) do wear a heart,
That is ambitious to perform a part
In celebration of this new born day,
And having nothing to preſent, I'll pray
This year may be to me, as well as you,
So much more bleſt then tother, as more new.

And

And in it ſo much happineſs abound,
To turn us all to good, yet not turn round.
And may the Sun, that now begins t' appear,
I'th *Horizon* to uſher in the year,
Melt all thoſe fatuous Vapors, whoſe falſe light
Purblinds the World,& leads them from the right;
And may our *Sol* like that riſe once again,
Mounted triumphant in a proſperous raign.
May all thoſe Phaetons that ſpite o'th crown,
Would guide his chariot, tumble head-long down:
So ſhall the Land with happineſs be crown'd,
When men turn right, and only years turn round.

XXXII.

On the Queens going beyond Sea.

(Queen

When on the watry World, our glorious
'Gan to be *toſs'd*, as on the *land* ſh' had been,
The joyfull waters did begin t' aſpire,
And would *tranſelement* themſelves to fire.
And ever ſince it has been hard to ſwear
Whether the Earth, or vvater higheſt were.
The late ſcorn'd Sea will now it ſelf prefer,
Bearing the beſt that earth could boaſt of; Her,
When firſt ſhe lanch'd, th'ambitious waves no more
VVould kiſs the lips of their oft waſhed ſhoar,
But with united motion all did riſe
To bear the ſhip; that her, to kiſs the skies.
The ſhip, like *Noahs* ark, did float about,
And kept the waters that would enter, out.

For

For were the vvorld redrown'd, what good has been
In it, in her Epitomiz'd is ſeen.
The ſturdy billowes, if they did ariſe,
Were check'd by th' power of her majeſtick eyes.
When ever any to rebell appears,
For grief it did diſſolve it ſelf to tears;
The moving compaſs had forgot to ſtir,
In ſtead o'th *Northpole* pointed ſtill at her;
At which the *Pilot* wondering, he ſpies
Two *North-poles* culminant at once, her eyes.
No marvail then, the compaſs pointed thither,
For her magnetick ſoul drawes all things with her.
The *Ocean* ſcorn'd *Neptunes* tridentine ſway,
And would no more a *King* but *Queen* obey.
Nay *Neptune* thought ſhe had a *Venus* been,
Sprung from the frothy Sea to be his *Queen*.
And whiſpering *Zeophyrus* if he did ſtir,
'Twas not to blovv, but to ſuck breath from her,
The Mariners, vvhen ere ſhe breathed, thought
That precious Amber 'bout the ſhip did float.
Widdow *Arabia* did begin to grieve,
To ſee her *Phœnix* on the waters live.
The *Semi-lunar Dolphin* having ſeen
Her face, vvould ſtraight ſalute heras the Queen.
The amorous *Syrens* did altogether throng,
Hoping t' entice her to them by a ſong.
Her brow (as though commandwere written there)
Did more ſway them, then all their voyces her.
The little fiſhes met and did rejoyce,
Dancing to th' muſick of the *Syrens* voyce.
All in their ſeveral poſtures ſtrove t' expreſs
Hovv much her preſence vvould their manſions bleſs.
All praying her to ſtay, but all in vain,
At length (though loth) they landed her again.

The

The ſhoar's a Paradiſe, where ſhe was driven,
And (but her *Charles* lack'd her)'t had been (Heaven.

XXXIII.

Upon his Mare ſtoln by a Trooper.

WHy let her go, I'll vex my ſelf no more,
Leſt my heart break, like to my ſtable (door.
Twas but a Mare; if ſhe be gone, ſhe's gone;
'Tis not a Mare that *I* do ſtand upon.
Now by this Croſs I am ſo temperate grown,
I'll bridle nature, ſince my mare is gone.
I have a little learning, and leſs wit,
That wealth is ſure, no theif can pilfer it.
All worldly goods are frail, and variable,
Yea very *Jades* are now become *unſtable.*
Riches they ſay have wings, my mare had ſo,
For though ſhe had legs, yet ſhe could hardly go.
But thieves and fate have ſuch a ſtrong command,
To make thoſe go, which have no feet to ſtand.
She was well skil'd in writing Elegies,
And every mile writes, *Here my Rider lyes.*
Now ſince I've nere a beaſt to ride upon,
Wou'd I might nere go, my verſe ſhall run.
I'll mount on *Pegaſus*, for he's ſo poor,
From thief or true-man, one may ride ſecure.

I would not rack invention for a curſe,
To plague the Thief, for fear I make him worſe.
I would not have him hang'd, for that would be,
Sufficient for the law, but not for me.
In charity I wiſh him no more pain,
But to reſtore me home my Mare again.
And cauſe *I* would not have good cuſtomes alter,
I wiſh who has the Mare, may have the halter.

XXXIV.

Upon riding on a tired horſe.

'TWas hot, and our Olympick Charioter,
Limbeck'd the body of the Traveller,
Which to prevent, *I* like the Sun did go;
He was on horſe-back, *I* on horſe-back too.
Thus my all conquering name-ſake us'd to ride
His ſtallion as *I* did mine beſtride:
So on we go to view the deſolation
Of that half plague to our diſtreſſed Nation.
But my horſe was ſo ſuperſtitious grown,
He would fall down, and worſhip every ſtone.
Nay he in reverence to each holy place,
Was often ſeen to fall upon his face.
And had *I* been inclin'd to Popiſhneſs,
I needed have no other croſs but this.
Within a mile or two without command,
Do what *I* could, this Jade would make a ſtand.

I prais'd him, thinking glory were a ſpur
To prick him on, all would not make him ſtir.
All worldly things do poſt away we know,
But yet my horſe would neither run nor go.
What everlaſting Creature ſhould this be,
That all things are leſs permanent then he!
So long *I* kick'd, the people did ſuppoſe,
The arm-leſs man had beat a drum with's toes.
But though a march or an alarm *I* beat,
The ſenceleſs horſe took all for a retreat.
The peoples jeers mov'd me to no remorſe,
No more then all my kicks did move my horſe
Had *Phaetons* horſes been as mine is, They
Needed no reynes, they'l never run away.
I wiſh'd for old *Copernicus* to prove (move
That while we both ſtood ſtill, the Earth would
(meet
Oh for an Earthquake, that the hills might
To bring us home, though we mov'd not our feet
All would not do, *I* was conſtrain'd to be,
The bringer up of a *foot company*.
But now in what a wofull caſe were *I*,
If like our horſemen I were put to fly.
wiſh all *cowards* (if that be too much)
Half of our horſemen, which I'll ſwear are ſuch,
In the next fight when they begin to flee,
They may be plagu'd with a tyr'd horſe like me

T

XXXV.

To his Friend. I. B.

THou think'ſt that I to thee fully known;
Yet thoult not think how powerfull I am grown.
I can work miracles, and when I do
Think on thy worth, think thee a wonder too.
Thy conſtant love and lines in verſe and proſe,
Makes me think thee and them miraculous.
My ſelf am from my ſelf, both here and there I
Suppoſe my ſelf grown an *Vbitiquary*.
We are a miracle, and tis with us
As with *John Baptiſt* and his *Lazarus*.
I thou, and thou art I, and 'tis a wonder,
That we both live, and yet both live aſunder.
Come then, let's meet agen; for untill we
Unite, the times can't be at unity.
But if this diſtance muſt ſtill interpoſe,
Betvveen my eye and thee, yet let us cloſe
In mind, and though our necks by-forked grovvn,
Spread-Eagle like, yet let our Breaſts be one.

Tranſlated

XXXVI.

Tranſlated out of Perſeus.

I Don't remember I did dip,
In the Caballine ſpring my lip;
Nor on tvvo-top'd *Pernaſſus* ſleep,
That thence I ſhould a Poet creep.
The pale *Pyrene* and *Helicon*,
I for thoſe men vvill let alone,
T' vvhoſe brovves the rambling Ivy's cling;
Yet I a *clown*, my verſes bring
To th' *Muſes* altars. Who did ſhovv
The Parrat χαῖρε, vvho the *crow*
Of old vvith hollovv voyce to prate?
Or pies our vvords to imitate?
Arts Maſter, *Need*, vvhich *wit* beſtovves;
This Artiſt makes us come to thoſe
VVords vvhich our *Nature* us denies,
Make *crowes* turn *Poets*, and the *Pies*
Turn *Poetreſſes* that can ſing
Svveet verſes from the *Pegaſean* ſpring.

Upo

XXXVII.

Upon the miſcarrier of Letters betwixt his Friend and him; An Execration.

AND why to me? dull ſcanner of the ground,
Was there no other pack-horſe to be found,
To bear the weight of ſuch a grand abuſe,
But only I? I'le wake my ſleeping Muſe,
And ſend her poſt to th' black abyſs of Hell
To fetch me curſes, curſes dyre and fell.
I'l mount on *Pegaſus*, and make him go,
From Friend to Friend, as ſwift as thou art ſlow.
Perfidious Traytor! could thine impious hands
Dare to miſcarry, what true love commands?
Had it been newes, or pamphlets, or the rude
Inventions of the cock-brain'd multitude,
New modells of Religion, or the falſe,
Ly-legends which we here call Diurnals;
Had there been treaſon againſt the King or State,
They deſerv'd thine, & thou hadſt ſcap'd my hate.
But theſe were embaſſies of ſouls that be
So pure, they dare diſpute with purity.
That will not club with treaſon, nor betroth,
There ſouls to ſchiſme, but are eſtrang'd from both.
Had they been complements or th' adulterate (froth
Of inckhorn wits, t' had nere incens'd my wroth.

For 'tis but reaſon ſuch vain toyes as they are,
Should be diſſolv'd to their firſt matter, Air.
Had they been meerly iſſues of the brain,
And had been loſt, that might to work again.
But when the heart's engag'd, what pitty 'tis
A child of that ſhould ever fare amiſs? (were,
Hadſt thou but known how ſweet thoſe accents
How full of love thou would'ſt have took more (care.
Why did'ſt thou go to ſtop that bleſſed Time
That was to be 'twixt their aſpects and mine?
Do'ſt thou not know what good, what bleſt effects
The Land will have from ſuch benigne aſpects?
Alas when *Mercury* doth meet with *Jove*,
Lilly can tell thee their portents are love.
I'm loth to ſtudy for ſome new found curſe,
For fear *I* ſhould be heard, and thou be worſe.
Firſt for thy horſes would their teeth may be
Greas'd at each Inne, which none may help but me.
May all their old diſeaſes never fail,
Their feet have ſcabs doubled for every nail,
That thou may'ſt like *Tom. Long* for ever go,
And ne're come where thou art aſſign'd unto,
And ſo may'ſt ne're be truſted with a pack,
Unleſs of plagues, and may thoſe break thy back.
May'ſt thou ne're carry loyal letters more?
But *Pocky ſongs* betwixt a *Pimp* and's *whore*.
But when th' haſt ſweat and travel'd all the day,
May'ſt thou have neither meat, drink, bed nor pay.
May all the way be ſtrew'd with *Downes* his men,
And thou eſcaping one, may'ſt meet with ten.
And may they take thy horſes and thy ſtore,
And bang thy ſides becauſe thou haſt no more.
May all theſe plagues unite that they may be
As great a plague to thee, as thou to me.

XXXVIII. To

XXXVIII.

To his Miſtris.

YOur pardon *Lady*; by my troth I err,
I thought each face a painted *Sepulcher*,
That wore but beauty on't; I did ſuppoſe,
That outward beauty had been ominous.
And that t' had been ſo oppoſite to wit,
As it nere *wiſdome* met, nor vertue it.
Your face confutes me, and I do begin
To know my errour, and repent my ſin.
For on thoſe Roſie cheeks I plainly ſee
And read my former thoughts deformity.
I could believe *Hyperbolies*, and think
That praiſe to low that flowes from pen and ink;
That you're all Angel; when I look on you,
I'm forc'd to think the *Rampant'ſt* fictions true.
Nay *I* dare ſwear (though once *I* did abhor it)
That Men love Women, and have reaſon for it.
The *Lapidadies* now ſhall learn to ſet
Their *Diamonds* in gold, and not in Jet.
The Proverb's croſt, for now a man may find
A beauteous face th' Index of ſuch a mind.
How *I* could praiſe you, and your worth diſplay,
But that my raviſh'd pen is forc'd to ſtay;
And when I think t'expreſs your purer faſhion;
My expreſſions turn to ſtupid Admiration.
Natures perfection! She by forming thee?
Proves ſhe has now *infallibility*.

You're an *Enchiridion*, whom Heav'n did print,
To copy by, with no *errata* in't.
You're my *Urania*, nay within you be
The Muſes met in their *Tertrinity*.
Elſe how could I turn Poet, and retain,
My baniſh'd Muſe into my thoughts again!
See what your wit, ſee what your beauty can;
T' make a Poet's more then t' make a Man;
I've wit b'infuſion, nay I've beauty too,
I think I'm comely if you think me ſo.
Add to your vertues love, and you may be
A wife for *Jove*, pray let that Jove be me.

XXIX.

To his Miſtris married to another.

MArried? and I not dead? it cannot be,
Is nothing certain but uncertainty?
Can truth it ſelf prove falſe? I ſhould as ſoon
Have thought the Sun vary'd into a Moon,
And that the Poles that nere knew how to vary,
Turn'd *Planets* now, and grow unſtationary.
But *Sol* has chang'd his courſe, and we all know
Thoſe we call Poles, are planetary too
You whom I thought a *Goddeſs*, now I ſee,
Are but a woman, by y'r inconſtancy.
See what the covetous love of wealth can do,
It makes fair Ladies falſe and fooliſh too.

I could be ſorry now, or vext, or worſe;
But wrath or ſorrow will enlarge my curſe.
That anger's fooliſh and that ſorrow's vain,
That's us'd for that which can't be had again.
But what's this thing call'd *marriage?* muſt you be
Cloyſter'd by that from all ſociety?
Muſt only he enjoy you as a ride?
And by his feaſt, famiſh the whole World beſide?
You only did proclaim, when you did wed,
That both together meant to go to bed.
What need all this ado? can't we (my hony)
Do the ſame thing without Ceremony,
Or proclamation? where two hearts agree,
Marriage is but a *ſuperfluity.*
Nature did ne're intend (without all doubt)
To hang ſuch a Jewel only in his ſnowt.
Nor were you made only for one Mans food,
Not for the private, but the common good.
You have my heart, and do but lend me thine,
I'l give the Prieſt the lye, and ſay th' art mine.

XL.

On the turn-coat Clergy.

THat *Clergy-men* are changeable, and teach
That now 'gainſt which they will to morrow preach,
Is an undoubted truth; but that in this
Their *variation* they do ought amiſs,
Stedfaſtly deny; The World we ſee
Preſerves it ſelf by mutability;

An by an imitation each thing in it
Preſerves it ſelf by changing every minute;
The Heavenly orbes do move, and change, and
The much admired muſick of the ſphears. (ther's
The Sun, the Moon, the Stars do alwayes vary,
The times turn round ſtill, nothing *ſtationary*.
Why then ſhould we blame *Clergymen*, that do
Becauſe they're *Heav'nly*, like the Heavens go?
Nay th' Earth it ſelf, on which we tread (they ſay)
Turnes round and's moving ſtill; then vvhy not
(they?
Our bodies ſtill are changing from our birth,
Till they return to their firſt matter, *Earth*.
VVe dravv in air, and food, that air and food
Incorporates and turns our *fleſh* and *blood*.
Then vve breath out our ſelves in ſvveat, and vent
Our fleſh and blood by uſe, and *excrement*,
VVith ſuch continuall change, that none can ſay,
He's the ſame man that he was Yeſterday.
Beſides, all Creatures cannot chooſe but be
By much the worſe for their ſtability.
For *ſtanding* pools corrupt, while running ſprings
Yeild ſweet refreſhment to all other things.
(know,
The higheſt Church-things oftenest change, we
The weather-cock that ſtands o'th top does ſo.
The bells when rung in changes beſt do pleaſe,
The *Nightingall*, that minſtrel of the trees,
Varies her note, while the dull *Cucko* ſings
Only one note, no auditory brings.
Why then ſhould we admire our *Levites* change,
Since tis their nat'ral motion? 'Tis not ſtrange
To ſee a fiſh to ſwim, or Eagle fly;
Nor is their *Protean* mutability

More

More worth our wonder, but 'tis ſo in faſhion,
It merits our applauſe, and imitation.
But I conclude, leaſt while I ſpeak of change,
I ſhall too far upon one ſubject range.
And ſo become unchangeable, and by
My practice give my doctrine here the lye.

XLI.

To his Friend Mr. I. VV. *on his Tranſlation of the Romance, call'd The innocent impoſture.*

FRom forrain ſoyl, He at the firſt did ſpring,
Whom conqueſt crown'd, and cuſtom kept our King.
And from the ſame, this fancy, whom this pen
Has of an *Alien* made a *Denizen*.
Diſpute who dares: The iſſue of the brain
Admits a *tranſplantation*, like the train
That buds with Stars; and in this do hit,
The two *fac Totums*, *Monarchy* and *wit*.
The induſtrious Merchant glutted with the things
That are produced by our mother ſprings,
Ranſacks the *Ocean*, trafficking for more
And rarer beauties from the forraign ſhore;
And makes our happineſs not only be
n ne ceſſaries, but variety.

So thou with equal diligence haſt gone
To fetch the merchandize of *Helicon*.
Not but that wit and fancy here will be,
A native and ſtaple commodity.
Or that compoſing ſtories and *Romances*,
Were only entayl'd to wits that live beyond Seas.
But as in dearth, we oft ſupply our ſtore,
From thoſe that we perhaps reliev'd before.
So now when rare Inventions and immenſe,
Are parch'd and ſhrunk up into hardly ſence,
For want of due rewards, that ſhou'd diſtill,
From theſe new Tympanies, and we call hills,
Yo're fain to forage for what ere muſt be,
Beyond Diurnals or a Mercury.
Yet be'nt diſcouraged; for here's no exciſe,
Nor cuſtom paid on theſe commodities.
And he that trades in wit by Sea or Land,
Needs not a convoy, fears no Rocks nor Sand.
This traffick is ſecure againſt the thump
Of *Spains* armado or the *Belgick Trump*,
And the proceed on't, though in this mad Nation,
Is free from plunder, and from ſequeſtration.
I do commend thy choice too, for of all
The ſciences, this is moſt cordial,
Preſenting notions to the curious mind,
Of what below we never ſee nor find.
Herein do differ Hiſtory, and this;
This ſhews what ought to be, that ſhews what is;
Ungratefull we, if that we ſhould receive
This precious Jewel, and ſhould nothing give
To Thee or to its Author; Therefore I
Offer theſe lines to both your memory,
To teſtifie my thanks, though not my skill;
What's ſo well done, muſt not be prayſed ill.

But I nick-name my duty, when I ſay
I give, or offer, when I only pay.

XLII.

A Satyre on the Rebellion.

URge me no more to ſing, I am not able
To raiſe a note, ſongs are abominable.
Yea *Davids* pſalmes do now begin to be
Turn'd out of Church, by *hymnes extempore.*
No accents are ſo pleaſant now as thoſe
That are Cæſura'd through the Paſtors noſe.
I'll only weep our miſery and ruth,
I am no Poet, for I ſpeak the truth.
Behold a ſelf againſt it ſelf doth fight,
And the left hand prevails above the right.
The grumbling guts, the belly of the State,
Unthankfull for the wholſom food they ate,
Belch at their head, and do begin to ſlight
The Cates, to which they had an appetite.
They long for kick-ſhawes, and new fangled diſhes,
Not which all love, but which each fancy wiſhes.
Behold a glorious *Phœbus* tumbling down,
While the rebellious bards uſurpe the Crown.
Behold a *Teem* of *Phaetons* aſpire
To guide the Sun, and ſet the World on fire.
All goes to wrack, and it muſt needs be ſo,
When thoſe would run, that know not how to go.

Behold

Behold a lawfull *Soveraign* to whoſe mind
Diſhoneſty's a ſtranger, now confind.
To the *Anarchick* pow'r of thoſe whoſe reaſon
Is flat *rebellion*, and their truth is *Treaſon*.
Behold the loyal Subjects pill'd and poll'd.
And from *Algere* to *Tunis* bought and ſold.
Their Goods ſequeſtred by a legal ſtealth,
The private robb'd t' uphold the *Common-wealth*.
And thoſe the only plunderers are grown
Of others States, that had none of their own.
Robbers no more by night in ſecret go,
They have a *Licence* now for what they do.
If any to the rulers do complain,
They know no other *godlineſs* but gain.
Nor give us any plaiſter for the ſore
Of paying much, but only paying more.
What ere we do or ſpeak, how ere we live,
All is acquitted if we will but Give;
They ſit in Bulwarks, and do make the lawes
But fair pretences to a fowler cauſe,
And horſe-leech-like cry give, what ere they ſay,
Or ſing, the burden of their ſong is Pay.
How wretched is that State! how full of wo,
When thoſe that ſhould preſerve, do overthrow!
When they rule us, and ore them *mony* raignes,
Who ſtill cry Give, and alwayes gape for gains!
But on thoſe Judges lyes a heavy curſe,
That meaſure crimes by the *delinquents* purſe.
The time will come when they do ceaſe to live,
Some will cry Take, as faſt as they cry'd Give.

XL*III*. On

XLIII.

On a pair of Virginals.

DEath, that ties up the tongues of Man and (Beaſt,
And to each thing gives a *Quietus eſt*,
Gives me a tongue; and *I* that could not be
Bleſt with a voice, now boaſt variety.
The tale of *Amphion* which could make each tree
Dance to his muſick, is fulfilli'd in me.
For lo the liveleſs *Jacks* lavaltoes take
At that ſweet muſick which themſelves do make.
The various-ſounding ſtrings in conſort come,
To make my narrow-bulke *Elizium*;
Juſt Emblem of the State; for in this wiſe,
He juſt now falls, that but juſt now did riſe.
O would the Subjects in this Realme agree,
And meet like ſtrings to make one harmony.

XLVI.

On a Comedie called The paſſionate lovers.

THough I nere ſaw thoſe Playes, nor ere did (know
The Author well, nor love with *paſſion* ſo,

To

To be a name for *Terence Comædie*,
But do ſuppoſe who ere the lover be,
That's really ſuch as the Poet writ,
Would have leſs love, if he had had more wit.
Yet as th' old *Topers*, when their drinking's gone,
Do love to ſit, and ſee the work go on.
And as old men when their performance fails,
Can clap their wings with telling ſmutt'd tales:
So though we've loſt the life of playes the ſtage,
If we can be *Remembrancers* to the age.
And now and then let glow a ſpark in print
To tell the World ther's fire ſtill lodg'd ith flint.
We may agen b'enlightned once and warm'd,
Men can't be civil till they be inform'd.
Walk wiſely on: *Time's* changeable, and what
VVas once thrown down, is now again reacht at.
And we may ſee pleaſure and honour crown
The Stage, when inconſiſtent Tubs kick'd down.

XLV.

To the high-Sheriff of S.

Sir,
You have giv'n us Poets entertainment,
Good chear and wine; we give you Poets payment,
Good words and rythme; but you out-do us here,
You match our Rythme; but we can't match your chear.

And

And here's the reaſon, which our Muſes grieves,
Sheriffs are made Poets, but nere Poets Sheriffs.

XLVI.

To G. B. Eſq;

I Promis'd to come to you Sir, 'tis true,
And I intended what I promis'd you.
ut Heaven (that all things orders) thought not fit,
Ve tvvo ſhould meet, and therefore hinder'd it.
Not that our meeting had offenſive been
o God or Man, for we had ſai'ld between
he dangerous rocks of company, which wits
nd no wits daſh againſt, when in their fits,
hey ſcoffe at ſacred matters and blaſpheme,
r make Stateſmen or buſineſſes their theame.
But ſuch a World of Heavenly drink came down,
he floods did riſe and all the Country drown;
en that had ſouls unpoiſable like mine
loat as drown'd flies do in a glaſs of wine.
orſes and boots were uſeleſs, and you know,
have no hanging look; and being ſo
lat, have the art of ſinking, I was ne're
red 'mong the fiſh, nor were at *Weſtminſter*,
aw any drown'd, though you and I both know,
ome have been us'd as badly there, and though
uſes the feather 'tis the tother end,
ot that which me from drowning can defend
his vvork's for Saylours, not a land Attourney,
r tis become a voyage, not a journey.

And

And he that goes to *Ex'ter* novv from hence,
From that exploit may very vvell commence
A navigator, vvhich t attempt *I* fear,
And thought it ſafer to ſtay drinking here,
(ing
And ſend you this from him that far more vvil
To vvrite ten verſes then to pay five ſhillings.

XLVII.

To his reverend Friend Dr. S. on hi pious and learned book.

THe times ar e chang'd, and the miſguided ro
Now tug to pull in what they tumbled out,
And with like eagerneſs. The factious crue,
Who *ruin'd* all, are now expos'd to view:
Their vizor's off, and now we plainly ſee
Both what they are, and what they aim'd to b
And what they meant to do to us and ours,
If either ours or we were in their pow'rs.
That viprous brood of *Levi* who gnaw'd throug
Their mothers bowels, and their Fathers too,
To break a paſſage to their lewd deſignes
Have found th' effects of all their under mines,
And ſee themſelves out-acted in their ſhow,
By ſucking Sprouts that out of them did gro
They're now out-*wink'd*, out-*faſted* & out-*tung'*
Their Pulpits reap thoſe fields, which they h
(*dung'*
W

Who ſplit the Church into ſo many Schiſmes,
The zeals of theſe eats tothers *Patriarchiſmes.*
And Vermin-like they---do that corps devour,
VVhoſe *putrefaction* gave them *life* and *pow'r.*
Now they *repent* (though late) and turn to you,
Of the *Old* Church that's *conſtant, pure* and *true.*
Thanks to ſuch lights as you are, who have (ſtay'd
In that firm truth, from which they fondly ſtray'd,
Endur'd *reproach*, and *want*, all violent ſhocks
Which rowl'd like Billovvs, vvhile you ſtood like (Rocks,
Unmov'd by all their fury, kept your ground,
Fix'd as the poles, vvhiles they kept tvvirling round.
Submitted to all *rage*, and loſt your *all*, (round.
Yet ne're *comply'd* vvith, or *bow'd* knee to *Baal.*
You *preach'd* for love of *preaching*, vvith deſire
T *inſtruct*, and to *reform*, while *pay* and *hire*, (you,
Which made them preach, vvere ta'ne avvay from
You ſtill ſtrove on, and led the people through.
That *Wilderneſs* of *errour*, into vvhich
Thoſe *Ignes fatui*, tempted by the itch (*Times*
Of *Pride* and *change* had led them, and vvhen th'
Envying your vvorth, voted your ſermons crimes,
And made it treaſon to relieve or hear you,
And conſtituted to affront and jeer you,
Thoſe *Patentees* of *graces* and good *livings* (giving,
Grovvn rich vvith fees, and fat vvith full thanks-
Who rovvl'd a ſtone upon your mouths for fear
Truth would find out a reſurrection there:
Then from the preſs you piouſly did ſhevv
What, vvhy, & hovv, vve ſhould believe and knovv;

And

And pray and practice; made it out to us
Why our Church-Institutes were these and thus;
And how we ought t'observe them, so that we
May find them that, which of themselves they be;
Commands and comforts: This Sir we do find
Perform'd by this rare issue of your mind.
Your pious and your profitable lines,
Which can't be prays'd by such a pen as mine's,
But must b' admir'd and lov'd, and you must be
For ever thank'd and honour'd too by me,
And all that know or read you; since you do
Supply the pious and the learned too.
So well, that both must say, to you they ow
What good they practice, and what good they (know.

XLVIII.

To Colonel Lovelace *on his Poems.*

SO through the *Chaos* crept the first born ray
That was not yet grown up to be a day,
And form'd the World; as do your powerful (rythme
Through the thick darkness of these verse-les (times
These *antingenious* dayes, this boystrous age,
Where there dwells nought of Poetry but rage:

Juſt ſo crept learning forth the rav'nous fire
Of the Schiſmatick *Goths*, and *Vandals* ire:
As do in theſe more barbarous dayes our times,
When what was meant for ruine, but refines.
Why mayn't we hope for *Reſtauration*, when
As ancient Poets Townes, the new rais'd men,
The tale of *Orpheus* and *Amphion* be
Both ſolid truths with this *Mythology*?
For though you make not ſtones & trees to move,
Yet men more ſenceleſs you provoke to love.
I can't but think, ſpite of the filth that's hurl'd
Over this ſmall *Ench'ridion of the World*,
A *day* will break, when we again may ſee
Wits like themſelves, club in an harmony.
Though *Pulpiteers* can't do it, yet 'tis fit
Poets have more *ſucceſs*, becauſe more *wit*.
Their Proſe unhing'd the State; why may'nt your verſe
Poliſh thoſe ſouls, that were fil'd rough by theirs?
Go on, and proſper; though I want your skill,
In weighty matters tis enough to will.
And novv the *Reader* looks *I* ſhould help near
Your glories *Trophy*, elſe what make I here?
Tis not to praiſe you; for one may as well
Go tell *Committees* that there is an hell,
Or tell the World there is a Sun, as praiſe
Your amorous fancy, which it ſelf can't raiſe
Above Envies reach or flatteries; Ladies love
To kiſs thoſe accents; who dares diſapprove
What they ſtile good? our lines, our lives, and all;
Therefore the cauſe why theſe are fixed here,
Is livery-like to ſhew ſome great man's near;
Let them ſtand bare, and uſher, not commend;
They are not for *Encomiums*, but t' *attend*.

XLIX.

On the famous Romance, *called The innocent* Impostor.

TWill be expected now that I should raise
Some Monument unto the *Authors* prayse,
The *Works*, or the *Translators*; else I fear,
The Reader 'll wonder, what I do make here.
Tis grown *Apocryphal*, and by the *Wits*
Quite *voted* down; VVho hold it not befits
A true-born *Fancy*, to be *Smithfield*-wise
Put off with *Toll* and *Vouchers*; this defies
Such *Crutches*; for tis of so clear a Nature
Twill pass without the Chaplins *Imprimatur*,
Or our *Certificates*. Besides I carry
Such a dislike to all things *Customary*,
I'll *cheat* all expectation, and will be
Thankfull to them, but chiefly unto thee.
In these *Self-ended* times we only do
Or *thank* or praise those we're *beholding* to;
So call our *Justice Charity*, and say
VVe do bestow, when we do only pay.
For though the work be rare; yet should it be
Still in its dress, what had it been to me?
And though translated by this worthy pen,
If not exposed to the view of Men,
I had ne're seen't perhaps. But since all three
Have clubb'd in this production, I must be
Gratefull to all, and to give all your right,
Must *prayse*, and *love* and thank *Bellay*, *Dod*, *Wright*

Or

L.

On Dr. J. his divine Romant.

HOw rare! how truly noble's this deſigne
To make us fall in love with things *divine*!
And raiſe our *paſſions* with ſuch pious flames,
To court thoſe *truths*, which lay diſguiſ'd in *names*
Perplex'd and crabbed, and did heretofore
Lie undiſcoverd in their ſullen *Ore*;
And ſeemed *unamiable* to the ſenſe,
'Cauſe *unattainable* but by th' expence
Of undelight ſome labour and much time.
This *new invention* expiates the crime,
Which did too much adh eare to youthful love;
Directs the ſoul to doat on things above,
And conſecrates th' *affections* to extend
Their violent *motion* to their proper *end*.
The raviſh'd Pulpit which of late was made
A place, not of *inſtruction* but of trade,
Where *Higlers* in *Divinity* did ſell
Salvation to us, and made *heaven and hell*
At their diſpoſal, and the way to bliſs
More hard and crabbed then it ought or is;
And did *advance* the people or *condemn*
To this or that, juſt as we humor'd them:
Made ſome thoſe heavenly *diſhes* to deteſt
And loath, 'cauſe they ſo *naſtily* were dreſt.
But this ingenuous *Authour* makes that food
Delightſome to the taſte as well as good;
And with ſuch *flowers* the paths to virtue ſtrews,
That the dull ſoul to heav'n delighted goes.

VVhat love, what praiſe, what great reward is fit
To his great worth, who with *Cæleſtial* wit
Informes and ſanctifies our minds, and brings
Our ſouls above theſe low *terreſtrial* things!
A crown of Stars muſt deck his learned brow,
The lawrel garlands's too unworthy now.

XXX.

On the loſs of a Garriſon meditation.

ANother City loſt! Alas poor King! (ſpring.
Still future griefs from former griefs do
The World's a ſeat of change; Kingdoms & Kings
Though glorious, are but ſublunary things.
Croſſes and bleſſings kiſs; ther's none that be
So happy, but they meet with miſery.
He that ere while ſate centred to his Throne,
And all did homage unto him alone;
Who did the Scepter of his power diſplay
From pole to pole, while all this rule obey,
From ſtair to ſtair now tumbles, tumbles down,
And ſcarce one pillar doth ſupport his Crown.
Town after Town, Field after Field,
This turnes, and that perfidiouſly doth yield:
He's banded on the trayterous thought of thoſe
That *Janus* like, look to him and his foes.
In vain are Bulwarks, and the ſtrongeſt hold,
If the beſeigers bullets are of gold.

My

My ſoul be not dejected; would'ſt thou be
From preſent trouble, or from danger free?
Truſt not in rampires, nor the ſtrength of walls,
The town that ſtands to day, to morrow falls.
Truſt not in Souldiers, though they ſeem ſo ſtout;
Where ſin's within, vain is defence without.
Truſt not in wealth, for in this lawleſs time
Where prey is penalty, there wealth is crime.
Truſt not in ſtrength or courage; we all ſee
The weak'ſt oftimes do gain the victory.
Truſt not in honour, honours but a blaſt
Quickly begun, and but a while doth laſt.
They that to day to thee *Hoſanna* cry,
To morrow change their note for Crucifie. (thee,
Truſt not in friends, for friends will ſoon deceive
They are in nothing ſure, but ſure to leave thee.
Truſt not in wit; who run from place to place
Changing Religion as chance does her face
In ſpite of cunning, and their ſtrength of brain,
They're often catch, and all their plots are vain.
Truſt not in Councel; Potentates, or Kings
All are but frail and tranſitory things.
Since neither Souldiers, Caſtles, wealth, or wit
Can keep off harm from thee, or thee from it:
Since neither ſtrength nor honour, friends nor
Nor Princes, peace or happineſs affords, (Lords,
Truſt thou in God, ply him with prayers ſtill,
Be ſure of help; for he both can, and will.

LII.

Upon the Kings impriſonment.

IMpriſon me you Traytors? muſt *I* be
Your fetter'd ſlave, while you're at liberty
T'uſurp my Scepter, and to make my power
Gnaw its own bowels, and it ſelf devour?
You glorious villains! Treaſons that have been
Done in all ages, are done ore agen;
Expert proficients, that have far out-done
Your Tutors Preſidents, and have out-run
The practice of all times, whoſe acts will be
Thought Legendary by Poſterity.
VVas't not enough you made me bear the wrong
Of a rebellious ſword, and viprous tongue,
To loſe my State, my Children, Crown and Wife;
But muſt you take my liberty and life?
Subjects can find no fortreſs but their graves,
VVhen ſervants ſway, and Soveraigns are ſlaves.
'Cauſe I'l not ſign, nor give conſent unto
Thoſe lawleſs actions that you've done and do,
Nor yet betray my Subjects, and ſo be
As treacherous to them, as you to me;
Is this the way to mould me to your wills,
To expiate former crimes, by greater ills?
Miſtaken fools to think my ſoul can be
Graſp'd or infring'd, by ſuch low things as ye!
Alas though I'm immur'd, my mind is free,
I'l make your very gaol my liberty.

Plot

Plot, do your worſt, I ſafely ſhall deride
In my Crown'd ſoul, your baſe inferiour pride,
And ſtand unmov'd, though all your *plagues* you bring,
I'll dye a *Martyr*, or I'll live a *King*.

LIII.

On the death of King CHARLES.

HOw! dead! nay murdred! not a *Comet* ſeen!
Nor one ſtrange prodigy to intervene!
I'm ſatisfy'd; heav'n had no ſight ſo rare,
Nor ſo prodigious as his murtherers are,
Who at this inſtant had not drawn the air,
Had they not been preſerv'd b' his *funeral* pray'r.
And yet who looks aright, may plainly ſpy
The Kingdom's to it ſelf a prodigy;
The ſcattered *ſtars* have joyned themſelves in one,
And have thrown *Phoebus* headlong from his throne.
They'ld be the *ſun* themſelves, and ſhine, and ſo
By their joynt *blaze* inflame the world below,
Which b' imitation does t'a *Chaos* fall,
And ſhake it ſelf t' an *Earthquake* general.
And 'tis the height of miracle that we
Live in theſe wonders, yet no wonders ſee.
Thus thoſe that do enjoy a conſtant day,
Do ſcarce take notice of that wondrous ray.
Nature groand out her laſt when he did fall
Whoſe influence gave quicking to us all.
His ſoul was *anthem'd* out in prayers, and thoſe
Angelike *Halelujahs* ſung in proſe
David the ſecond; we no difference knew
Between th'old *Davids* ſpirit and the new.

In him grave wiſdom ſo with grace combines;
As *Solomon* were ſtill in *Davids* loynes.
And had we lived in K. *Davids* time,
H' had equall'd him in all things but his crime.
Now ſince you'r gone, great *P.* this care we'l have
Your books ſhall never find a death or grave;
By whoſe diviner flame, the world muſt be
Purged from it's droſs, and chang'd to purity,
Which neither time nor treaſon can deſtroy,
Nor ign'rant *Error* that's more fell then they.
A peice like ſome rare picture, at remove,
Shew's one ſide *Eagle*, and the other *Dove*.
Sometimes the *Reaſon* in it ſoars ſo high,
It ſhews affliction quells not majeſty,
Yet ſtill Crown, dignity and ſelf deny'd,
It helps to bear up *courage* though not pride;
Trodden humility in robes of ſtate,
Meekly deſpiſing all the frownes of fate.
Your *Grandſire* K. that ſhew'd what good did flow
From the the tall *Cedar* to the *ſhrub* below.
By violent flame to aſhes though calcin'd,
His ſoul in't you we tranſmigrated find;
Whoſe *leafs* ſhall like the *Cybels* be ador'd,
When time ſhall open each *prophetick* word:
And ſhall like ſcripture be the rule of good
To thoſe that ſhall ſurvive the flaming flood:
Whoſe ſyllables are Libraries, and can
Make a ſmal volume turn a Vatican.
So th' hunted *Bezar* when he's ſure to dye,
Bequeaths his *cordials* to his enemy.
Reſt *Royal duſt*, and thank the ſtormes that *drove*
Againſt its will you to your haven above. (curld
They have but freed you from thoſe waves that
Their bloody pow'r to drown this boiſtrous world.
They've

(for *crowns*;
They've but chang'd *Throne* for throne, and *crown*
You took a glorious, laid a thorny down.
You ſit among your *Peers* with *Saints* and *Kings*,
View how we ſhoot for *ſublunary* things,
And labour for our ruine; you did fall
Juſt like our *Saviour*, for the ſins of all;
And for your own; for in this impious time
Virtue's a vice, and piety's a crime.
The ſume of all whoſe faults being underſtood,
Is this, We were too bad, and you to good.

LIIII.

On the Kings death.

WHat means this ſadneſs? why does every eye
VVallow in tears? what makes the lowring (ſky
Look clouded thus with ſighs? is it becauſe
The great *Defender of the faith and lawes*
Is ſacrifized to the barbarous rage,
Of thoſe prodigious Monſters of our age?
A prey to the inſatiate will of thoſe
That are the *Kings* and *Kingdomes* curſed foes!
Tis true ther's cauſe enough each eye ſhould be
A *Torrent*, and each man a *Niobe*.
To ſee a wiſe, juſt, valiant, temperate man
Should leave the VVorld, who either will or can
Abſtain from grief? To ſee a Father dye,
And his half-ſelf, and Orphans weeping by:
To ſee a Maſter dye, and leave a State
Unſetled, and Uſurpers gape to ha't.

To

To see a *King* dissolve to's mother dust,
And leave his headless Kingdome to the lust
And the ambitious wills of such a rout,
Which work its *end*, to bring their own about,
Tis cause of sorrow; but to see these slain,
Nay murdred too, makes us grieve ore again.
But to be kill'd by Servants, or by Friends,
This will raise such a *grief* as never ends.
And yet we find he that was all these things,
And more, the best of *Christians* and of *Kings*,
Suffer'd all this and more, whose sufferings stood
So much more great then these, as he more good.
Yet tis a vain thing to lament our loss;
Continued *mourning* adds but cross to cross.
VVhat's pass'd can't be recall'd; our sadness may
Drive us to him, but can't bring him away;
Nor can a Kingdomes cries re-state the crown
Upon his head, vvhich their sins tumbled dovvn.
Rest then my soul, and be contented in
Thy share of sufferings, as vvell as sin.
I see no cause of vvonder in all this,
But still expect such fruits of vvickedness.
Kings are but Earth refin'd; and he that wears
A crown, but loads himself, with griefs and fears.
The World it self to its first nothing tends;
And things that had beginings, must have ends.
Those glorious lamps of *Heav'n*, that gives us light,
Must at the last dissolve to darkness quite.
If the Cœlestial *Architectures* go
To dissolution, so must earthy too.
If ruine seize on the vast frame of nature,
The little VVorld must imitate the greater.
I'l put no trust in vvealth, for I do see
Fate can take me from it, or it from me.

Trust

Truſt not in honour, tis but peoples cry, (high.
Who'll ſoon throw down what ere they mounted
Nor truſt in friends; he that's now hedg'd about,
In time of need can hardly find one out.
Nor all in ſtrength or power; for ſin will be
The deſolation of my ſtrength and me.
Nor yet in crownes and Kingdomes; who has all,
Is expos'd to a heavy though a royal fall.
Nor yet in wiſdom, pollicy, or wit;
It cannot keep me harmeleſs, or 1it.
He that had all man could attain unto,
He that did all that wit or power could do,
Or grace or vertue prompt, could not avoid
That ſad and heavy load our *ſins* have laid
Upon his innocent and ſacred *Head*, but muſt
Submit his perſon to bold *Rebells* luſt,
And their inſatiate *rage*, vvho did condemn
And kill him, vvhile he *pray'd* and *dy'd* for them.
Our only truſt is in the *King* of *Kings*,
To vvait vvith patience the event of things;
He that permits the *Fathers* tumbling dovvn,
Can raiſe, and will, the *Son* up to the crown.
He that permits thoſe traytors impious hands
To murther his anoynted, and his Lands
To be uſurp'd, can when he ſees it fit,
Deſtroy thoſe *Monſters* which he did permit;
And by their headlong and unpitied fall,
Make the Realms *Nuptial* of their *funerall*.
Mean time that ſainted Martyr from his throne,
Sees how theſe laugh, and his good ſubjects groan;
And hugs his bleſſed change, whereby he is
Rob'd into a *crown*, and *murther'd* into a *bliſs*.

LV.

A funeral Elegy on Mr. Aubrey.

GOn are those *Halcyon* dayes, when men *did dare*
Do good, for *love* undrawn by gain or fear;
Gon are our *Heroes* whose vast souls did hate
Vice, though't were *cloath'd* in *sanctity* or *state*;
Gon is our *Awbrey* who did then take's time
To dye, when worthy men thought life a crime.
One whose pure soul with nobleness was fill'd,
And scorn'd to live when peace &truth were kill'd.
One, who was worthy by descent and birth,
Yet would not live a burthen on the earth,
Nor draw his *honour* from his *grandsires* name,
Unless his progeny might do the same.
No guilded *Mammon*, yet had enough to spend,
To feed the poor, and entertain his friend.
No gaping *Miser* whose desire was more
T'enrich himself, by making's *neighbour* poor,
Then to lay out himself, his *wealth* and *health*,
To buy his *Countries* good and *Common-wealth*.
Religion was his great delight and joy,
Not as 'tis now to plunder and destroy;
His lean'd on those two pillars *faith* and *reason*,
Not false Hypocrisy, nor headlong treason.
His piety was with him bred and grovvn;
He'ld build ten *Churches*, e're he'ld pull down one.
Constant to's principles; and though the times
Made his worth sin, and his pure vertues crimes,

He

He ſtood unmov'd ſpite of all troubles hurl'd,
And durſt ſupport but not turn with the World.
Call'd to the Magiſtracy, he appear'd
One that deſir'd more to be lov'd then fear'd;
Juſtice and Mercy on him mingled ſo,
That this flew not too high, not that too low:
His mind could not be carved worſe or better,
By mean mens flattery, nor by great men letter:
Nor ſway'd by Bribes, though profer'd in the dark,
He ſcorn'd to be half Juſtice and half Clerk;
But all his diſtributions ev'nly ran,
Both to the Peſant and the Gentleman.
He did what nature had deſign'd him to
In his due time, while he had ſtrength to do.
And when decay and age did once draw nigh,
He'd nothing left to do but only dye.
And when he felt his ſtrength and youth decline,
His bodies loſſe ſtrengthen'd his ſouls deſign:
And as the one did by degrees decay,
T other ran ſwifter up the milky way.
Freed from thoſe ſickneſſes that are the page;
Attending Natures ſad decay and ages,
His ſportleſs ſoul did from his body fly,
And hover in the heav'nly *Galaxy*,
Whence he looks dovvn, & lets the living ſee,
What he was once, and vvhat vve ought to be.

Upon

LVI.

Upon the death of that Reverend and learned Divine, Mr. Josias Shute.

TUsh, tush! he is not dead; *I* lately spide
One smile at's first-born Sons birth; and a (bride
Into her heart did entertain delight
At the approach of her wish'd wedding night.
All which delights (if he were dead) would turn
To griefe; yea mirth it self be forc'd to mourn
Inspired Poets would forget to laugh,
And write at once his and Mirths *Epitaph.*
Sighs would engross our breath, there would appear
Anthems of joy, lymbeck'd into a tear: (pearl
Each face would be his death-bed; in each eye
'Twere easie then to read his *Elegy*; (tell
Each soul would be close mourner, each tongue
Stories prick'd out to'th tune o'th passing bell;
The World redrown'd in tears; each heart would
A marble stone, each stone a *Niobe.* (be
But he alass is gone, nor do we know
To pay for loss of him deserving wo;
Like Bankrupts in our grief, because we may
Not halfe we owe him, give, we'l nothing pay.
For should our tears like the Ocean issue forth,
They could not swell adæquate to his worth:
So far his worth's above our knowledge that
We only know we've lost, we know not what
The mourning Heaven, beholding such a dearth
Of tears, showrs rain to liquify the earth,

That we may ſee from its adulterate womb,
If it be poſſible, a ſecond come.
Till then tis our unhappineſs, we can't
Know what good dwelt in him, but by the want.
He was no *whirlegig Lecturer* of the times,
That from a heel block to a pulpit climes,
And there ſuch ſtuff among their Audients break,
They ſeem to have mouth, and words, yet cannot ſpeak.
Nor ſuch as into paſquill pulpits come
With thundering non ſence, but to beat the drum
To civil wars, whoſe texts and doctrines run
As if they were o'th ſeparation;
And by their ſpiritual law have marri'd been
VVithout a ring, becauſe they were no kin.
Knowledg and zeal in him ſo ſwettly met,
His pulpit ſeem'd a ſecond *Olivet*,
VVhere from his lips he would deliver things
As though ſome *Seraphin* had clap'd his wings.
His painfull ſermons were ſo neatly dreſs'd,
As if an *Anthem* were in proſe expreſs'd;
Divinity and Art were ſo united,
As if in him both were *Hermaphrodited*.
Oh what an excellent Surgeon has he been
To ſet a conſcience (out of joynt by ſin)
He at one blow could wound and heal; we all
VVondred to ſee a purge a cordial.
His *Manna*-breathing ſermons often have
Given all our good thoughts life, our bad a grave.
Satan, and *Sin*, were never more put to't
Then when they met with their ſtill-conquering *Shute*.
His life was the uſe of's doctrine; ſo twas known
That *Shute*, and *Saint*, were *convertible* grown:
He did live Sermons; the prophane were vext
To ſee his actions comments on his text.

So

So imitable his vertues did appear
As if each place to him a pulpit were.
He was himself a *Synod*, our's had been
Void (had he liv'd) or but an idle dinn.
His presence so divine, that Heaven might be
(If it were possible) more Heavenly.
And now we well perceive with what intent
Death made his soul become *non-resident*.
Twas to make him (such honours to him given)
Regis Professor to the King of Heaven.
By whom hee's prelated above the skies,
And the whole VVorlds his See t' Episcopize;
So that (me thinks) one star more doth appear
In our *Horizon* since his being there;
Death's grown tyrannical by imitation
Cause he was learned by a sequestration
He took his living ; but for's benefice
Hee is rewarded with eternal bliss.
Let's all prepare to follow him, for hee's
But gone to *Glorys* school, to take degrees.

LVII.

To the memory of Doctor Hearn, *who dyed* September 15. 1644.

SAd Spectacle of grief! how frail is Man!
VVhose self's a buble, and his life a span!
VVhose breath's like a careering shade, whose sun
Begins to set, when it begins to run.
Lo this Mans sun sets i'th *Meridian*,
And this mans sun, speaks him the sun of Man.

A.

Among the reſt that come to ſacrifice
To's memory the torrents of their eyes,
Though a ſtranger, and though none of thoſe
That weep in rythme, though I oft mourn in proſe,
Sigh out ſome grief, and my big-belly'd eyes
Long for delivery at his obſequies.
For he that writes but truth of him, will be,
Though without art, ſlander'd with poeſie.
And they that praiſe him right in proſe or verſe,
Will by the moſt be thought *Idolaters*.
Men are s'incredulous; and yet ther's none
Can write his worth in verſe, but in his own.
He needs no other monument of fame,
But his own actions, to blaze out his name.
He was a glory to the Doctors gown,
Help to his Friends, his Country and his Town.
The *Atlas* of our health, who oft did groan
For others ſickneſs, ere he felt his own.
Hippocrates, and *Galen*, in his brain
Met as in *Gemini*; it did contain.
A library of ſkill, a *panoply*,
A Magazine of ingenuity.
With every Art his brain ſo well was mated,
As if his fancy had been calculated
For that *Meridian*; he none would follow
But was in skill the *Brittaniſh Apollo*.
His Patients grow impatient, and the fear
Of death, lymbeck'd their bodies into tears.
The widdow'd *Muſes* do lament his death;
Thoſe that wrote mirth, do now retract their breath,
And breath their ſouls in ſighs; each ſtrives to be
No more *Thalia*, but *Melpomene*.
He ſtood a Champion in defence of health,
And was a terror to deaths Common-wealth.

His *Eſculapius* art revok'd their breath,
And often gave a non-ſuit unto death.
Now vve've a rout, death kill'd our General,
Our griefs break forth, grow Epidemical.
Now we muſt lay down arms, and Captives turn
To death; man has no rampire but an urne,
In him death gets an Univerſity;
Happy the bodies that ſo nere him lye,
To hear his worth and wit, tis now no fear
To dye, becauſe we meet a *Hearne* there.
Earth-quakes, & Commets uſher great mens fall,
At his we have an Earth-quake General;
Th' ambitious vallies do begin t' aſpire,
And would confront the Mountains, nay be higher;
Inferior orbes aſpire, and do diſdain
Our *Sol*; each *Bear* would ride in *Charles* his wain.
Our Moons eclips'd, and th' *Occidental* Sun
Fights with old *Aries* for his *Horizon*.
Each petty ſlave gets horſes, and would be
All *Sols*, and joyn to make a prodigy.
All things are out of courſe, which could not be,
But that we ſhould ſome ſpecial death foreſee.
Yet let's not think him dead who nere ſhall dye,
Till time be gulf'd in vaſt eternity.
Tis but his ſhadow that is paſt away;
While he's eclips'd in earth, another day
His better part ſhall peirce the skies, and ſhine
In glory 'bove the Heavens *Chryſtaline*.
He is but freed from troubles that are hurl'd
Upon this ſmal *Enchiridion* of the World.
We could not underſtand him, hee's gone higher
To read a Lecture to an Angels Quire.
He is advanc'd up a higher ſtory,
To take's degrees 'ith upper form of glory.

He

He is our *Prodrome*, gone before us whether
We all muſt go, though all go not together:
Duſt will diſſolve to duſt, to earth; earth we're
And muſt all dye, none knows how, where, nor when.

LVIII.

An Elegy on the death of his Schoolmaſter. Mr. *W. H.*

MUſt he dye thus? has an eternal ſleep
Seiz'd on each muſe that it can't *ſing nor weep?*
Had he no friends? no merits? or no purſe
To purchaſe mourning? or had he that curſe
Which has the ſcraping wordling ſtill frequented,
To live unlov'd and periſh unlamented?
No; none of theſe; but in this *Atlas* fall
Learning for preſent found its *funeral.*
Nor was't for want of *grief*, but *ſcope* and *vent*;
Not *fullenneſſe*, but deep *aſtoniſhment*;
Small griefs are ſoon wept out; but great ones *come*
With bulk, and ſtrike the ſtraight *lamenters* dumb.
This was the ſchoolmaſter that did derive
From *parts* and *piety*'s *prerogative*,
The glory of that good, but *painful* art;
Who had high learning yet an humble heart.
The *Drake* of Grammer *learning*, whoſe great *pain*
Circled that globe, and made that voyage *plain.*
Time was, when th'artleſs *pædagogue* did *ſtand*
With his *vimineous* ſcepter in his *hand*,

Raging like *Bajazet* or'e the *tugging fry*,
Who though *unhors'd* were not of th' *infantry*;
Applying, like a *glister*, *hic hæc hoc*,
Ti'lthe poor Lad's beat to a whipping block;
And ſchoold ſo long to know a *Verb* and *Nown*,
Till each had *Propria maribus* of his *own*:
As if not fit to learn *As in præſenti*,
But legally, when they were *one and twenty*.
Thoſe few that went to th' *Univerſ'ys* then,
Went with *deliberation*, and were *men*.
Nor were our *Academies* in thoſe dayes
Fill'd with *chuck-farthing* Batchelours and *boyes*,
But ſchollers with more beard and age went *hence*,
Then our *new lapwing-Lectres* skip from *thence*.
By his induſtrous labour now we ſee
Boyes coated *borne* to th' *Univerſitie*,
Who ſuck'd in *Latine*, and did *ſcorn* to ſeek
Their *ſcourge* and *top* in *Engliſh* but in *Greek*.
Hebrew the *general* puzler of old heads,
Which the *gray dunce* with *pricks* &*comments reads*,
And dubs himſelf a *ſchoollar* by it, grew
As *natural* t'him as if he'd been a Jew.
But above *all* he timely did inſpire
His Scholars breaſts with an ætherial fire.
And *ſanctify'd* their early *learning* ſo,
That they in *grace*, as they in *wit* did grow:
Yet nor his *grace* nor *learning* could *defend* him
From that *mortality* that did *attend* him;
Nor can there now be any difference *known*,
Between his *learned bones* and thoſe with *none*.
For that *grand Lev'ler* death hudles t'one place
Rich, *poor*, *wiſe*, *fooliſh*, *noble* and the *baſe*.
This only is our *comfort* and *defence*,
He was not *immaturely* raviſh'd hence.

But

But to our *benefit*, and to his *own*,
Undying *fame* and *honour*, let *alone*
Till he had *finish'd* what he was to do,
Then *naturally* split himself in two.
And that's *one* cause he had so *few* moyst eyes,
He made men *learned*, and that made them *wise*,
And overrule their *passions*, since they see
Tears would but shew their *own infirmitie*.
And 'tis but *loving madness* to deplore
The fate of him that shall be seen no more.
But only I crept in my *tender* years,
Without a *tongue*, or *wit*, but sighs and tears;
And yet I come to offer what is *mine*,
An *immolation* to his *honour'd shrine*;
And retribute what he confer'd on me,
Either to's person or his memory.
Rest pious soul and let that happy grave
That is intrusted with thy Relicks have
This just inscription, that it holds the dust
Of *one* that was *Wise*, *Learned*, *Pious*, *Just*.

LIX.

An Epitaph.

IF beauty, birth, or friends, or vertue cou'd
Preserve from *putrefaction* flesh and blood,
This Lady had still liv'd; who had all these,
And all that *Nature*, *Art* or *Grace* bestowes.
But death regards not bad or good;
All that's *mortal* is his food.
Only here our comfort lyes,

Though

Though death does all ſorts confound,
Her better part ſurmounts the *skies*,
While her *body* ſleeps ith' ground.
Her ſoul returnes to *God*, from whom it came,
And her great virtues do *embalme* her name.

LX.

An Epitaph on Mrs. G.

WHo ever knows or hears whoſe ſacred bones
Reſt here within theſe *monumental* ſtones,
How dear a *mother* and how ſweet a *wife*,
If he has *bowels*, cannot for his life
But on her aſhes muſt ſome tears diſtill,
For if *men* will not weep, this *marble* will.

Epigrams

EPIGRAMS.

Translated.

I.

On Rome.

TRavellour, thou lookſt for *old Rome* in the *new*,
And yet in *Rome*, thou nought of *Rome* canſt view.
Behold the frame of walls, diſ-joynted ſtone,
And the vaſt Theater, that's overthrown;
Lo here's *Romes* carkaſs ſtill; thou may'ſt behold
How the *new Rome* is threatned by the old.
Learn hence the power of fate, fix'd things decay,
But that that's alwayes toſs'd & mov'd, does ſtay.

II.

On a quareller.

AHumerous fellow in a Tavern late,
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate;
The Surgeon with his inſtruments, and skill,
Searches his ſcull deeper, and deeper ſtill,
To feel his brains, and tries if thoſe were ſound,
And as he keeps ado about the wound,

The fellow cryes, Good Surgeon ſpare the pains;
When I began this brawle, I had no brains.

III.

On a lover.

WHat various griefs within my breaſt do (grow?
I burn, yet from my flames my tears doflow.
I'm Nile, and *Etna* both together grown,
For the ſame grief does both enflame and drown.
O let my tears, make my ſtrong flames expire,
Or let my tears be drunk up by my fire.

IV.

On Gold.

IN vain was *Danae* clos'd in brazen Tower,
No brazen fort keeps out a golden ſhowre.

V.

To a Friend.

THou ſent'ſt me wine, I'd too much wine before;
Send thirſt if thou would'ſt ſend to pleaſe me
(more.
On

VI.

On Alexander.

GReat *Alexander* thought the World too ſmal,
Which he with's *warlike* hand ſubdu'd and (beat.
But did not he himſelf moſt little call?
He in a little World could not be great.

VII.

On a Bankrupt.

A *Bankrupt* heard a *Theif* enter by ſtealth
His houſe by night, and ſearch about for's (wealth.
In vain (quoth he) thou lookſt for goods by night,
For I my ſelf can ſee none when tis light.

VIII.

On a Prieſt and a Theif.

A *Prieſt* did with a *theif* together come,
To'th' place, where he was to receive his *doom.*
Said

Said; Be not ſad, do but believe, and thou
Shall't be a gueſt, to feaſt with Angels now.
He ſigh'd, and ſaid; if you'll true comfort ſhew,
Go then and take my place, I'l ſtay below.
No, quoth the Prieſt, this day *I* keep a faſt,
And cannot eat untill this day be paſt.

IX.

On Love and Death.

Love once and *death* chang'd weapons, and death took
Loves fiery dart, while *Cupid* got deaths hook.
Love at the body, death at th' mind lets fly,
This makes old men to love, and young men dye.

X.

On Women.

Women are pleaſant evills, and they have
Two proper ſeaſons, when in bed or grave.

XI.

On a Wolfe ſentenc'd.

The Country people once a wolfe did take,
That of their ſheep & lambs did havock make;
Some

Some voted that he ſhould be crucifi'd,
Others would have him in the fire be fry'd;
Some to be hew'd in peices with a ſword,
And to be thrown to dogs to be devour'd.
Among the reſt, one whom unlucky fate
Had doom'd to th' troubles of a married State,
(The common lot of men) oh? Friends(ſayes he)
Lay by your forkes, and ropes, that knotty be;
The ſword, the fire, the guns, the croſs, the whips,
Are but ſlight tortures, I have one out-ſtrips
All thoſe, if you would puniſh him to the life',
Fit for his crimes, then *let him wed a wife.*

XII.

On one more learned then others.

THou makeſt thy ſelf more learned then thy bet-
(ters,
And brag'ſt thou knowſt *Greek, Hebrew, Latin*
(letters.
Thou haſt them in thy forehead, and thy hand,
As if th' hadſt all the tongues at thy command;
For the executioner has made thee more
Letter'd by far then thou wert ere before.

On

XIII.

On Galla.

BLame not fair *Galla* that ſhe'ld married be,
(Though ſhe be fair) to one that could not ſee.
For in that thing in which ſhe took delight,
And which he lov'd, *there is no need of ſight.*

XIV.

On one lowſie and poor.

ALowſie fellow once was ask'd, how he
Having ſo many cattel, poor could be?
He anſwered hence proceeds my poverty,
Though I'd ſell all for nought, yet none would buy.

XV.

A happy death.

LEarn to live well, if thou'ldſt dye happily;
And that thou may'ſt live happy, *learn to dye.*

When

XVI.

On Nero.

WHen bloody *Nero* his own mother ſlew,
He did not hurt her face, or eyes, 'tis true;
But ripd her bowels up; 'twas juſtly done,
They'd guilt enough in breeding ſuch a Son.

XVII.

On Love.

LOve is a Merchandize, and *Venus* drove
The firſt Monopoly; Rich only *Love*.
What cannot fortune hire alas for gold?
When Gods themſelves for this are boughta nd ſold?

XVIII.

Rules of drinking.

IF the Philoſophers ſayes true, the firſt
Draught 'is refreſhment unto them that thirſt;
The

The ſecond mirth and wit doth ſtill afford;
But perfect drunkeneſs iſſues from the third.
If to theſe rigid rules you'l me confine,
Hence glaſſes; I'l in *flagons drink my wine.*

XIX.

A vain Boaſter.

THou need'ſt not boaſt, cauſe thou afore does go,
If that be honour, *my dog does ſo to.*

XX.

To Momus.

THou call'ſt me begger, *Momus*, and doſt tell
I muſt not triumph ſo, nor ſo much ſwell,
Becauſe *I* have but little; and yet that
Is not my own, but other Mens Eſtate.
Why ſhouldſt thou thus upbraid me with my want?
Muſt I be blam'd becauſe my fortunes ſcant?
I'm honeſt ſtill; thou liv'ſt by theft alone;
Between us two the difference is none;
For both of us on others bread do dine,
Only thou ſtealſt thy meat, I beg for mine.

XXI.

On Phillis *tears.*

WHen *Phillis* comes t'her husbands grave, ſhe (brings
No *garlands*, nor with *Odoriferous* things
Sprinkles the ground: only her tears doth ſhed
Upon the grave, wherein her joy was led. (power
The flowers do ſtraight ſpring up, as if ſhe had
To ripen with her eyes, and *moyſten with her ſhowre.*

XXII.

On a proud fool.

THou call'ſt me ignorant; tis true; but how
If *I* know more then *Socrates* did know!
He knew one thing, that *he did nothing know;*
I know two things, that *I* know nought, nor thou.

XXIII.

On time.

OUr joyfull years do paſs too ſoon away,
A minutes grief ſeems an eternal day.

On

XXIV.

On a blind, and lame begger.

HOw happily fate hath together joyn'd,
Two feeble men, one lame, and tother blind!
The blind Man bears the lame, the lame ſupplies,
By his direction, to'thers want of eyes.
See what the iron power of need can do,
It makes the blind to ſee, the lame to go.

XXV.

On a Spartan *Lady.*

A *Spartan* Lady bravely ſlew her ſon,
Becauſe ſhe ſaw him from the battail run;
Thou canſt not be (quoth ſhe) a *Spartan* known,
Unleſs thy valiant mind declare thee one.

XXIV.

On Philip *of* Macedon.

JOve, ſhut the gates of heav'n, for *Philip* ſayes,
He'l enter it; ſince earth and ſea obeys
His powerfull ſcepter, there is left no room
On earth for him, he muſt to heaven come.

The

XXVII.

The Answer.

I Will not though I may, shut heaven gates,
Nor do I care for *Philip*, or his threats.
If Earth and Sea his scepter do obey,
The way to Heaven's too narrow, hell's his way.

XXVIII.

Frugality:

USe thy Estate, as if thould'st dye to day,
Yet spare thy Estate as if thould'st live for ay.
He's truly wise who where he spends or spare,
Observes a mean, and do's extreams forbear.

XXIX.

On two wives.

I Blame him not, who having one wife had,
Another seeks; the last was good or bad;
If good, he hopes, there are of such good store;
If bad, he hopes he shall have such no more.

XXX.

On a Murtherer.

A Flying Murtherer lay beneath a wall
That was all ruinous, and like to fall.
An Angel to him did in's ſleep appear,
Bad him be gone, and lodge ſome other where.
No ſooner gone, but down the wall ſtraight fell,
Then he thanks God, that he eſcap'd ſo well.
The Angel ſaid, Doſt think I like thy deed,
Becauſe from this deſtruction I thee freed?
Sins of this nature never ſcape my curſe,
Thou'rt ſaved from this death, to meet a worſe.

XXXI.

On a Fiſherman.

A Fiſher, while he angled in a brook,
A dead mans skull by chance hung in his hook;
The pious man in pitty did it take,
To bury it, a grave with's hand did make;
And as he digg'd, found gold. Thus to good men,
Good turnes with good turnes are repay'd agen.

XXXII.

On a burnt ſhip.

UNhappy ſhip, that muſt by flames expire,
And having ſcap'd by waters, fall by fire!
The Stepdame Sea hath ſafely landed Thee;
Thy mother Earth's more treacherous then ſhe.

XXXIII.

Aliter.

That ere while of waters was afraid,
For lack of waters, am by fire deſtroy'd.
You waves, whom late I curſt, I now implore,
Then I'd too much, and now I long for more.

XXXIV.

On a Covetous Man.

THou that art counted rich, I count thee poor;
Uſe only ſhowes our wealth; we have no more
Then what we uſe; what we keep for our heirs,
We cannot ſay tis our goods, for tis theirs.

XXXV.

On Hermocrates.

HErmocrates made's will, when ſickneſs came,
And made himſelf Executioner of the ſame.
Then he began to count, how much t'would coſt
To th' Doctor and himſelf, for the health he'd loſt;
But when he ſaw to how much it did come,
He'ld rather dye then give ſo great a ſumme.
So to keep's wealth, and to ſave charges, dyes;
His heirs do mourn in ſack, and braveries.

XXXVI.

On a poor and ſick Man.

WHen age and ſickneſs did upon me ſeize,
Of age none could, of want none would (me eaſe.
With palſy'd limbs, I to my grave did go,
And there did end my want and ſickneſs too.
The lawes of fate prepoſterouſly were plac'd,
I found my grave at firſt, my death at laſt.

On

XXXVII.

On a Hare.

A Hare unſafe by land lep'd into the main,
Flying land-dogs, was by a ſea-dog ſlain.
Poor worm! flyes ſhe to Earth, to ſea, to ſky,
Each hath a dog, and ſhe by dogs muſt dye.

XXXVIII.

On Ba'aams *Aſs.*

THe Prophet *Baalam* wondred heretofore
An Aſs could ſpeak, and now ther's none ſpeak
(more.

XXXIX.

Upon Democritus *and* Heraclitus.

VVEep *Heraclitus*; it fits the age wherein
Nothing but filth, nothing but ſorro'ws
And laugh *Democritus*, laugh while thou liſt, (ſeen.
Nothing but folly, nought but vain, thou ſeeſt.
This alwayes weeps, that ſtill remains in gladneſs,
Yet both endure one labour, both one ſadneſs.

Now need requires (ſince all the World is mad)
A thouſand laughing, and a thouſand ſad.
Tis time the World turn'd (madneſs is ſo ſore)
T' *Anticera*, the graſs to *Hellebore*.

XL.

Out of Catullus.

MY Miſtreſs ſaith ſhe'll marry none but me,
Though *Jove* himſelf ſhould force her unto (it
But Womens words unto their lovers be
So firm, they may in wind or waves be writ.

XLI.

On an Aſtronomer that tryed by rules of Art to find whether he were a Cuckold

STar-gazing fool? thou from the *ſigns* wouldſt ſee
And *Planets* face what thy wives dealings be.
She does her works below, where Sun nere pries,
And though ſhe's light, ſhe mounts not to the skies
'Cauſe ſhe's kept down by men; if in the ſphear
Thou *Venus* ſee, thou thinkſt thy wife is there.
And if the Bull or Aries thou doſt ſee,
Thou thinkſt they are reflections of thee.
Fool keep at home: when thou abroad doſt go,
In imitation her legs do ſo to.
And when thou gazeſt in the skies to know
Her works, ſhe does even what ſhe pleaſe below

On

XLII.

On Geneva's *armes*.

Geneva bears the Eagle and the Key;
The Empires this, and that the Papacy.
th' Emperour's Eagle, and the Pope agen
resume his Key, where is thy Empire then?

XLIII.

To a ſad Widow.

While widdow'd wife, for thy drown'd husband thou
Doſt with perpetual tears thy cheeks bedew,
Eterniz'd in three graves his happy ſhade,
In water twice, and once in Earth is laid.

XLIV.

On a bribed Judge.

Two parties had a difference, and the cauſe
Did come to be decided by the lawes.
The bribing Plaintiff did the Judge preſent
With a new coach; T'other with ſame intent,
Gives him two horſes; each with like deſign,
To make the Judge to his own ſide incline.
The cauſe being try'd, the Plantiffs overthrown,
O coach (quoth he) thou art the wrong way gone;

The Judge replide, It cannot but be ſo;
For where his horſes draw, your coach muſt go.

XLV.

To a jealous Husband.

IN vain thou ſhutt'ſt thy doors by day, in vain
Windowes by night, thy wifes luſt to refrain,
For if a Woman only chaſt will be
In watch and ward, ſhe has no chaſtity.

XLVI.

On proud Rome.

SHut up ye Gods the gates of Heaven above,
And do thou keep thy heavenly Caſtle *Jove.*
Now ſea and Land are ſubject unto *Rome*;
Only to Heaven they've yet no path to come.

XLVII.

Againſt Mourning.

MEn juſtly prayſe the *Thracians* who do mourn
When children from their mothers womb are born;
But dead, they think they every way are bleſt,
Becauſe the fates have laid them to their reſt.
For well they know, all men are born to ill,
But being dead, they've peace and quiet ſtill.

Epi-

XLVIII.

Epigramma in Juliam.

ME nive candenti petiit modo Julia, *rebar*
Igne carere nivem, nix tamen ignis erat.
Quid nive frigidus? noſtrum tamen urere pectus
Nix potuit manibus, Julia, *miſſa tuis.*
Quis locus inſidiis dabitur mihi tutus amoris,
Frigore concreta ſi latet ignis aquâ?
Julia *ſola potes noſtras extinguere flammas,*
Non nive, non glacie, ſed potes igne pari.

XLIX.

Tranſlated.

JUlia once ſtroke me with a ball of *ſnow*;
I thought ſnow was not *fire*, yet that was ſo.
Then ſnow what's colder? yet 't had pow'r t'*inflame*
My breaſt, when from my *Julias* hand it came?
What place have lovers free from treacheries,
When fire within congealed water lies?
Julia alone can make my flames expire,
Yet not with ice, or ſnow, but equal fire.

An

L.

An Eſſay of the Contempt of Greatneſſe, being a Dialogue of Lucian *made Engliſh.*

Lucian,

With a long beard and broad, with hair untrim'd,
Coatleſſe, and ſhoe-leſs, almoſt naked lim'd;
A wandring life you lead, as *beaſts* do doe
No certain place, are you confin'd unto.
On the bare ground, and in the open *air*
You reſt your bones; the *mantle* which you wear,
Your *only garment* both for night and day,
Though *rough* and *courſe*, had worn it ſelf *away*;
But by the *dirt* that does thereon abide,
Its gaping cranies daily are ſupply'd,
The *earth* and *air* both, you about you bear;
As *earth* 'tis dirty, and as thin as *air*;
Grave Sir, what may you be pray?

Cynicus,

Youngman, why
Seems this ſo ſtrange t'you? here you ſee live I
Content with what I can with eaſe obtain,
And without injury or danger gain;
What coſts no *grief*, nor *trouble*, I can feed
And cloath my ſelf with all, I nothing *need*,
But unconcern'd can paſs by and deride
All, but what ſerves to *nouriſh*, *warme*, and *hide*.
Pray tell me, do you think, that vitiouſneſs
Lies in ſuperfluouous luxury?

L. Surely

L. Surely yes.
C. And don't you judge *frugality* in men
To be a vertue too?
L. I do.
C. VVhy, then
VVhen you see me more *thriftily* to live
Then other men, and them their minds to give
To *cost* and *dainties*, can it justice be
To *wink* at those, and only censure me?
L. Alas Sir, 'tis not *Thriftily* you live,
But *nigardly* and *basely*. God does give
VVith liberal hand his gifts, and with the same
VVe ought to take them, & we're much too blame,
If we neglect them, for we shall make void
Those *blessings*, which he sends to be enjoyed.
You pine your self, make your *enjoyment* scant
By *wilful affectation* still to want,
And live in poverty.
C. Therefore I pray,
Since we are gone so forward in the vvay;
Let's well consider, vvhat by *wanton*'s ment,
Or penury, and what's sufficient.
L. Please you, let it be so;
C. Is that which can
Supply the just necessity of man,
Esteem'd *sufficient*? or d'you judge or know
A thing to be desired beyond that?
L. No.
C. May it be then call'd *indigence* or want,
Or poverty when men sufficient han't?
L. It may no doubt.
C. Then *I*'ve sufficient, for I am without
Nothing that should supply *necessity*.
More I nor *crave* nor *want*.
L. How can that be?

C. You I

C. You'll quickly know, if you do well perpend
And observe rightly, what's the proper end
Those things were made for, which you say we *need*.
Is not a house a shelter?
L. Yes indeed.
C. And are not *garments* coverings?
L. True, they be.
C. Both these *defend* and *cover* us, that we,
Whom these do *shelter* and do *cover* so,
By their *defence* and *warmth* should better grow.
L. No question.
C. Do my *feet* now seem to you
The worse, because not cover'd from your view?
L. I know not truly.
C. *If* you do not know,
Learn what's the office of the feet.
L. To go.
C. And do my feet go worse then others do.
L. Perhaps they don't.
C. Nay they do not, I know;
And since their office they perform me as well
Naked as *clad*, why should the clad excel?
And for my body, why's not that as good
As other mens? if it were not, it would
Be more diseas'd, infirm and weak then theirs.
But no *infirmity* in mine appears;
And therefore since that *health* & *strength* do show
A bodies excellence, why's not mine so?
Does this appear diseased?
L. Not to me.
C. Therefore my feet or body cannot be
In want of other covering; for ne're doubt it,
If they did want, they'ld be the worse without it;
For *want*'s a real evil to mankind;
What e're we need, we *languish* till we find.

I

I thrive in body, and look freſh you ſee,
And ſound and ſtrong; my meat does nouriſh me.
That fare that's counted courſe and vile by you,
Makes me both ſtrong and healthful.
L. Very true.
C. Elſe how could aged I who've liv'd ſo long,
Remain ſo nimble, active and ſo ſtrong?
Did I on *dainties* feed, and gayly go,
To pamper *appetite* as others do,
Dwingle and pine I ſhould, like them whoſe food
Though twice more coſtly, is not half ſo good.
L. Perhaps you might.
C. VVhat reaſon then is there,
VVhy you ſhould paſs a cenſure ſo ſevere
Upon my vvay of living and eſteem it
VVretched and miſerable?
L. I ſo deem it,
Becauſe great nature (whom you all adore)
And the great *Gods* this ſpatious vvorld did ſtore,
VVith ſuch variety of *gifts*, and thoſe ſo good,
So excellent both for our eaſe and food,
In ſuch *abundance* too, that they ſupply
Our coy *delight* as *well's neceſſity*,
And made all *common* as the world is, that
All might of all alike participate:
Theſe bleſſings then we may, nay ought t'enjoy,
And not to be ſo overnice and coy
To ſlight them all, or all but very few,
As they're neglected by the beaſts and you.
Water you drink as *beaſts* do, and you eate
What you next find, as *dogs* do drink and meat;
And lodging's all alike; to reſt or feaſt,
You have no better pattern then the beaſt.
The *grounds* your common bed, & for your cloaths
They'r ſuch as every beggar juſtly loaths.

You

You do content your ſelf with things thus vile,
Thus poor, and thus contemptible; the while
Our bounteous God ſpreads his unwearied hand,
And with variety gluts ſea and land;
Puts his fat cattle on our flowry plains,
And fructifies the teeming earth with rains;
Who makes returns in *fruits* ſuch various ſtore,
Nature her ſelf doth ſeem embroyderd o're.
The *tugging* Bee brings her melliflous juice,
Extracted from all flowers for mans uſe;
Oyle like a deluge overwhelms the ground,
And *Amber* floating on the ſea is found;
Peoples the ſeas with fiſhes, and our field,
Groan as or'e burdend with the *corn* they yield;
With various rare productions of ſuch things
As our delight, and with't our wonder brings.
But above all the amorous fruitful *Vine*
Hugs the tall trees, and the heart-cheering *Wine*,
Bluſhes and ſwells in the plump grapes which be
Drunk with their own rare juyce; & why ſhould we
*E*ndow'd with theſe abilities which we find
Do fill the body, and adorn the mind?
Why have we ſtrength, and art, and wit, to frame
Such ſtately fabricks, but t'enjoy the ſame?
And why does Art ſuch various things produce,
But for our ornament, delight and uſe?
If you do well in ſlighting theſe things thus,
God did not well in ſending them to us.
Should you by any other be debar'd
Th'enjoyment of theſe things, how ill and hard
VVould it appear to you? it would vex your mind,
As much as if you're fetterd and confind.
VVhy then does your own ſelf your ſelf reſtrain,
And limit from them thus?

C. I ſhould disdain
Indeed to be confin'd by other men,
And kept from theſe enjoyments ſo; but then
Hear me a little, let me ask you this;
Suppoſe a man that *rich* and *bounteous* is,
Should make a ſumptuous *feaſt*, and ſhould *invite*
Gueſts of all ſorts, and pleaſe their appetite
With *cheer* of all ſorts too; for *ſtrong men ſtrong*
Diſhes; and for the *weaker* palats mix among
Some milder *delicates*, and fill his feaſt
To the *degree* and *palate* of each *gueſt*;
If 'mong the gueſts there ſhould be *one* that wou'd
Snatch and devoure all that on th'table ſtood,
Reaching from end to end; though *luſty* and *ſtrong*,
Yet eats thoſe meats that to the weak belong;
Out-fits all others and out feeds 'um too,
Would you think this man *temperate*?
L. Surely no.
Nor temperate, nor good.
C. But then ſuppoſe
Another perſon ſhould neglect all thoſe
Delicious *junkets*, and that *coſtly fare*,
And thoſe inticing delicates that are
Superfluouſly invented to invite
To new attempts the ſated appetite,
And placeth in one plain and wholeſome diſh,
All that he needs, and all that others wiſh,
And feeds but ſparingly thereon, don't you
Think this a temperate man?
L. Indeed I do
And on juſt reaſon.
C. Do you apprehend
By what I ſay, what tis I do intend?

Or

Or ſhall I tell you?

L. Pray explain your mind.

C. *God's* this feaſt-*Maſter*, who of every kind
With *ſtore* of *various* bleſſings has ſupply'd
Our various *wants*, and *vaſt deſires*; beſide
For *healthy men* and *ſtrong* he doth *provide*,
Such *diet* as their health and ſtrength can bide;
The ſick and weak he doth with *food* ſupply
Apt for their ſickneſſe and infirmity:
Not that we *all* ſhould upon *all things* feed;
But *all* have *all things* that they truly need:
Yet ſo *enrag'd* our vaſt deſires *ſtill* be,
And ſo *inſatiate* is our mind, that we
Reach at and *gripe* what e're we meet withall;
And alwaies think what er'e we have too *ſmall*
T' appeaſe our *appetite* that *ſtill* aſpires,
And new *enjoyments* breed but new *deſires*.
The *land* and *ſeas* both contribute their *ſtore*
To our fond *wills*, yet *ſtill* we long for more.
What nature ſcatters with her *lib'ral* hand
O're the wide earth, we ranſack for; no land,
No ſea ſo dangerous, nor ſo far remote,
But we invade to fill the craving throat,
And oft neglect whats *wholeſome*, and whats good,
Becauſe tis eaſy, or tis common food;
Preferring things bought *dearly*, and fetcht far,
Before all ſuch as in their nature are
Uſeful and good, as if their vertue were
Not to be *good*, but *difficult* and *dear*:
And therefore chooſing rather to endure
A *reſtleſs*, then a quiet life and pure.
Conſider all thoſe *things*, which you provide
To gratifie your *humor*, *luſt* or *pride*:

You

Your *ſtately buildings*, coſtly furniture,
Imbroyderd garments, made to tempt the *viewer*;
Your *gold and ſilver jewels* and your *rings*,
And ſuch *unneedful* and *unuſeful things*,
For vvhich you *vainly* ranſack every *nation*,
Not for *neceſſity*, but *oſtentation*;
VVith hovv much *toyle*, and hovv much *danger* they
Muſt be *procur'd* and *purchas'd* for you, nay
With hovv much *blood* and *ſlaughter* of *poor men*,
Whom your *vain luxury* does makes ſo, vvhen
They for their *livelyhood* muſt *plow* the *ſeas*,
And traverſe *forreign land* meerly to pleaſe
Your *pamperd appetites*, and find their *grave*
I'th *boſome* of an *unrelenting wave*;
Or if they ſcape the *ſeas*, they meet by *land*
Men *crueller* then *waves*, or *rocks*, or *ſand*:
And vvhen they are through *dangers*, *coſts* & *pains*,
Purchas'd and *brought*, diſturb our hearts & *brains*,
And cauſe *diſſentions*, *treacheries* and *blowes*,
Murthers & *thefts*, *frauds*, *rapines*, make *friends foes*,
Make *brothers* bravvle vvith *brothers*, and *inſpires*
Sons vvith unnatural rage againſt their *Sires*;
Husbands deſtroy their *Spowſes*, and the *wives*
Break off all *bonds* & *ſnatch* their *husbands* lives.
So did it make *Euriphile* of old
Baſely betray her husband for his Gold.
Yet vvhen alls done, theſe coſtly garments can
Warme or *defend* or *dignifie* a man,
No more then thoſe which only ſerve for uſe.
Nor do your ſtatly fabricks more conduce
Unto our *ſhelter* and *protection* then
Thoſe humble *Cottages*, vvhich old vviſe men
Built for *neceſſity*, to guard and vvarm's
Againſt the rage of rapine or of ſtormes.

Thoſe ſpacious diſhes, and vaſt *goblets* too
Wherein you riot, not for need, but ſhew,
Though beaten ſilver, or of maſſy *gold*,
Can't make the liquor better, which they hold,
Nor make the food more wholſome, nor more ſweet
Nor make you ſee the *poyſon* you may meet
Subtly convey'd into them: Nor d' your heads
Or bodies reſt more on your downy beds,
Nor ſleep more ſoundly 'cauſe your bedſteads be
(What ere you dream) of gold or *Ivory*.
Nay we do often find, thoſe men enjoy
More quiet and contented ſleep, who lay
Their wearied bodies on the humble ground,
And with Heaven only *canopy de* around,
Then thoſe can find, who roll their limbs in beds
Of down, or ſpread with *Perſian* Coverleds;
Nor is their health, or ſtrength the more, who eat
The moſt delicious, and moſt coſtly *meat*,
Then theirs whoſe *diet* is but mean and ſmall,
To nouriſh and refreſh themſelves withall.
We ſee the pamper'd bodies often wax
Tender, infirm, unfit for manly *Acts*.
Conſumptive, full of pains and maladies,
Unknown by perſons temperate and wiſe.
For luxury and ſloath, how ere it pleaſes,
Serves but to feed *Phyſitians* and *diſeaſes*.
Yet what a buſtle do men make, what duſt
To gratifie their palate, pride, and luſt?
Nay which is more then this, ſo vile, ſo vain
Mens hearts are grown, and ſo corrupt their brain,
That they pervert the uſe of things, and bend
The *Creatures* uſe againſt the *Creatures* end.
L. Pray Sir who do ſo?
C. You wh' abuſe poor Men,
Although your fellow Creatures, and have been

Made of the ſelf ſame matter, and inſpir'd
With the ſame ſoul, and form, and have acquir'd
The ſame perfections too, and by their birth,
Have as good inter'eſt in whats here on Earth,
As the Great'ſt *He*; only by policy,
By fraud, or force kept in a low degree,
By thoſe that *property* devis'd, and fram'd
Bounds for thoſe things which nature free pro-
(claim'd:
So brough degrees into the VVorld, and ſo
Maſters and *Servants* made, and high and low,
To gratifie Mens *lazyneſs* and pride.
Some muſt be ſerv'd, ador'd, and deifi'd,
Mounted in State and triumph, born along
On others ſhoulders, through th' adorning throng,
And the poor ſlaves, are harneſs'd for that toyl,
And uſed like beaſts; do aſſes work the while,
And thoſe in higheſt honour with you ſtand,
Who moſt poor ſlaves can tread on and command?
But you blame me becauſe I do deſpiſe,
And won't partake of ſuch ſlight *vanities*,
But live content with what I do enjoy,
Not graſping ſuperfluities that cloy,
And indiſpoſe the mind, and with them bring
Cares and *vexations*, which to them do cling;
Nor are they only difficult to gain,
But alſo in the enjoynmet very fain.
You don't conſider how few things, how ſmall
A wiſe contented man may live withall,
With plenty and with comfort; all thoſe things
We truly need are few and mean; this brings
Your ſcorn on me, to think or ſay at leaſt
Cauſe I live ſo, I live but like a beaſt.
But by that rule the *Gods* themſelves would be,
(Cauſe they want nothing) veryer beaſts then we.

Conſider rightly and you'l clearly find,
VVhich is the beſt way to diſpoſe your mind.
Or to want much, or little, tis the fate
Of the inferior, and the infirmer State,
To want more then the nobler and the ſtrong;
Thus to weak infants do more wants belong
Then to th' adult; and thus ſick perſons do
VVant more then healthfull; and the women too
(Gods,
VVant more then men; and men want more then
For they want nothing. Therefore thoſe, by ods,
Approach moſt neerly to the ſacred choice,
VVho want the leaſt, and who the leaſt deſire.
Can you ſuppoſe great *Hercules*, that *he*
VVhom noble acts proclaim'd a *Deity*,
Was in a wretched miſerable caſe,
Becauſe without a garment he did trace
Th' uneven *Earth*, and wandred up and down
VVirhout a purple robe, or coſtly gown;
His body almoſt naked, only dreſt
In a rough skin tane from a ſlaughter'd beaſt;
Deſiring none of all thoſe trifles that
VVe vainly prize, and at ſo dear a rate?
Surely he could not miſerable be
VVho others did protect from miſery;
Nor was he poor; his power did extend
To ſea and Land; whereever he did bend
His force, he won the victory, and ne're
Met with his conquerour, nor with his Peer.
D' you think he wanted garments or ſuch things,
Who conquer'd and commanded *Lords* and *Kings*?
Tis not to be imagin'd; no he was
Content and ſober in his mind; and as
He valour ſhew'd, he ſhew'd his temp'rance too,
And ne're indulg'd himſelf (as now men do)
With

With vain delights. Or what ſay you to me
Of *Theſeus* his diſciple? was not he
King of the *Athenians*, and moſt valiant too
Of all his ſtout *contemporaries*, who
By his renowned actions, juſtly won
The reputation of great *Neptunes* Son?
Yet was his body naked, his feet bare,
Nor did he ſhave his beard, or cut his hair.
His limbs were hard and hairie, and in that
He our bold *Anceſtors* did imitate,
Who held a ſmooth and ſoftly skin to be
An argument of Mens *effeminacy*;
And as their actions ſpoke them men, even ſo
Their plain and ſimple faſhions ſhew'd them too;
They thought a beard mans natural ornament,
And Lyons too; and that the *Mane* was ſent
For the ſame end to *Horſes*; and there is
In both by nature plac'd a *Comelynes*,
A grace and ornament; theſe I propoſe
Unto my ſelf to imitate, not thoſe
Ridiculous men of this deluded age,
VVhoſe undiſcerning fancies do engage
Their fond deſires to doat on Luſhious fare
And gorgeous vain attire, and only there
Place their imaginary Happineſs.
For my part I deſire not, I profeſs,
My hough ſhould differ from horſes, but be
Like Houghs as *Chirons* were, alls one to me.
I am the nobler much and happier
That no more garments then the Lyons wear;
And that my palat does no more require
Or choyſer delicates then Dogs deſire;
No better Lodging then the Earth *I* crave,
And for my dwelling houſe the world I have;
And for my diet I provide ſuch meat
As without coſt or trouble I may eat. That

That Gold and ſilver bravely I deſpiſe,
From the deſire whereof all ills ariſe,
That do befall Mankind, ſeditious jars,
Slaughters and treacheries, Rebellion, Wars,
Things that n'ere touch my heart, who little have
Yet nothing want, nor more then little crave;
Thus ſtands the caſe with me; and now you know
Both my profeſſion, and my practice too;
All which is different from Common ſtrains,
And from the opinion of Vulgar brains,
From whom no wonder we in habit do
Differ, ſince we in Principles do too.
But I admire at you, who attribute
T' all ſorts of Men their habit and their ſuit;
To th' Harper his peculiar garb, and ſo
To the *Tragedian* his; and yet you do
No habit of diſtinction yet deviſe
Or ſet apart for vertuous Men or wiſe,
But vainly think it fit that they ſhould go
Apparel'd as the fools and Vulgar do,
A thing both ill and inconvenient too:
And certainly if any habit is
Proper for th' good and wiſe, tis ſuch as this
I wear, which the luxurious Gallants hate,
And more then Vice ſcorn and abominate.
My garments courſe, and rough, and made of hair;
My hair's unſhav'n, and both my feet are bare;
Your's are like *Pathicks*, ſpruce and finicall,
Effeminate Courtiers that annot at all
Be from the rout diſtinguiſhed or known,
Nor by your habits difference nor your own.
Your garments ſoft like theirs, and gay like theirs,
You wear as many as the gallant wears:
As various too in colour and in ſhapes,
As *Protean* as *Jove* in all's eſcapes.

So

So gay your coats, and cloaks, ſo neat your ſhoes,
To trick and kemb your hair ſuch art you uſe,
And ſo much time and coſt thereon beſtow,
To curle and powder't for the ſmel and ſhow,
To tempt, and cheat each other, you that wou'd,
Have people think your happy, wiſe and good,
Outdo the Vulgar in theſe vanities,
Thoſe Vulgar which ſo proudly you deſpiſe:
Yet you muſt grant that they do'nt come behind,
In parts of body, nor in gifts of mind,
The gay'ſt of you, but are as ſtrong to toyle,
As ſtout to fight as you, whom luſt can foyle,
And wanton pleaſures conquer and ſubdue
As ſoon as thoſe are leaſt eſteemd by you.
You in your meat, drink, ſleep, and your array,
Are as luxurious and vain as they;
You ſcorn forſooth to walk a foot, but will
By Beaſts or by poor men be carry'd ſtill,
Whil'ſt I without relenting can abide
Both heats and colds, and what ere can betide
Us mortals, and with equal mind *I* bear
All things that God ſends down, what ere they are,
For which content you count me miſerable,
Whereas you thriving worldlings are not able
So to compoſe your ſouls to be content
With your condition, but do ſtill relent,
Vex, and repine in every State; all that
Is preſent you diſlike, ſtill aming at
Things abſent with great longing; when you lye
Cold in the winter you for Summer cry;
And when the Summers heat you do obtain,
You Summer loath, and winter, court again.
Too hot ſtill or too cold, like bodies ill,
You are repining and complaining ſtill.

The ſame effects diſeaſes in them do
Produce, Your Cuſtomes do beget in you:
Twixt both this only difference we find,
They're in their bodies ſick, you in your mind.
Yet not content that your own ſelves are ſo
Miſled, you'd tempt and draw in others too
To theſe abſurdities and ills, with which
You have perplext your lives, led by the itch
Of blind deſire and cuſtome, not the lawes
Of Reaſon and of Judgment; your luſt drawes
And hurries you which way it will; you go
By violent motion, where you will or no.
Like to light bodies ſwimming on a ſtream,
Your luſts drive you, as does the torrent them;
Juſt as a Rider on an untam'd horſe,
Is carry'd, not by's will, but th' horſes force;
Can nor go where he pleaſe, nor get on's feet,
Whom if one ſhould in his fierce hurry meet,
And ask him where he rides, if truth he ſayes,
His anſwer muſt be Where my horſe doth pleaſe.
To the ſame queſtion you muſt anſwer too,
Where your affections hurry you, you go.
Pleaſure ſometimes, ſometimes ambition drives,
And ſometimes avarice does rule your lives;
Contrary paſſions work contrary wayes;
Fear this way, anger that way, all your dayes
You're toſt like empty ſhips from this to that,
Deſiring ſtill, but ne're agreeing what.
You are on many horſes mounted, true,
All wild and all untamable by you;
You climb the craggy rocks, you croſs the Seas,
Stick at no hard or dangerous paſſages;
No Country ſo remote, no toyle ſo great,
No danger ſo apparent, cold or heat,

Or

Or pain or hunger frights, or hinders you;
If your affections bid you go, you do:
While my contemned life keeps me at home
Safer, and quieter, then you that rome.
I can converſe with whom I pleaſe, and do
VVhat I (that is my reaſon) prompts me to;
The ignorant though rich, I can contemn,
And with a free-born mind ſlight theirs, and them.
Th' intemp'rate, and effeminate from me fly,
Fearing my habit, and my gravity;
The wiſe, the modeſt, and the vertuous be
The ſole companions and delights of me;
VVhile I contemn the wanton Men and vain,
VVhoſe glory's in their wealth, attire and train;
And bravely can their wealth and them deride,
And make my ſcorn, that which they make their pride.
View but the Statutes of the Gods and ſee
If they're not ſimple-habited like me.
In the Barbarians *Temples*, or the *Greeks*
Who ere the *Gods* attire and faſhion ſeeks,
Shall find their habit, and their *beards*, and hair,
Juſt as my hair, and beard, and habit are.
They are not painted, comb'd, nor trim'd like you,
No upper coat made to miſlead our view:
But one looſe ſimple veſt like mine they do
Weare both to cover and adorn them too.
Therefore henceforth do you ſlight me no more,
Nor yet upbraid me, as you've done before
For my plain habit, ſince the Gods prefer
It before all the reſt, and for their wear
Make choice of this attire, and wiſely do
Lead us by precept, and example too:
Which when thou'lt ponder'd well, thoul't find it
Better to be like Gods, then like vain Men. (then,

LI.

A paraphraſe upon the firſt Chap. of Eccleſiaſtes.

THus ſaid the *Royall preacher*, who did ſpring
From holy *David Iſraels* bleſſed *King*;
All things are vain, moſt vain, nay vanity,
Yea vanity of vanities they be.
See how the induſtrious *mortalls* toil and care!
Look how they travel, how *turmoyl'd* they are!
When their *works* ended, and their *race* is run,
VVhat profit gain they underneath the *Sun*?
This Generation that appears to day,
To morrow vaniſheth and fleets away:
In whoſe unſtable manſion there comes
The next, to fill their Predeceſſours rooms:
And theſe but come and go; but this vaſt frame
Th' Earth ſtill remains, though not the very ſame;
The glorious Heavenly Charioter new dreſt,
Riſeth in burniſh'd glory in the Eaſt,
And circles this vaſt Globe with conſtant race,
Till it returnes to its firſt riſing place.
Th' unconſtant wind that now doth ſouthward blow,
Anon to th' North from whence it came, will go:
It whirleth ſtill about, yet in its change
It ſtill returnes from whence it firſt did range.
The poſting river, though about it wanders
Curling it ſelf in intricate Meanders,
Yet with a greedy, and a head-ſtrong motion
It runs to its original the Ocean.
VVhoſe vaſt unſatiate womb it cannot fill;
For as its taking, ſo tis giving ſtill;

And by alternate gratitude ſupplies
The thirſty Earth, and makes new ſtreams ariſe,
VVhich by an ever active imitation
Return from whence they had origination.
Thus in this toilſome fabrick every thing
Is full of labour, and doth trouble bring
To the ſtill craving Mortal, whoſe falſe breaſt
Vainly ſuppoſes this a place of reſt;
And while he toyles his labours to poſſeſs,
Endures more troubles then he can expreſs.
The reſtleſs Eye is never ſatisfied
With viewing objects; nor doth th' ear abide
Content with hearing; But the ſenſes all
Grow by fruition more hydropical;
And every freſh enjoyment ſtraight expires,
And's buried in the flames of new deſires.
The thing which hath been in the dayes of yore,
Shall be again, and what's now done no more
Then what hereafter ſhall agen be done;
And ther's no new thing underneath the Sun;
There's no Invention; that which we ſtile wit,
Is but remembrance; and the fruits of it,
Are but old things reviv'd. In this round World,
All things are by a revolution hurl'd.
And though to us they variouſly appear,
There are no things but what already were.
VVhat thing is there within this world that we
Can juſtly ſay is new, and cry Come ſee?
We can't remember things that have been done
Ith' *Nonage* of the World, when time begun:
And there will come a time, when thoſe that ſhall
Succeed us, ſhan't remember us at all;
When things that have been or that ſhall be done,
Shall be entomb'd in vaſt oblivion.

I that your *Preacher* am, was he that ſway'd
A *Royal Scepter*, and have been obey'd
By th' *Iſraelites*, and in *Jeruſalem*
Did wear great *Judah's* Princely *Diadem*, (mind
And us'd my wealth, my power, and ſtrength o
To ſeek and ſearch for wiſdom, and to find
Thereby the cauſes and *effects* of all
Things done upon this *ſubſolary* ball;
The works of our great *Architect* ſurvey'd,
The firm *foundation* which his hand had laid;
The various *ſuperſtructures* ſmall and great,
Mens *labours* how they ſtrive to *Counterfeit*,
And in their ſeveral *poſtures* how they ſtrive
To *feed*, and *fence*, and keep themſelves alive;
How they do love and hate, are foes and friends,
Upon miſtaken grounds, and falſe ſelf-*ends*;
How they doe *do*, and *undoe*, how they pant
And tug to kill imaginary want;
What they both *do* and *ſuffer*, how and why,
Their ſelf-created *troubles* I did ſpy:
And in my Towring over-ſearch *I* ſee
Both what Men are, and what they ought to be.
A ſore and tedious travell to the mind,
Which our great God in wiſdom has deſign'd
For us poor Sons of *mortals*, and thought fit
That we therein ſhould exerciſe our wit.
All that hath been, and all that hath been done,
All *Creatures* actions underneath the Sun,
My ſearching *ſoul* hath ſeen by contemplation,
And lo all's *vanity*, and the ſouls *vexation*:
All men, all things are crooked and perverſe,
Full of defects are it, and they, and theirs,
All ſo *imperfect* that they're not at all;
And (which we may the great'ſt vexation call)

This

This *crookedneſs* cannot be *rectifi'd*,
Nor thoſe *defects* (though numberleſs) ſupply'd.
When I'd arrive the very top of all,
That the miſtaken *Mamoniſts* miſcall,
And think their chiefeſt bleſſings; *wealth* and *wit*,
With all th' additaments that cleave to it:
Then did I to my heart Communicate
And ſaid; Lo I've attained a vaſt eſtate,
And do in *wiſdome* far tranſcend all them
That reigned before in *Jeruſalem*;
And to compleat the *wiſdome* of my mind,
To my large *knowledge* have experience joyn'd:
I did apply my active mind to know
Wiſdom and folly, nay and *madneſs* too:
And from th' experience of all, I find
All this is but *vexation* of the *mind*:
For in much *wiſdom* lyes much *grief*; and thoſe
That increaſe *knowledge*, do increaſe their woes.

LII.

A ſpeech made to the Lord General Monck, *at* Clotheworkers-Hall *in* London *the* 13. *of* March, 1659. *at which time he was there entertained by that worthy Company.*

NAy then let me come too with my *Addreſs*,
Why mayn't a *Ruſtick* promiſe, or profeſs
His good affection t' you? Why not declare
His Wants? how many, and how great they are?

And

And how you may ſupply them? Since you may
See our *hearts* mourn, although our clothes be *gray*.
Great *Hero* of three Nations! Whoſe blood ſprings
From *pious* and from *pow'rfull Grandſire Kings*,
With whoſe *blood-royal* you've *enrich'd* your *veyns*,
And by continu'd *Policy* and *Pains*
Have equall'd all their *Glory*; ſo that now
Three *Kingleſs Scepters* to your feet do bow,
And court protection, and *allyance* too;
And what great men ſtill *reach'd* at, *ſtoops* to you.
But you're too truly *Noble* to aſpire
By *Fraud* or *Force* to *Greatneſs*, or t' acquire
Scepters and *Crownes* by robbery, or baſe
And wilfull breach of *Truſts*, and *Oaths*, nor place
Your *happineſs* in *raviſhed* Dominion,
Whoſe *Glory*'s only founded in *opinion*,
Attended ſtill with danger, fear, and doubt,
And fears *within*, worſe then all thoſe *without*.
You muſt ſtill *watch* and *fear*, and *think*, and muſt
Loſe all *content*, to gratifie one *luſt*,
Should you invade the *Throne*, or aim at *Pelf*,
Throw *down* three Nations to ſet up your ſelf;
'*Kings* are but *royal ſlaves*, and Priſoners too,
'They alwayes *toyl*, and alwayes guarded go.
You are for making *Princes*, and can find
No work proportion'd to your *Pow'r*, and *mind*,
But *Atlas*-like to bear the *World*, and be
The great *Reſtorer* of the Liberty
Of three long captiv'd *Kingdomes*, who were thrown
By others ſtrong deluſions, and their own
Miſguided zeal, to *do* and ſuffer what
Their very Souls now *grieve* and *tremble* at,
Debauch'd by thoſe they thought would *teach* and (*rule* 'um,
Who now they find did *ruine* and *befool* 'um.

Our

Our *meanings* ſtill were *honeſt*, for *alas!*
We never *dream't* of what's ſince come to paſs;
'Twas never our *intent* to *violate*
The ſetled *Orders* of the *Church* or *State*,
To throw down *Rulers* from their lawfull Seat,
Merely to make ambitious *ſmall things* great,
Or to *ſubvert* the *Lawes*; but we thought ther
The *Laws* were *good* if manag'd by *good* men;
And ſo we do think ſtill, and find it true,
Old lawes did more good, and leſs harm then *ne*
And 'twas the plague of Countries and of Citie
When that *great belly'd houſe* did ſpawn *Committees*.
We fought not for *Religion*, for tis known,
Poor Men have little, and ſome great Ones none;
Thoſe fevv that love it truly, do vvell knovv,
None can take't from us, vvhere vve vvill or no.
Nor did vve fight for lavvs, nor had vve need;
For if vve had but gold enough to feed
Our taking *Lawyers*, vve had *Lawes* enough,
Without addreſſing to the *ſword* or *Buff*.
Nor yet for *Liberties*; for thoſe are things
Have coſt us more in *Keepers*, than in *Kings*.
Nor yet for *Peace*; for if vve had done ſo,
The *Souldiers* vvould have beat us long ago;
Yet vve did fight, and novv vve ſee for vvhat,
To ſhuffle mens Eſtates; thoſe ovvners that
Before theſe wars, could call *Eſtates* their own,
Are beaten out by others that had *none*.
Both *Law* and *Goſpel* overthrown together,
By thoſe who ne're *believ'd* in, or *lov'd* either.
Our *truth*, our *trade*, our *peace*, our *wealth*, our *free-*
(dom,
And our full *Parliaments*, that did get, & *breed* 'um,
Are all devour'd, and by a *Monſter* fell,
Whom none, but you, could ſatisfie, or quell.
You're

(you're wiſe;
Your're *great*, you're *good*, you're *valiant*, and
You have *Briareus* hands, and *Argus* eyes;
You are our *Engliſh* Champion, you're the true
St. George for England, and for *Scotland* too.
ıd though his *ſtorie's* queſtion'd much by ſome,
e'r true, or falſe, this *Age* and thoſe to come,
ll for the future find it ſo far true,
at all vvas but a *Prophecy* of you;
ıd all his great and high *Atchievements* be
:plain'd by you in this *Mythology*.
.ierein you've far out done him; he did fight
But vvith one ſingle *Dragon*: but by your might
A Legion have been tam'd, and made to ſerve
The People, whom they mean t' *undo* and *ſtarve*.
In this you may do higher, and make fame
Immortalize your *celebrated* name,
This ages *glory*, *wonder* of all after,
If you vvould free the *Son*, as he the *Daughter*.

FINIS.